THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° [illegible] by Benj. Frank[illegible]

APRIL 7, 1917

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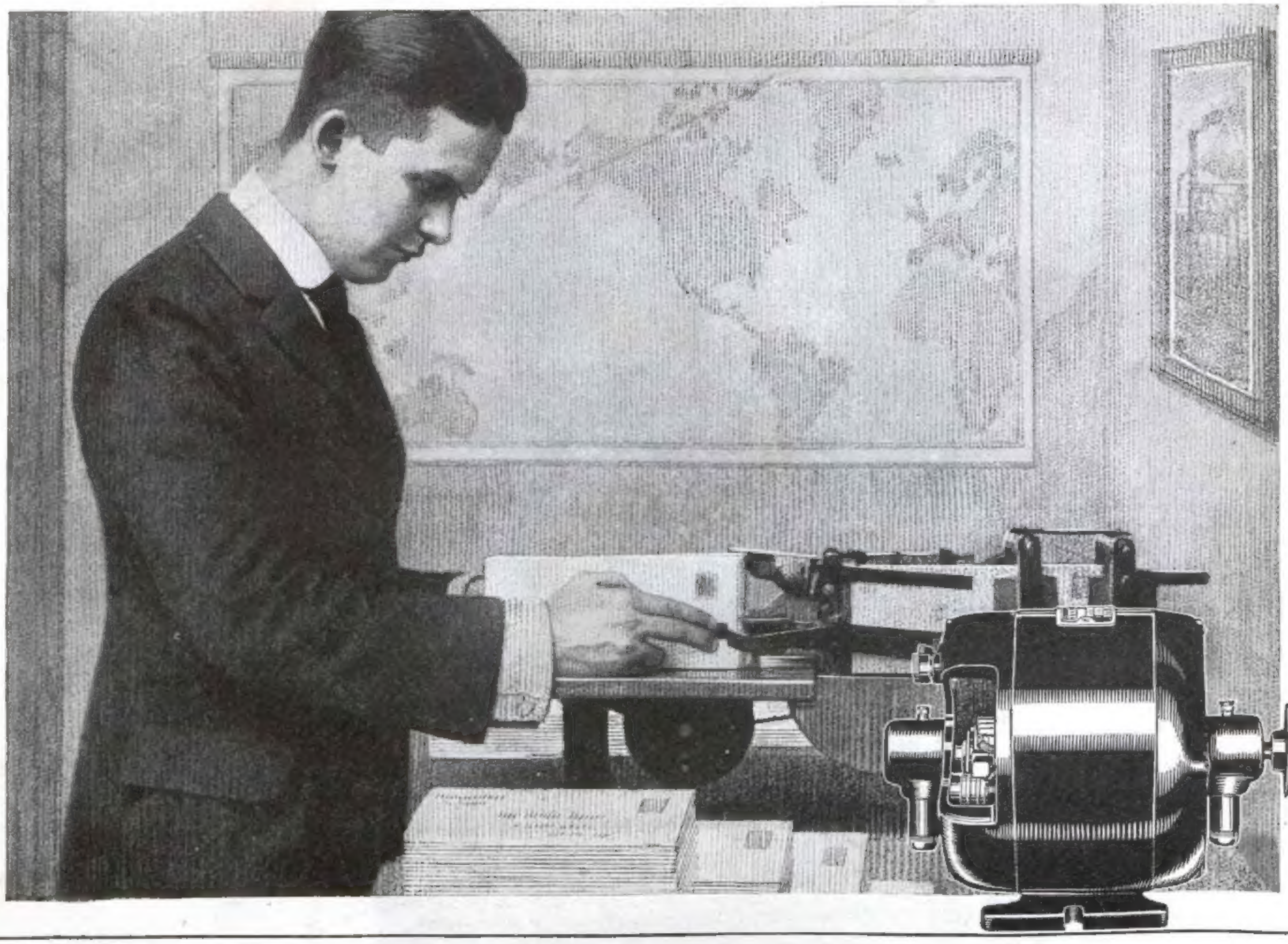

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HOBOHEMIA

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

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WHEN Miss Elizabeth Robinson changed her first name to "Ysetta," Mr. Brown knew that there was danger of her becoming incurably artistic. Mr. Dennis J. Brown lived with his widowed mother on Maple Hill, which is the guest-towel section of Northernapolis. Mr. Brown was thirty-seven—twelve years older than Ysetta. He was the general manager of the Inland Lumber and Construction Company. He talked quickly, and had a well-shaped nose, and wasn't too bald, and sang a colorado-maduro barytone, and made eleven thousand dollars a year, and loved Elizabeth-Ysetta true. He had plans for a bungalow, with a vacuum cleaner and Ysetta as modern improvements.

But Ysetta's plans were entirely different. She had Aspirations, and she was going to have a Career also, as soon as she could decide what to career about. She felt that it wasn't respectable for one who was Different to be respectable. She tried to make Mr. Brown understand how Different she was; but he would stare at her delicate face, framed in an oval by coiled flaxen braids, and chuckle: "She's a peach. She'll make the dandiest wife in town, when she settles down and cuts out the Urges."

"Jane Saffron is the Worst Intriguer in Town"

For four years now Ysetta had had a new Urge every season. The minute her family got back from the summer cottage at the lake she would catch an Urge. One winter she painted. The next she did Interpretative Dancing. Her demonstration of *Esprit de Printemps*, which is believed to mean The Spring Drive, was greatly applauded. It consisted of a foul, a bunt, and a long slide for base. But Ysetta caught cold from wearing a dancing costume consisting of faith, hope and a good deal of charity, and she changed her Urge to being Economically Independent.

She borrowed eight hundred dollars from her father and Mr. Brown, and started Ye Precious Shoppe, where she sold tea, cakes, irregular jewelry, and orange tables with scarlet borders—that is, she really did sell some of the tea. She was so successful at being Economically Independent that she was only a thousand dollars in debt at the end of the season; but her father, who was a large red man with curvature of the waistcoat, grunted that she was a darn sight more independent than economical, and wound up the business.

Ysetta didn't much mind, because she was coming to see that her *Métier*—a *Métier* is an Urge that you cash in on—was to deal in wares more subtle than tables, even orange-colored tables with bright red borders. She decided that she was going to deal in mystical and singing words, and reveal America to itself—in fact, run a Poetic Sight-seeing Coach.

Mr. Brown encouraged her—when he had done a few calculations on the office adding machine, and estimated that for the cost of one quite small orange table Ysetta could get enough paper and ink to write two volumes of verse and one long novel. He gave her a box party at the best movie house in town to celebrate her inauguration as a genius. He pictured a future in which his clever wife, Ysetta, would come a-running, bringing a new poem along with his slippers in the evening. Chestnut eyes shining, she would cry:

"Dennis, I have written a poem to you, my hero!"

In intervals of selling laths and portable houses, Mr. Brown tried to keep up with the books she was reading. Now he could get private satisfaction out of the financial columns or the literary efforts of the biographers of Jess Willard and Fred Fulton, but he did not find much entertainment in An Analysis of the Sociological Factor in Realistic Fiction. He was a patient wooer, however, and he even permitted Ysetta to toll him to the Maple Hill Literary and Short Story Club.

The Short Story Club met in the charming residence of Mrs. Solomon Smoot, with its tufted leather chairs and prints of red-coated huntsmen. They were a jolly bunch, very modest and informal, despite the marked talent which had been discovered among them. There was the Reverend Justus Fliff. There was Mrs. Fliff, who wrote the sweetest little sunshine stories, one of which had been published in the Sunday News and had attracted attention all over the state—though you would never guess it, to see the deprecating way in which Mrs. Fliff replied to questions by the less successful writers. There was Nittie Smith, the child wonder, who at thirteen had written more than one hundred poems.

Besides these professional authors, Mr. Brown was introduced to some thirty intellectuals, all of whom showed remarkable promise.

It must be said for feminism that most of them were women.

Cowering behind the gilded pine-cone portière, Mr. Brown discovered a large embarrassed male whom he had met at the country club.

"My Lord, what you doing here?" they said to each other, and shook hands desperately, just as Ysetta and the spouse of the large male bore down on them and dragged them out into the parlor, where thirty church-social chairs were arranged in rows.

Mrs. Fliff read a short story which she had written all by hand—she prefaced it by observing that the use of the typewriter explained the low level of style exhibited by the so-called popular writers of the day. She drew a long breath, tucked her hair back over her right ear, smiled nervously at her admiring friends, and read the story, Dora of the Redwoods.

It was a virile composition regarding a young woman who resided among the Sequoias, also among numerous handsome mountains and sunsets, but went to the city and got in wrong. The strong silent man back home, who had a heart of gold, even if he did not own a toothbrush, had been waiting for Dora all the time. He went up to the city and brought her back, presumably to tend the redwoods for the rest of her life. Mrs. Fliff gathered her daintily written pages of manuscript, rolled them and tied them with a blue ribbon, and begged:

"I didn't know how terribly bad it was till I read it to all you terribly severe critics, and now I want you to tell me how terribly bad it is. I don't want praise—I just want you to say frankly what you think."

Mrs. Solomon Smoot confessed that Dora of the Redwoods reminded her of Stevenson, Jack London and Marie Corelli.

Mr. J. Edwin Bindle wondered if it wouldn't be better to call it Dora of the Redwood Forests. He didn't, he submitted, wish to be crankorious, and aside from this teeney-weeney point, it struck him as how the story was pos-so-lute-ly perfect. Everyone smiled; Mr. Bindle was so whimsical and original in the words he used. But everyone's smile became uneasy as the authoress objected:

"Really, I should think you could see that my title is more crisp and powerful. I chose it as having that simplicity which is the brand-new keynote in art. Please understand, I do want all possible adverse criticism, it is so helpful; but in this it does seem to me that you are most unjust."

Everyone stared coldly at Mr. Bindle.

The librarian of the Maple Hill Branch asked Mrs. Fliff if she had submitted the story to the magazines. The librarian said that, from her long professional literary experience, she knew that any magazine would be glad to have it.

"Oh, I guess they wouldn't care for it," said Mrs. Fliff bravely, "though I must say that when I read the stupid hackneyed stuff that all these editors do print, I often think I just couldn't help doing as well as that anyway! Now I want you good people to give me further frank criticism. 'Tis only by correction, you know, that we can climb to fame and a wider usefulness."

But it seemed that Dora of the Redwoods was one of those chaste gems in which no one, save a smart Aleck like J. Edwin Bindle, could find a single fault. One club member pointed out that the dénouement was perfectly splendid, while another preferred the local color and heart interest, and a third moved that they give three rousing cheers for dear Dora of the Redwoods.

Mr. Brown, of the Inland Lumber Company, had been suffering in a manner suggestive of a person afflicted with neuralgia at an ice-cream party. He had kept himself from

saying anything by fingering a cigar in his upper waistcoat pocket till he had cracked the wrapper. Under cover of the cheer he leaned toward Ysetta and humbly inquired:

"Say, am I right? It strikes me that dear Dora is indescribably rotten."

Ysetta stared.

"Why, no! Of course poor little Mrs. Fliff hasn't had the opportunities that some of us have, but it's a very sweet little story."

"You'll admit it's hackneyed, and any fool could guess how it was coming out, and dear Dora is about as human as a crank case?"

"I suppose so."

"And the story had all the pep of the Mc-Mac pages in the phone book, and Mrs. Fliff doesn't know anything about redwoods—she's got 'em balled up with firs."

"Still, it is a sweet little ——"

"I see. Otherwise it's all right."

"Of course it is!"

Ysetta seemed excited over all forms of optimistic fiction, from dear Dora to the charlotte russes which they later got as refreshments. Mr. Brown could not understand her exhilaration.

He did understand, a week after the club meeting, when he received a note from Ysetta informing him that she was going to New York to live. She was to take courses in English literature and fiction writing at Columbia University, and devote herself to the Life Beautiful. He was able to see her only once before she went, and then she was illusive and rather exasperating. She appeared to have been snatched up to a plane higher than his. Only when he took his hat and said despairingly, "I don't suppose you'll miss poor old Dennis at all in N. Y.," did she come down to his level. She ran to him and put her hands on his shoulders. She let him kiss her once.

"Maybe I shall miss you there," she murmured. "I'll be such a little nobody in New York, among all those frightfully wonderful Bohemian people. And you are so staunch and good, even if you haven't any artistic impulses." She broke from him and skipped upstairs.

Mr. Brown retrieved his good new hat from the floor, rubbed it with his sleeve, put it on carefully, then remembered that he was a lorn lover and assumed a terrific aspect of hopelessness.

"I've got to lay in a supply of artistic impulses, then," he said to himself. "It will raise hob with the lumber business, but I've got to come to it. Why not? Never saw the business deal yet I couldn't pull off. Les-see. I guess I could learn poeting in a couple weeks."

He went home rather thoughtfully. He took from his prim desk a bunch of discarded stationery. On the back of a letter headed "Lumber that Lasts. Inland Co. for Keeps," he indited a small poem entitled "Thine Lips, Dear Love."

He read it aloud.

"Gosh, that isn't so bad!" he mused.

All next week he read a riming dictionary in the office.

"The old man is up to something," whispered the office force. "Can you beat it—him that always wears two-dollar neckwear coming out with one of those fluffy socialist ties? Betcha a hat he's going out for amateur dramatics."

To Miss Ysetta Robinson, in New York, Mr. Brown was writing long biweekly letters descriptive of the state of his business. Miss Ysetta, in short fortnightly letters, replied that New York was very large, and her instructors in college perfect dears, and had Mr. Brown read the latest novel? Mr. Brown never had. But he paid his secretary three a week extra to keep in touch with the bookstores, so that he might be able to write her such passionately intellectual phrases as, "Have you got hold of Gaston Rakowsky's new novel yet? Tremendous! Never read anything more realistic than R's description of the back room of a butcher shop."

With a plaintive hope that Ysetta would approve, Mr. Brown joined the Short Story Club. When Mrs. Smoot, in her cunning way, tapped him on the arm and said: "Naughty, naughty mans! Oo haven't written one bitsie story yet, and we all want to hear from you so much!" then Mr. Brown understood the pleasures of frightfulness. But he sneaked out for a smoke, and was able to hang on and write Ysetta full details about her admired friends, Mrs. Fliff and Mrs. Smoot and J. Edwin Bindle.

Ysetta never commented on his tidings about the Saphos and George M. Cohans of Maple Hill. Her letters grew more infrequent. At last, when he asked about her return to Northernapolis, she broke out with one long letter.

She hoped that she would never see the provincial hole again till she was an independent and famous woman, she wrote. Her finer self had been bound by tradition and bourgeois ignorance, in Northernapolis. And at last she had been in Hobohemia.

Hobohemia is the place and state of being talented and free. It is to be found adjacent to the bar of the Café Liberté. In Hobohemia, Ysetta had seen several women drinking ojen cocktails, and heard a man in a sky-blue shirt with a soft collar say that he was an anarchist. She had been introduced to an actor in the Hobohemian Players, and to Max Pincus, the celebrated landscapist, and to Mrs. Saffron, the radical leader; and with her own eyes she had seen Jandorff Fish, the novelist, eating hors-d'œuvres.

"Would You Really Like a Big Northernapolis Sunday Dinner, With Dumplings and Chicken and Mince Pie?"

Then Mr. Brown realized that it was useless to implore Ysetta to come back. If he ordered hors-d'œuvres in any restaurant in Northernapolis, the waiter would bring a Swiss-cheese sandwich. The only thing Mr. Brown could do was to go to New York and become hors-d'œuvry.

He took a three-months leave of the Inland Lumber Company. He estimated that three months would be enough for a man who believed in card catalogues, instead of ojen cocktails and sky-blue shirts, to succeed in literature.

II

UPON the eastbound train Mr. Brown sat in his compartment and wrote short stories. Whenever he found them getting interesting to himself, he decided that they probably were lowbrow, and tore them up and took a fresh start.

Mr. Brown had been in New York before. He knew it as two hotels, seven theaters, six cabarets, three offices, a lumberyard and a subway. He went airily to the Grand Royal Hotel and telephoned to Ysetta.

She did not sound particularly welcoming as she demanded:

"What are you doing here?"

"Just got in sminit. I'm here on business. May be kept in the city for some weeks, working up some deals."

"Deals! This isn't the city of deals! It's the city of the strong red wine of life."

"Yeh, I know, honey," he humbly agreed. "I'm going to shoot a beaker of that myself, as soon as I get out of this hot phone booth. But say, Bess—Ysetta—whatcha doing to-night? Can I take you out to dinner?"

"No, not possibly to-night. But you may come up to-morrow afternoon, and I'll give you some tea."

Did Mr. Brown spend his first evening in wandering solitary about the streets? No, Mr. Brown did not. Mr. Brown telephoned to the chief lumber jobber in New York, arranged for an introduction to the managing editor of the Morning Chronicle, and dined cheerful at the Hotel Gorgonzola y Vino, which is so expensive that patrons try to slip by the hat-boy without claiming their coats at all. He attended the new musical review, Can You Beat It, Bo? and applauded, not like a soul recently called to the finer life, but like a buyer who had come on without The Wife.

At midnight, very pink and cheerful and brisk, with a carnation in his buttonhole and a stick swinging, all as glossy and luxurious as the orange back of a new ten-dollar bill, Mr. Brown arrived at the office of the Morning Chronicle, and talked to the managing editor for ten minutes. He wanted, he said, to hire a good press agent, and a man who could think up plots for stories but was too lazy to write them.

For the publicity, the editor suggested Bill Hupp, who had been press agent for the Vampire Film Company till the recent consolidation. As to plots, there was Oliver Jasselby, who was always so exhausted by telling what genius his plots showed that he never wrote a thing, and had to hold down a job on the Plumbers' Gazette.

At seven in the morning, Mr. Brown rose to lead the life literary, and get it over. He telephoned to Bill Hupp and Oliver Jasselby to come to his hotel at nine. He hustled out, and before the real-estate offices were open he had routed out the superintendents of three buildings, examined seven offices, and engaged one. He dashed by taxi to a shop on Third Avenue which rents secondhand office equipment, and hired desks, chairs, rugs and a dictation machine. He bought carbon paper, typewriter ribbons, boxes of paper.

At nine he was prancing up and down his hotel room, planning a poem.

Bill Hupp, the press agent, was announced at nine-one.

Mr. Hupp was built on the general lines of a motor van. He loomed into the room, glanced at Mr. Brown, chucked his yellow chamois gloves and fur coat on the bed, cocked his long ivory cigarette holder N. W. by N., two points N., and boomed "Well, what's the sordid task? What am I to perpetrate on the public prints? Nice line about having organized a League for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Heathen, or just plain case of breaking into society?"

"Neither. I want to be a literary genius."

"My Gawd, you don't want me. I can't help you. I'm a press agent, not a bartender."

"Sure. I savvy. I guess the game is bunk. But I've got a girl who is artistic, and I got to follow suit, see? Me, I'm a lumber merchant. I never wrote anything in my life but ads and letters."

"Got ye. We'll put you across. I'm engaged. Salary, one hundred a week, and all we can drag down from the padded expense account. Name's Bill Hupp."

"All right. Now I want you to put me on to the very latest styles in literature. I don't want to waste time on anything that isn't dead highbrow."

"Sure. Well, first, there's this *sers libre*."

"Huh?"

"Why, *sers libre*—free verse—so called because it doesn't pay. It's choppy stuff with no rimes or rhythm. Walt Whitman in kid gloves. You've seen it—this kind of poetry that you wouldn't know it was poetry if it wasn't printed that way. Then there's these one-act plays for little theaters, like the Hobohemian Players. The plays have either got to be grewsome—cheery little jamborees, like a murder in a morgue—or else highbrow kidding stuff taking off all the playwright's friends down in Greenwich Village. Third, there's Russian realistic novels. That's all."

"Fine, Bill. Here's your first week's salary. Say, can you buy me about twenty-five dollars' worth of samples of all this stuff, so we can model our own lines after them?"

"Right, boss."

Oliver Jasselby did not float in till ten. Mr. Jasselby, the plot-hound, was a small little man with sandy hair and eyeglasses on a silk ribbon. He bubbled and squeaked when he talked. He agreed to deliver weekly at the office the following raw materials: One novel plot, four short-story plots, six ideas for *sers libre*, and one outline for a morbid play.

When Bill Hupp returned with a consignment of the latest novelties in high art, Mr. Brown and he planned the first publicity. Bill suggested that Mr. Brown's first name be temporarily changed from Dennis to Denis. The newspapers were to be permitted to run modest notes to the effect that Denis Brown, the distinguished California poet and dramatist, had come to New York to live. Not that Mr. Brown did come from California, but California is a good safe place for geniuses, climate, and election returns to come from.

When Bill had gone off to supervise the furnishing of their new office Mr. Brown waded into the sample literature. By twelve, he believed that he had mastered the mechanism of the three forms of art.

He saw that *sers libre* was exactly like advertising, except that usually it was not so well done. The rules were the same—short snappy stuff, breaking away from old phrases, getting a unified impression. Now Mr. Brown had written advertisements. He remembered his masterpiece: "Who is the bugaboo man who flags you every time you dream of the Little Cottage for Two? It's your local builder!! Let us bully him for you, soz you'll get what you want, old top! Buy an Inland Portable Bungalow—you can clamp your eyes on it first, and know you're getting what you

wanta get—not what Mr. Local Builder thinks you think you want. Then it's ho! for the Little House o' Dreams among the trees, with You and Her sitting out on the 10 by 22 porch in the good old twilight dreamtime."

When he had completed this advertisement, two years before, Mr. Brown had been rendered violently ill by it. But it really had sold bungalows, and now he perceived that it had in it most of the essentials of these poems about colors and twilight and mist and young women.

As regards the little plays for little theaters, he decided that they were exactly like smoking-car stories, related with gestures and snickers—except, perhaps, that the smoking-car stories were more moral.

And the final gasp in recent art, the Russian realistic novels, resembled the detailed reports on lumber-tract conditions which Mr. Brown had made for lumber companies in his early days. There was the same serious attention to dull details, the same heaviness of style, and the same pessimism about the writer's salary.

Mr. Brown chortled.

"It's just as I guessed. The reason why these guys get away with literature is because no business man has taken the trouble to go in and buck them. Oh, it's a shame to take the money."

He telephoned to Bill Hupp, at the office. "Say, Bill, if you don't mind, will you start sneaking in some press stuff about a Russian realistic novelist named Zuprushin?"

"Who's he?"

"He ain't yet. But he will be."

"Then how do I get any dope about him?"

"He's planning to come over here. His novels are being translated into English. He's an immoral old hound. Primeval brute. His latest novel is a cheery thing called Dementia."

"I get him. But what's the idea?"

"We'll write his novels for him. Bill, you listen to me: Inside of two months we'll have every highbrow in New York talking about Zuprushin. From what you tell me, these New York littery gents don't have time to read any of these foreign authors—they're too busy talking about them. They don't even buy the books. That's done by the nice little old maids that overhear the talk. So the highbrows won't dare to let on they haven't heard of any new literary joker, and once we familiarize them with Brer Zuprushin's name, they'll all talk about him."

"Yes, but say, boss —— Hello! Hello! Get—off—the—wire—willyuh, operator! But say, boss, what's the use of creating this Cossack cockroach?"

"Why, when he's going big I'll tell my girl I invented him, and she'll know I'm the family genius."

"Gotcha."

Mr. Brown went out, humming. In four hours and a half he had made a scholarly study of all literature, created the poet-dramatist Denis Brown, and gently guided that unfortunate child of genius, Zuprushin, through his boyhood, studenthood, and the writing of his novel Dementia. For a person who had not been a literary gentleman till seven o'clock that morning, Mr. Brown felt that he was not doing badly, and he was whistling loudly when he arrived at Ysetta's flat for tea.

III

YSETTA'S flat, on Morningside Heights, was a somewhat arty abode. There were curtains and a couch cover of gunny-sacking, seven brass jars which held nothing in particular, candles which lighted nothing at all, and a near-silver percolator which was out of order.

Ysetta received him with marked calm.

"So you are here!" she surmised by way of greeting.

"Me? Where? Why no; I can't be here, can I, honey? Why, I'm just a little old bourgeois from Northernapolis."

"Please don't be so boisterous, Dennis. I suppose you are finding your business trip very amusing."

"I'll tell you about that later. First, you'll want to know the news about Mrs. Fliff and Mrs. Smoot and Mr. ——"

"No, I can't say I do!"

"Huh?"

"Poor earnest souls—it's amusing to think of them trying to write."

"Why, gee whiz, Ysetta, I thought you said they were such ink-pitchers?"

"Did I? Would you like lemon or cream in your tea?"

Mr. Dennis Brown had been thinking up a neat line on the subway, and he had his cue. He looked her over cynically. He smiled and pinched his lips.

Ysetta frowned, and roused from her Olympian ennui to demand:

"What is it you find so amusing?"

"You, my child. It tickles me to hear all you highbrows use the word 'amusing' for everything from Mrs. Fliff to yellow vases with black spots."

"How amus—— How pleasant it must be to be tickled," she sniffed.

But she didn't seem quite so sure of herself.

"The other thing is: I wonder how you can be so banal as to say 'lemon or cream in your tea?' I suppose that at the present second more than forty thousand poor bourgeois females are saying just that."

Ysetta completely forgot her superior attitude, and yelped "Oh, you do, do you!" in a manner which recalled the days when young Dennis Brown had pulled the hair of the little girl, Elizabeth Robinson.

"Yes, I'm sorry for you. But, of course, with this frightful handicap of coming from west of Chicago, you couldn't expect ——"

"Then you may be pleased to know, my dear Mr. Brown, that I have had a *vers libre*—if you know what that is!—accepted by Direct Action, the one big, bold, free magazine in America!"

"That's bully! It happens that I have just had a *vers libre* accepted by Direct Action, also!"

"I don't think it's very nice of you to joke about it. I think you might congratulate me."

Ysetta spoke plaintively. Again there was more than a hint of the little girl from Northernapolis.

"No, seriously, hon, I mean it. You see, the deals that brought me to New York aren't deals in lumber, but in ideas! Since you left Northernapolis I have felt the call of literature, too, and I have come here to learn. Humbly. Though I must say that the editor of Direct Action swore my poem was the finest he had ever seen."

"Hon-est-lee? Oh, what is its title?"

"Its —— Oh! Oh, I see; you want to know its title."

"Yes."

"Why—uh—why, its title is The Color of Thought."

"Why, that's a wonderful title! Oh, Dennis dear, I can't tell you how excited I am that you have seen how heavenly New York is. I'm still bewildered by it, but I'm so glad! Come down and hear the Hobohemian Players with me to-night, and meet Mrs. Saffron."

"Hoozis? Mrs. Saffron that writes all this Woman-Can-the-Shekels—I mean Shackles—stuff?"

"Yes. She is the leader of the fight for woman's freedom And such fire! Such wit!"

"Gladmeeter."

"Come for me at seven. And now tell me about those funny pathetic old hexes at the Short Story Club. I wonder if I ever told you about a terribly amusing story called Dora of the Redwoods that Mrs. Fliff wrote? I'll never forget it. Even you would have writhed over it."

"Yes, maybe I would," he said a little wearily.

He perceived that he was going to have something of a task in keeping pace with Ysetta in his new occupation of forgetting that there was such a place as Northernapolis, where the benighted people did their work and went home at night to play with the kids, instead of leading the life literary. But he escaped without committing that worst of social errors—saying what he thought.

Between five and seven he had to have The Color of Thought accepted by Direct Action. Also, incidentally, he had to have the same written. For he had not exactly lied about the poem, he had merely sold short.

He sat down on the steps of Ysetta's apartment house and did a job of thinking. It may be that his thoughts did not have the fire and glory which fill the meditations of all regular licensed public authors, but he did get down to business.

He had chosen the title because he had noted that color was a favorite theme in *vers libre*. Now he had to get some attractive new hues. He dashed to the subway news stand and bought a fashion magazine. On the subway he read the descriptions of new gowns, and encountered the color-words "taupe" and "beige." Mr. Brown did not know whether taupe was a watery pea-green, or a pink resembling the ears of a rabbit, and he did not care. On the margins of the magazine he wrote his poem. Between the subway and his hotel he stopped in at a jewelry shop and inquired for the name of a gem "that most people don't know much about." The clerk suggested "chrysoprase." With that word Mr. Brown filled a space in one line of his poem. At the hotel he hastily dictated the poem to a stenographer.

The completed product was as follows:

THE COLOR OF THOUGHT

Red that is blood—
Blue, soggy with the sky—
Green of the hackneyed spring—
Me, I hate these raw old colors, and I hate
White of dull purity,
But!
Taupe and the mystery of beige,
Colors inarticulate, moving, twisting, blind,
And color of a sea-drowned chrysoprase—
These are the hues of thought,
Cruel,
Dread,
Power!

He expected to have to trace the editor of Direct Action from his office to some abode of rum and anarchism, but by telephone he found him at the office. He arrived there in seven minutes, two of which were spent in an impassioned debate between his taxi-driver and a traffic cop.

He bounced into the office of Direct Action and beheld a young man writing

Mr. Brown Found That He Could Not Keep Up With His Literary-Social Engagements

at a small table which was so surrounded by piles of realistic novels, vegetarian pamphlets, pacifist manifestoes, bills advertising socialist dances, and suffrage banners, that it resembled a trawler in the midst of the British fleet. The young man looked up wearily.

"Brother, I want to see the editor."

"Comrade, he is me. It's after hours, but what can I do for you?

"Shall I make Congress pass your bill, or shall I expose the governor, or do you merely want to sell me a story at three cents a word?"

"Brother, I suspect that you are a regular guy. It is none of them things. I would fain subscribe to your sheet, which I have never seen a copy of; and while you are recovering, I would still fainer get you to accept this poem in *vers libre*, and you don't have to pay for it. I just want to see it printed. Honest, it isn't as bad as some I've read."

"Comrade, let's gaze upon it—and hurry up with the introduction."

"Brother, I don't get you."

"Why, the introduction; the spiel about your deep inner meaning in writing it—about its being vorticist verse, or a fugue in words, or whatever it is that distinguishes you from the ordinary apprentices."

"Brother, there ain't a darn thing that distinguishes me!"

The editor thrust the poem, unread, into a pigeonhole marked "Copy ready for printer."

"In that case," he said, "I accept it. Either it will be so good it's worth printing, or so bad that my readers will think it's some new brand of genius. Comrade, my name is Jerry McCabe, and when I gaze on your sprightly young face I suspect that you are a good guy. But don't let that make you forget those dulcet murmurs about subscribing."

Denis Brown, poet, arrived at Ysetta's house only ten minutes late, which meant that he had to wait in the lower hall for twenty minutes. She appeared, in a clinging gown of green silk with a border of orange stencilling, and insisted:

"Dennis, you were joking about having a poem accepted by Direct Action! Why, I bet you can't even tell the name of the editor!"

"Why, Jerry McCabe, of course! By the way, old Jer may be down at the Hobohemian Players to-night too."

"Well, I don't understand it. You only arrived in town yesterday," said Ysetta with a restlessness not unnatural in one who has just been emancipated, and discovers that her home town has been sneaky enough to go and get emancipated also.

IV

THEY had dined at the Cunning Rabbit Tea Shop, Mr. Brown and Ysetta, and had witnessed four one-act plays presented by the Hobohemian Players.

Everybody in New York is always delivering something from some shackles, and the Hobohemian Players are an organization for delivering the stage from the shackles of the commercialized managers, and for developing a Native American Drama. To-night the Players presented Native American Dramas translated from the Polish, the Siamese and the Esquimo, and one apologetic little curtain-raiser written in the United States.

Mr. Brown didn't care much for the plays or the acting; and the audience, which kept telling itself between acts how superior it was to Broadway audiences, made him feel feeble; but aside from that, he enjoyed the show; and afterward he obediently tagged after Ysetta to meet Mrs. Saffron and her group at the Café Liberté.

Ysetta warned him:

"Now, Dennis, I want you to be careful what you say to these people—they are so clever and subtle and all—and don't get off any of the noisy jokes you used to in Northernapolis. I'm as careful as can be what I say, till I'm admitted into their inner circle, and you ——"

As Ysetta expressed her timid admiration for Mrs. Saffron, her books on eugenics, and her participation in clothing strikes; for Max Pincus, the landscapist, Jandorff Fish and Gaston Rakowsky, the novelists, and Miss Abigail Manx, the anarchist queen, Mr. Brown became nervous.

With the feeling of a small boy on his first day at a new school, he followed Ysetta into the basement of the Café Liberté. It was only a fair-to-medium basement; Mr. Brown owned as good a basement himself, in the family mansion. It was painted a plain tan, and filled with chairs and tables that looked much like other chairs and tables. But the people were terrifying. When he could make out the individuals, through the confusion of talk that sounded like a phonograph factory next to a recreation park, Mr. Brown decided that Hobohemia was not going to be easy. There were large, bland, round-faced young men, with an air of inexpressible superciliousness. Two lads in evening clothes were being humble to a dismayingly pretty girl with bobbed hair, who laughed at them and made love to a stolid hulk of a man with a dark face, weedy blue-black hair, and a mustache so much like one whole live cat that it might at any moment have been expected to fly across the room and out of a window. Seven nonchalant and good-looking women were dining together, and they looked him over till he felt shredded. Behind them were babbling millions.

"Some bunch!" said Mr. Brown weakly.

"Oh, these are just imitations—society slummers, and artists that are as disgustingly respectable as though they were merchants. The real Greenwich Villagers always go in the next room."

"Well, let's stay here in the compression chamber a minute and get used to the air pressure before we try the real wild ones," he begged, but she pushed through into an inner room. Round the table in the center were a dozen people, who bawled at her:

"*Bonsoir*, Ysette. Join us!"

Mr. Brown was conscious that they were all giving him what in less spiritual surroundings might have been called "the once-over." He timorously sat down between Ysetta and a stern, smooth, tailor-made woman of thirty-five to forty. She was introduced to him as Mrs. Saffron.

Mr. Brown had expected Mrs. Saffron to be a wild-haired bouncer in a smock. He was rather uncomfortable in the presence of her mannish efficiency. A chinless red-haired young man dropped into the seat on the other side of Mrs. Saffron, and bawled at her in a raw prairie voice:

"How are you, honey? What you drinking?"

Mrs. Saffron turned her back on Mr. Brown, and he was left alone, a child in the dark. On one side of him Ysetta was talking to Max Pincus, the painter, a short, solid young man with a heavy and pasty face. Mr. Brown instantly developed a considerable degree of dislike for Mr. Pincus, who did not talk of landscapes but of Sex, with a capital S and four exclamation points after the word. In his rolling voice Mr. Pincus was assuring Ysetta that free love was the only possible life for a genius. Ysetta was attending meekly, and smiling—with the clear chestnut eyes that Mr. Brown loved—into Mr. Pincus' glistening little eyes.

On the other side Mrs. Saffron was permitting the red-haired person to make violent love to her. She chuckled at him, and yawned "Oh, go home, you baby; you make me tired"; but she let him hold her hand and assure her that she was the only one in the world who encouraged him to keep up his artistic photography.

Jerry McCabe, the editor of Direct Action, came by and bent over to whisper to Mr. Brown: "I condole with you."

(Continued on Page 121)

WRAITHS

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS cold, dark and very quiet. Snow had begun to fall; and as Mr. Bleet, the president of the Island Trust Company, turned down Wall Street from Broadway, not a soul but himself was in sight. A graveyard, in fact, could not have seemed more a solitude; and, faltering uncertainly, he made his way into the bleak dark of a doorway, where for a minute or more he stood peering out at the empty thoroughfare. Afterward, having rolled up the heavy fur collar of his coat, the banker trudged on again, his dull, heavy-lidded eyes brooding on the scene about him.

In his thirty-odd years of Wall Street this was the first time Mr. Bleet had visited it at night. Men at the club sometimes had spoken of the experience, remarking how strange the place had looked; but, though he had listened politely, dawdling over his coffee and cigar, he had not been greatly impressed. Frankly the spectacle of the dim streets, mysterious in their vacancy, the massed piles of the dark, silent office buildings looming obscurely overhead, and, far above, night, gleaming out of the arch of its star-incrusted vault, had in it little that would appeal to one of his imagination. He was a practical man; consequently the Wall Street as he knew it, roaring with its midday life, seemed to him far more significant and inspiring.

However, as he edged along now, his hands thrust into his pockets and his hat drawn down to his eyes, his interest seemed curiously kindled. Beyond, two blocks or so away, the doorway of the Trust Company hung above the street; and as Mr. Bleet headed toward it, scuffling through the falling snow, he recalled how the silence and loneliness had affected those other men, the ones who had spoken of it at the club. It was indeed lonely. It was so lifeless and lost that even the phlegmatic banker felt it weigh upon him; and, after a quick, searching glance behind him, he scuffled hurriedly on again.

It was not for far, though. Behind him, high overhead, a clock boomed the hour—ten o'clock—and he halted, counting the strokes. It was not just to see the lights that Mr. Bleet had come down to Wall Street. It was for another purpose. When this was accomplished, a cab would take him uptown, after which he meant to take a train. The train was leaving for the North; but, as it did not go until midnight, he had no reason to hurry. Besides, all his other plans had already been carried out.

Mr. Bleet was rather proud of these. In every way they flattered his foresight and shrewd executive ability. Thus, an hour before, a cab had dropped him at a steamship pier across the bridge, in Brooklyn, and, with his bags, he had gone aboard the waiting liner. At nine the ship had sailed; but Mr. Bleet had not sailed with it. After changing his clothes and donning the big fur coat that now enveloped him, he had locked the stateroom door and slipped ashore. This, of course, seems curious; still, it was just as he had planned it. He had meant from the first to take that train.

So now, with two hours at his disposal, Mr. Bleet had returned to Wall Street to do what he had to do there.

The cold was penetrating. The wind, too, had risen; and as the banker slipped and slid along the glazed slope by Broadway, the gusts, chattering in the rooftops, picked up the snow from the eaves and flung it skyward in tossing clouds. All about him the place was sheeted in the ghostly pall; and Mr. Bleet eyed it murkily. He had not dreamed the familiar quarter could take on a look so oppressively silent and deserted; and his dull orbs, as they peered out from under his hat brim, blinked and flickered uncomfortably. He wondered at its strangeness. More than that, the burden of its stillness and solitude filled him with reflections as uneasy as they were unwonted.

At the corner he halted. Northward lay Nassau Street, the perspective of its scrambling, clifflike walls vague in the cloud of flakes that swept down through it. Up there Mr. Bleet had begun his business life. The bank where, as a boy, he had bent pink-cheeked and hopeful over a sprawling ledger, years before, had been torn down; but in his mind's eye he could still picture the place—picture, too, how he had striven there.

A dry chuckle escaped him at the thought. The chuckle was mirthless, though.

How earnest he had been! How simple, too, he must have seemed! Well, all that was in the past now. Thirty years, a lifetime, had gone since then; and as the banker stood at the street corner, the drifting flakes stinging the dry, hot skin of his face, he wondered whether at the outset he would have put foot so buoyantly to the ladder had he known where that ladder led.

Still, he had climbed. Round by round he had struggled upward, most of the time fighting for a foothold and scrambling on others' shoulders. But then, how else could he have climbed? If there were other ways and means of getting to the top, certainly he had never learned them; and his memory awakened, straggling back the thirty years, Mr. Bleet recalled out of that dim limbo the men—the boys, rather—who had started the climb with him. . . . And now where were they? What had become of them?

"I have had playmates; I have had companions. . . .
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Gone, indeed! He knew, too, how they'd gone; and at the thought again Mr. Bleet threw a swift apprehensive glance behind him.

The men at the club had told of something else. It was about the wayfarers, the strange waifs they had met. Like wraiths, these strays had emerged vaguely, as if from nowhere, and, silent and alone, had drifted dimly along in the gloom.

The wraiths, of course, were not really wraiths. Instead, they were men, shabby fellows—night birds of the city. Who they were, where they came from or went, no one seemed to know; but the tale had it that these derelicts were wrecks of Wall Street—men the place had ruined. Forgotten, they returned at nightfall, it was said, to revisit the scene of their downfall.

Men that Wall Street had ruined! "H'm!" murmured Mr. Bleet. Then his lip curled derisively. It was absurd, of course—that tale; for if all the men ruined there were to return to haunt those shades it would need a bigger area than this narrow, pent-in byway to contain them. Massed together, they would swarm the street in a host as huge as the Pied Piper's horde of rats.

Rats, indeed! Ruined men always had seemed abject and scurvy to the banker; and, at the thought of how mean and scurvy they would look in multitudes, Mr. Bleet grunted again.

Among them would be men he had known. Some of them, too, would be men by whose downfall he had profited. But then, what of that? In Wall Street, if a man let sentiment stand in his way, where would he ever get? Business was business, wasn't it?

Just the same, Mr. Bleet threw another look behind him. The tale, this story of those wraiths, might be buncombe, tommyrot; but the banker's glance was still a little apprehensive. Somehow he could not get out of his mind those belated, nagging memories of the past—reminders of his own dead youth and innocence. Mr. Bleet thought, too, of those friends he once had had.

There was Bayne, for instance: Bayne, like himself, had risen. It does not matter how he rose. One day the bubble had been pricked; and, desperate, in distress, Bayne had appealed to his old-time friend for aid. Mr. Bleet, too, had promised it. He had agreed, in fact, to help out Bayne, as well as the bank of which Bayne was the head; but the next day, the moment the bank had opened its doors, Mr. Bleet's own messenger had been first in line at the window. The bundle of drafts he handed in had wrecked the bank; and that night Bayne had shot himself.

Mr. Bleet again shot a glance behind him. What if there were wraiths! What if, indeed, the wraiths were real!

But no. He still had the street to himself.

Bayne dead, a suicide! Well, it couldn't be helped, could it? Hadn't Mr. Bleet always regretted, too, the subterfuge, that necessary lie, he had used to save the money? Besides, it was the bank's money, not his, wasn't it?

But Bayne was not the only one. There was Sloan, too; there was Selden, besides. After Bayne, among the many others Mr. Bleet recalled Sloan and Selden especially. Both had been warm-hearted, impulsive fellows—close friends of his in times gone by; and now where were they? Where, especially, was Sloan? Selden he knew about, of course; for, old, broken by the struggle, Selden had gone down in the fight. A year before, in fact, Mr. Bleet himself had discharged the man—there was no room for failures at the bank; and Selden accordingly had gone.

But Sloan. . . . Where was Sloan?

A stray gust, booming down from among the peaks and pinnacles of the skyscrapers overhead, swept the glazed, sheeted surface of the street, a cloud of snow wheeling and pirouetting before it. Mr. Bleet gasped as the blast struck him, the icy particles pelting him like shot. His face aching and his flabby, self-indulged figure mauled and buffeted by the flaw, he crouched beneath it, muttering peevishly as he struggled on. Damn such a night! Half blinded and with the tears streaking from his eyes in pain, he could have wept, too, at the thought of the warm club uptown, his place at the fire—that and all the other comforts he'd had to leave. What luck it was! What a shabby trick it was luck had played him at the last! As if all the rest were not enough, even the weather had turned its hand against him. That was not all, either. To think that, after all his effort, striving as he had for years, he should come down at the last to this!

"Damn!" he whimpered. "Damn! Damn!"

Sloan he had forgotten now. Indeed, distressed as he was now, it was not likely that Mr. Bleet would think of others; but, as it happened, it was on a night like this, the snow flying, the storm gusting wildly through the city's streets, when last he had seen Sloan.

Twenty years had passed since then.

Uptown, snug and secure in the warmth and brightness of his club, Mr. Bleet had stood by the window gazing at the wind-swept avenue outside. In a few minutes his carriage would call for him; and he was wondering worriedly whether he was clad warmly enough for the drive, when a shabby, slovenly figure, its tatters streaming in the wind, had scuttled round the corner from the side street. Buffeted by the gale, the man had clung to the railing out front; and as Mr. Bleet gazed down on him the light from the window had shone on the scarecrow's face.

It was Sloan. For five years Mr. Bleet had not seen him; but still he knew him perfectly. And Sloan was a battered tramp.

Mr. Bleet returned to the fire. He was a young man then, not more than forty—that or, at the most, forty-five; but as he'd sat there, blinking at the cannel in the grate, a feeling of indescribable age and grayness had settled down on him. Sweat, too, had started on his brow; and later, when someone had spoken to him, he had looked up dully, his thoughts far astray. Then, when the man, staring, again had spoken, Mr. Bleet had shambled to his feet and, still silent, had lurched out at the door. However, this was but a detail. A theft had made of Sloan an outcast. The amount was ten thousand dollars; and, as Mr. Bleet remembered, it had all been in a single packet of hundred-dollar bills. He knew, because he, Mr. Bleet, had taken it. With the money he had laid the foundations of his wealth.

In Wall Street one hears often of men caught gambling with stolen money; but of those who steal, and then get away with it, one seldom hears. Mr. Bleet was one of these. He had stolen; then he had made good. Afterward Mr. Bleet had returned the money.

Of course he had not returned it openly—naturally, he would not have dared; but one of the first things he'd done, once he had authority, was to order that the bank's vaults should be rebuilt. Thus, when the walls had been torn down and the money—that ten thousand dollars—was found in the sheathing behind a shelf, it was known at once that Sloan had not taken it. The packet must have dropped there. It had. Mr. Bleet had dropped it there.

It Was Sloan. He Knew Him Perfectly. And Sloan Was a Battered Tramp

However, having used the money to make a killing in the stock market, it had salved his conscience to return it.

Sloan; then Bayne; then Selden! These were not all, either—the men on whose shoulders Mr. Bleet had climbed. And yet, in the face of things as he, the banker, had learned them, one might praise rather than blame the man. For, as has been pointed out, the finest and most glorious blossom cannot reach its glory save that the lesser, less vigorous buds be lopped away.

Thus, anyway, Mr. Bleet had reached his bloom.

His shoulder to the storm and his frame rudely shaken by the blasts that sluiced down from the roofs of the crowding skyscrapers the banker scuffled onward, whimpering now in the weakness of bodily distress. What a fate it was that he, so used to ease and indulgent comfort, should be forced forth into a night like this! A gulp, a dry sob of self-pity and distress, escaped Mr. Bleet. The night might have been a little kinder, he thought; and, striving on, he was halfway down the block to the Trust Company when, with a start, then a gasp, he halted.

Up the street, volleyed along by the staggering gusts, a man had hove into view.

Instantly Mr. Bleet shrank into a doorway.

He was not a superstitious man. This talk of wraiths, the tale of specters stalking in the streets, he had affected to smile upon. True—but then in the last few days much had happened to the banker to upset the fine level balance of his nerves. Quaking, he held his breath.

The man came on. He was on the same side of the street as Mr. Bleet; but, halfway up the block, he quit the sidewalk to cross to the other side. It was too far, of course, to see his face; yet as he reached the curb, halting there to brace himself against a gust, Mr. Bleet gasped again.

He knew that man. Somewhere he had seen him. The stray, this waif slinking in the dark, was someone he had met before; and, his scalp crawling, the breath wheezing in his valves, Mr. Bleet was crouching back, when, to his unutterable amazement and dismay, the man crossed the sidewalk and popped down a cellar stairway.

The stairway was Mr. Bleet's stairway! The cellar was the cellar of Mr. Bleet's Island Trust Company.

For one instant the banker thought of flight. Who was that man? What was he doing there? Conscience, indeed, plays strange tricks, even with the hardiest; and, bold as he was, in all ways resolute, Mr. Bleet would have taken to his heels had not his legs refused to bear him.

Fright shaking him, he clung quivering to the doorframe. The stray, that waif, might to all intents have been a wraith; such had been his effect on Mr. Bleet.

Then reason asserted itself.

The man was, of course, just one of the building's night force. Probably he was a porter—that or a boiler fireman. Yes, that was it; and, with a laugh, a harsh, mirthless clatter of relief, the banker shook himself together. What a fright he'd had! What a start the fellow had given him! He was of a mind, had things been different, to have had the man thrown out of the place—sacked of his job that instant. But there was no time for that now.

Fumbling in his pockets until he found a match, the banker struck it, and shielded the taper in his cupped hands while he looked at his watch. The time was ten minutes past ten. So long it had taken him to trudge that brief distance from Broadway; but, slowly as he had come, it had seemed far longer to Mr. Bleet. He felt as if in the ten minutes he had lived out the interval of a lifetime.

Well, he need wait no longer now. It would take him but a few minutes to get what he had to get, but now he felt he must get away from there. The place had got on his nerves.

Tarrying no longer, he darted out of the doorway and at full speed made his way across Wall Street. The next instant he had disappeared inside the office of the Island Trust Company.

The visitor to Wall Street will recall that in one quarter of that historic thoroughfare there is a row of old-fashioned dingy structures, faced with battered sandstone. For a generation they have stood there, each eminent in its guise of ancient respectability; and in one of these, for twenty years or more, the Trust Company had made its home. The countingroom was up a flight of steps, half a story above the street. Beneath it was the bank's safe-deposit vault. Below that was the building's boiler room. The floors above the bank were rented out for offices.

Mr. Bleet knew the building perfectly. Every day, ever since the bank had been there, he had been in and out of it. The long, marble-tiled hall that led to his private office at the rear was as well known to him as the hall of his home uptown. In the dark or blindfolded he could have made his way unerringly along it. Having closed the street door behind him silently, he listened a moment; then swiftly, but yet with cautious silence, he sped along the passageway. A moment later his key clicked in the latch of his office door.

Within the room, the deep-walled somber office where for so many years Mr. Bleet had directed the Trust's affairs, the light was feeble and vague. Such as it was, it came dimly from the two high ground-glass windows at the rear. Pale and spectral, the reflection of a lighted window opening somewhere on the air shaft outside, it was barely enough to disclose the room's outline and the black bulked masses of the furniture that stood about within it. But Mr. Bleet needed no light. His breath held, he hearkened a moment, acutely intent to catch the slightest sound. Everything was still, though; and, stirring softly, he crept across the carpet, his footstep silent as he trod the padded fabric.

A huge flat-topped desk occupied the middle of the room, and toward this Mr. Bleet made his way. Edging round it, he drew out the chair that stood before the desk; and, with the same secretive care, that cautious quiet of his, the banker slowly lowered himself among the cushions.

"All Right, Selden. How Much of This Do You Want? How Much Have I Got to Divvy With You?"

Afterward a sigh escaped him, a murmur of relief; and, bending down, with a key attached to his watch chain he unlocked two of the desk's lower drawers.

Then he struck a match.

As the match flamed, its tiny blaze casting a glow about, Mr. Bleet spread his coat apart, shielding the light behind its folds. Just for a moment the taper lasted, disclosing in the interval that the bottom of the upper drawer had been whittled out and that a square leather bag had been set in the double space; then the match burned out, leaving all in darkness.

Mr. Bleet grunted. The grunt was exultant. Pulling out the drawers, he tugged at the bag until he had it free. Then, fumbling with his fingers in the dark, the banker sprung the bag's catch; after which he lit another match.

The bag was packed with bank notes, the crisp paper money fastened together in packets, and the packets stuffed into the bag until it could hold no more. All the bills, too, were large of denomination, the majority one hundred dollars in denomination and at least three of the bundles gold notes of one thousand dollars each. Wheezing stridently, Mr. Bleet ran his fingers along their edges.

Then, once more the match burned out; but, besides that money, the hundreds of thousands in that bag, the taper's brief, fleeting gleam had disclosed something else.

It was Mr. Bleet's expression.

That murky muddiness, the dull, oppressive moroseness, which had burdened him when he'd come plodding down Wall Street through the snow, no longer seemed to irk him now; and, freed too of the nagging memories that had filled him with superstitious dread, his spirit seemed to have risen buoyantly. The match showed him exultant, his teeth bared in an elated grin. Triumph, satisfaction, mastery—all these were visible on his features; and as the match died, darkness falling blank behind it, a chuckle rasped dryly in the gloom.

There was close to half a million dollars in cash within that bag; and, every instinct of the banker roused in him, Mr. Bleet gave himself greedily to the lust of it.

All else was forgotten. His career he forgot, as he forgot the years of slow, painful effort the ruthless climb to the top had cost him. Even the climax, the gray disaster that had waited there, Mr. Bleet forgot—forgot that day, now a week gone, when the market had crumbled and caught him off his guard. That day the house of cards he had reared so patiently had fallen, crashing down among the dust and ruin of all his other hopes; yet no longer he stopped now to remember that. Neither did he stop to remember the name, that shell of respectability and honor which was his, and which, year after year, he had striven with such care and craft to spin about him. Nothing Mr. Bleet remembered but that he had that half million in cash; and, fired with the thought of it, he wet his lips, drawing his tongue along their dry, fevered edges.

Half a million cash! With the money he could settle where he was going, idle in fat ease and comfort. The future there would have no terror for him; he need struggle no more, either, striving greedily for what he, and the others too, were always snatching for in Wall Street. No need for him now to sweat and labor like a hired man. He had that half million; he had grabbed it out of the wreck; and, with that to back him, he could start life again—start it respectably, too—as befitted one of his abilities.

In other words, having robbed the bank of which he was the head, Mr. Bleet now meant to flee.

It was not the first time Mr. Bleet had robbed the Trust Company. Remember, there was the time he took that first money—the ten thousand dollars—which had made Sloan an outcast. Afterward, for a long while, he had remained honest—that is, what he, in his code, considered honest. Then again he had been tempted. It was not that he needed the money—already he had much; but, surrounded as he was by men like himself, persons whose only soul and object in life was money, it was only natural that the more he got, the more he should thirst for. That is the way with the Mr. Bleets—they that moil and grub in Wall Street. First, they get the money; then the money gets them. But Mr. Bleet had tried once too often. The market had smashed; and, with it, it had smashed Mr. Bleet. Incidentally, in that it had also smashed his bank.

To-morrow, after this theft became known, the Trust Company would go under.

Mr. Bleet did not think of that. He thought now only of the half million in cash he had. It made him chuckle to think he had it, and how he'd laid hands on the money.

The trick was clever. That evening, after the bank's books had been balanced and the day's cash had been put in the vault for the night, Mr. Bleet had slipped in there; and, getting rid of the teller by a subterfuge, he'd shoved the contents of first one tray, then another, into the bag. The money went in easily, for he had measured the trays beforehand and had made the bag to the measurement. Then, having placed the emptied trays under another that was full, Mr. Bleet had sauntered back to his office.

The bag he bore with him. Everybody, the teller included, saw him leave the vault with the bag; but, having entered his office, Mr. Bleet instantly had reappeared. He still bore a bag. Outwardly it was the same bag he'd taken from the vault; in reality it was not. Behind the door the banker had exchanged bags. The one he bore now was empty.

"Here; put this back," he'd said—"I shan't need it."

Then, the door on a crack, Mr. Bleet had watched until he'd seen the teller put the bag in the vault, close the door and spring the time lock for the night. Clever work! As no one had seen the bags switched, no one would suspect, at first, that Mr. Bleet had the money. It might be hours before they realized. It would be more hours ere they discovered the rest of it. And every hour counted.

That was why he'd taken all this trouble with the bags. That was why, too, he'd gone aboard that steamer, leaving a trail between his club and the wharf. It was for the same reason, besides, that he had changed his clothes aboard; then left those things in the stateroom. The steamer had wireless, of course; but by the time they telegraphed it and got the answer back more hours would have passed. Besides, when it was reported he was missing, perhaps a suicide, there would be more delays. It might even be believed he'd dropped overboard. Before they realized, he would be well on his way to safety.

So all was well. His plans, as was always the case when he planned craftily, had come successfully to a head. Once across the border, in Canada, Mr. Bleet would disappear from view.

"Hah!" said Mr. Bleet, his tone exultant.

Rising, he took a last look about him at the dim, shadowy room. Then he picked up the bag of money from the floor.

Mr. Bleet did not hear the door open. He did not see, either, the man who softly stepped inside. Occupied with the bag and somewhat hampered by its weight, the banker was halfway round the desk, scuffling toward the office door, ere he realized he was no longer alone. Even then the significance of it did not dawn on him. Halting hesitantly, he stared.

Then, in a pleasant voice, its tone low, the man at the door greeted him.

"Good evening, Mr. Bleet," he said.

It was this that broke the spell. In echo to it, Mr. Bleet's heart leaped; and as he snatched at the desk for support the blood rushed roaring into his ears.

"What do you want?" he stammered.

His tongue was so thick, clogging in his mouth, that he got the words out with difficulty; but the man at the door seemed neither to heed the banker's agitation nor question his presence there.

"I am the watchman, sir," he said.

The watchman? Mr. Bleet's heart gave another spasmodic leap. As he knew, for he had timed his own coming to the occasion, the man made a round of the building every half hour of the night. On each floor was a time clock; and it was his duty to punch each of these in rotation. Now, as the banker calculated, the watchman should have been at the building's top floors. So what was he doing here?

Mr. Bleet thought swiftly. He lowered the bag swiftly and noiselessly to the carpet. If the man had not seen the bag all might yet be well; and he wet his lips, struggling to master the fright that shook him.

Was it really the watchman? He recalled that he neither knew the man by sight nor had ever heard his name.

"I heard you come in, sir," the man volunteered—"I thought maybe I'd be needed."

The words implied nothing sinister, but Mr. Bleet felt himself grow cold. A chill, like water poured upon him, was flowing along his spine; and as he leaned against the desk he quivered. Again, in fact, conscience played tricks with Mr. Bleet; and, his scalp crawling anew with superstitious fear, he peered through the gloom at the vague, shadowy shape by the door. If indeed it was the watchman it was bad enough; if, though, it were that other thing ——

"Turn up the light!" croaked Mr. Bleet, his voice breaking.

The figure moved obscurely, obediently, across the carpet. The light, a bulb pendent upon a cord, hung between the banker and the window; and as the intruder's figure silhouetted against the ground-glass background Mr. Bleet emitted a sudden wheeze, a gasp, half strangled in his throat.

He knew that shape! It was that stray from the street, the waif he'd watched as it slid like a specter down the cellar stairway!

Mr. Bleet swiftly put the desk between them.

The bulb's button clicked, the light suffusing the room with a swift, blinding glare; and, blinking and weak-eyed, the banker peered at the intruder. He was a gray, stoop-shouldered man with frank, pleasant eyes and the mild, relaxed face of those content with what they have. In its contrast with the banker's habitual air of tense, straining concentration, the man's look was benign.

"Selden!" cried Mr. Bleet.

"Careful, Mr. Bleet," was the reply—"if you do that, someone outside may hear you!"

The banker choked down the cry that sprang to his lips.

A long moment passed. Clinging to the desk, Mr. Bleet stared, his round, flabby face convulsed with the terrors that trooped thudding through his mind. . . . Selden! . . . Him? . . . What was Selden doing there?

Once his friend, Selden seemed able to read his old friend's mind.

"You know—I am the watchman; I've told you, Mr. Bleet."

A faint smile, as he spoke, suffused him; and, with slender hands, he indicated the garb he wore. It was the conventional gray, with the pipe-cord and brass buttons of the bank attendant; and, as if recalling his place, the gulf between him and the bank's head, Selden removed the visored cap he wore. This in his hands, and fingering it, he stood as if waiting humbly for Mr. Bleet to speak.

Presently Mr. Bleet found his voice.

"I didn't know that," he said.

His voice was restrained. He was making a vital effort to get his wits in order; but, in spite of this, terror still held Mr. Bleet. A wraith, a specter real in its ghostly effigy, could not have stunned him more than the discovery of Selden there in his room. Then Selden spoke:

"No; I knew you didn't know it, Mr. Bleet."

His tone was still quiet. No significance was in what he said—only acquiescence in what Mr. Bleet himself had said. The banker's heart, though, gave another leap.

What was meant? What lay veiled in the reply? Was Selden up to some shrewd game? The man's reply, the softness with which he'd replied, too, was as blandly mild and deluding as Mr. Bleet's would have been when Mr. Bleet was playing a game. Furtively, with a cautious foot, the banker edged the bag slowly along on the floor beside him. If, by chance, he could slide it under the desk, where it would be hidden, Selden's suspicion might not be roused. He was certain that, so far, Selden had not seen the bag.

Meantime he spoke.

"I didn't know it at all," said Mr. Bleet. He gave the bag a gentle shove. "Of course, had I known, I might have found you something better. I always regretted, you know, that you had to quit with us." The shove he gave the bag at this sent it nearer still to safety. "I regretted it, indeed. Naturally, having known you for years, I would not have let an old friend like you be turned adrift at your age. As it was, though, I had no other recourse." Again with his toe he pried at the bag. "However, I'll see that your pay is right. I'll see to it to-morrow," said Mr. Bleet; and he gave the bag another push.

"Let me help you, sir," said Selden; and, stepping forward, he made as if to pick the bag from the floor.

Mr. Bleet gave an agitated cry.

"Hands off!" he vociferated; and, snatching up the bag, he backed away until again he had the desk between them.

Selden fell back quietly. His face mild, he displayed neither surprise nor any suspicion; and, cap in hand, once more he resumed his attitude of humble, deferent attention.

It took Mr. Bleet some moments to recover from his trepidation. The bag, that possession which meant to him the luxury and fat comforts he had learned to love, he clung to with gripping hands. No one should get it now. He would fight for it—fight with his life, if need be. Life, indeed, would be worthless to him without that wealth; for, living as he had, his soul wrapped only in the things that wealth, that money, give, he would be as well dead as be without them.

Violence, however, never had been among his methods. Guile was the means by which Mr. Bleet had made his way; and now naturally he fell back on guile. This dolt, the lump that stood before him, always had been putty in his hands; and after a pause Mr. Bleet restrained the storm which raged within him. Setting the bag upon the floor again, he composed his face; then he spoke.

"Sit down, Selden," said Mr. Bleet, waving to a chair; "if you're not busy we can have a little talk together."

He seated himself, affecting idly to cross his knees and adopt an air of unconcern, though inwardly he was anything but easy. Time sped, and unless he rid himself of this dolt his plans, that orderly scheme of his, might slip a cog. Otherwise, however, Mr. Bleet felt easy enough. Men like this lump he was accustomed to knead in his hands as one kneads so much dough.

Selden did not seat himself.

"Thank you, sir; I won't sit. You will be going in a moment, won't you?"

Mr. Bleet nodded. Yes; he had just come downtown for a few minutes. It was to get some papers he needed; and, now that he had them, presently he would return home.

Neat, wasn't it? It restored Mr. Bleet to reflect that his mind was again at work aptly. Give him five minutes, and he would be rid of the fellow and be on his way to the train. Evidently the fool suspected nothing; and, still further simulating ease and unconcern, Mr. Bleet drew from his pocket a cigar. He bit off the end, and, with the cigar tilted upward, he struck a match and lighted it. Afterward, as he puffed out a little cloud of smoke, it occurred to him, just as it occurs always to such men—afterward—to offer his humble companion a smoke.

Tossing one across the desk, Mr. Bleet said idly:

"Not hard—your job; is it?"

"No, sir," answered Selden.

"Who got the job for you?"

Selden did not take the cigar Mr. Bleet had tossed toward him. It lay where it had rolled—a dark, rich, oily weed, belted with a band of gold. Fingering his cap, Selden replied to the banker's question:

"It was Sloan, sir. Sloan gave it to me the day after I was discharged upstairs."

There was silence. The thread of smoke rising from Mr. Bleet's cigar rose upward like a wand, its top pennanted by a cloudy, wavering little streamer of blue. For some seconds it curled and quivered, its staff still pliantly erect; then abruptly it was shattered.

"Sloan?" inquired Mr. Bleet.

It was the question, that name, expelled from between his teeth, which broke, then dissipated in a whirling web, the cigar's slender spire of smoke. Afterward Mr. Bleet's eyes showed to their whites as he rolled them sideways toward Selden.

It was only by an effort, though, that the banker restrained himself; that he remained seated instead of leaping to his feet.

"Sloan?"

"Yes, sir," said Selden.

"What Sloan?" asked Mr. Bleet.

"The Sloan you ruined, sir," said Selden simply. "You remember him, don't you?"

A long while afterward, as it seemed to Mr. Bleet, his mind groping ineffectually, as if in the grip of dreams—that or of some powerful narcotic—he woke vaguely to the consciousness that Selden was again speaking. How long he had been listening he did not know; but as the words shaped themselves and his brain reacted, catching and recording the sense that they conveyed, the banker felt himself shrink and shrivel as if scorched inwardly by a searing flame. Neither haste nor heat, though, was evident in Selden's tone; yet, to Mr. Bleet, that was the horror of it.

Said Selden impassively:

"He's been here nineteen years, Mr. Bleet. He was a laborer first—shoveling coal; then he was put in charge of the boilers downstairs. You did not know, sir; but I knew. He was a park tramp, sleeping on the benches, when I found him. I got him the place in the cellar, sir; and when my turn came Sloan got a place for me."

Mr. Bleet Would Have Taken to His Heels Had Not His Legs Refused to Bear Him

"He?—Sloan?" wheezed Mr. Bleet.

"Sloan—yes," smiled Selden.

The thought that for nineteen years the man whose life and happiness he'd wrecked had been lurking there so near him struck Mr. Bleet with a significance that shook him like a blow. Dread crept over him again. . . . Selden; then Sloan! . . . Were there others? Sweating at the thought, he framed with flabby lips a question.

The whisper that came from him was inarticulate and Selden leaned nearer to catch it.

"Who?" When Mr. Bleet repeated it Selden gazed at him with mild surprise. "Bayne?"

In response Mr. Bleet nodded numbly.

"Why, no," said Selden; "Bayne is dead. He shot himself, you know."

Mr. Bleet sighed faintly. He felt no doubt his mind was going. That question—the query about Bayne—he knew he would not have asked had his wits been right. And yet when Selden, answering, had assured him that Bayne was dead—not there, too, in the cellar fireroom—Mr. Bleet's heart had leaped, twanging with grisly relief.

Once more he shook himself together. In the shock—his stupor at learning that Sloan, too, was there; that and the dread that the dead Bayne might have risen to join these other wraiths—Mr. Bleet had forgotten the bag; his own plight, also. Now he remembered; and, at the thought, again a ripple of guilty terror chilled him.

Escape was his one thought. He must get away, by any means, with the plunder in the bag. As much as that, too, Mr. Bleet wanted to get out of that damnable place, the room where the terrors of twenty years had focused and crystallized in a fright which had rocked his reason. Not only that—he wanted now to rid his sight of the man who stood at the other side of the desk. His grotesque mildness terrified him now. There was something grisly about his quiet that made the banker shudder. The fellow, in spite of his humble deference, might have something up his sleeve.

The uncanny no longer caused his fright. His fear now was physical. Half a million dollars was in the bag on the floor beside him; and the banker knew definitely the lure of wealth like that. Lust and greed would not stop at any length to get it. Had not his own lust, his greed, told him that?

And if he lost it! If the money, this loot that stood between him and the future, were snatched away, what would become of him? The thought made him shake anew.

Guile was beyond him now. Outside, a clock struck the hour—it was half past ten; and, knowing he must delay no longer, Mr. Bleet stooped down and picked up the bag from the floor. "Let me take that, sir," said Selden quietly.

The banker leaped back, snatching the bag from Selden's outstretched hand.

"Keep away!" he shrilled. As Selden trod a step nearer, Mr. Bleet snatched up a metal paperweight from the desk beside him and brandished it over his head. "Don't come any nearer!" he cried.

"Very well," murmured Selden; and, falling back a step, he smiled.

"Now get out of my way!" said Mr. Bleet; and, with the weight in one hand, the bag in the other, he started toward the door.

He was halfway there when Selden spoke again:

"I warn you, Mr. Bleet, Sloan is in the hall."

Mr. Bleet stopped as if he had been struck a blow.

Sloan in the hall? Sloan out there in wait? It was not the terror of facing the man he'd ruined which staggered Mr. Bleet—he was long past that now; instead, he realized he was trapped, and there burst from him a gasping cry of rage and despair. In spite of this, he still clung fiercely to the bag. All caution he threw frantically to the winds.

"Hah! I see what you're up to! I see what you're after now! You want your bit, don't you? You want a piece of the money I have here!"

The slang, that vulgar argot of the thief, tripped from his lips as familiarly as if he'd always been accustomed to the terms; and, slamming the bag upon the desk, with one hand he gripped it securely, with the other slapping it to emphasize what he said.

In his rage taunts flowed from him. That speech, those precise, chosen phrases, the dignified tongue of the banking world he knew, Mr. Bleet no longer used. The shell of studied habit dropped from him.

(Continued on Page 117)

BEARS IN WALL STREET

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

It is an Old and Relatively True Saying That None of the Great Bear Operators Have Retired With a Fortune

A WALL Street speculator reached out his hand for a little pad that lay on a table in his broker's office. International affairs had reached a grave crisis that day and the financial markets rose and fell in great excitement. The speculator thought he would buy several hundred shares of stock. Just as he was picking up the pad a messenger boy slammed a door. He turned his head and for the briefest interval of time his attention was deflected.

We all have moments of aberration. Who knows why? The speculator wrote in the name of the stock, the number of shares he wished to buy, and signed his name in the blank space on the little printed slip of paper he tore off—the wrong pad. As he automatically handed the slip through the order clerk's window he failed to notice that the printing on the slip was in red instead of black ink, and that a single word was different—"sell" instead of "buy." All the rest of the printing and the shape, size and quality of paper were the same. The right pad would have meant ruin; but by that tiny momentary error the speculator made a fortune on the "short" side of the market.

How one can sell stocks that he does not own is always a mystery to the great majority of people. Even Napoleon thought there was something unreal and fictitious about it, and cross-examined his Minister of Finance on the subject. For two hundred years men in every walk of life and of every grade of intelligence have had their doubts about short selling—about its possibility, its reality, machinery, purpose, necessity and morality.

As a topic of debate, short selling surely deserves reverence because of its age. But usually this debate generates more heat than light. Critics and defenders alike strive to see which can produce the most absurd and far-fetched arguments. At times the wave of condemnation and anger against short selling seems about to destroy the institution; but prohibitory laws have been repealed in practically every case. Each generation seems as blissfully unable to understand the subject as those which have preceded it; and perhaps that is the reason why Congressional and legislative committees, in a steady procession, inquire into it and thunder against it. The apologists quail before these storms; but short selling goes right on, as before. J. P. Morgan once said that short selling was a "principle of life." It may be a very harmful principle, or it may not; but the fact is, no one seems able to uproot it.

Selling Borrowed Stocks

IN WALL STREET it is as easy—outwardly, at least—and often as safe to sell stocks one does not possess as to make a purchase. The machinery is almost perfect. Indeed, so common is the practice that when a man says "sell" no inquisitive person asks him whether he is selling stocks he owns or does not own. Yet one does not need to be an expert on finance to realize that there is quite a difference between selling something you actually have and something you have not. The very term "short selling" is, in many of its connections, little used. It is merely "sell"; and there are hundreds of persons involved in these curious transactions who never know or care whether the selling is of shares still unowned by the seller.

There are only two ways of making money in Wall Street; and one is the exact opposite of the other. One is to buy stocks at a low price and sell them at a high price. The other is to sell at a high price and buy in at a low price. The first is easy to understand and the second is very difficult. It is difficult because there seems to be something intangible about the process; something elusive and unreal. But, though the process is indeed among the most complicated and intricate in the realm of commerce, the machinery itself is real enough; and, once comprehended, it is not likely to cause any further mental confusion.

Your neighbor wants a bushel of potatoes to-morrow morning; and you say to him:

"I will sell you a bushel for three dollars."

"All right," he says. "Bring me the potatoes to-morrow morning and I will then give you the three dollars."

But you have no potatoes. So you go to a grocery store where you are known and ask the proprietor to lend you a bushel of potatoes for twenty-four hours. He is surprised and hesitates; so you offer to pay ten cents as rent. You take the potatoes to your neighbor the first thing in the morning and he pays you the three dollars.

But what about returning the bushel of potatoes you borrowed from the grocery store? You are "short" one bushel of potatoes; so you go to another grocery store on the next block, and you find that potatoes have dropped twenty cents a bushel overnight. You buy one bushel for two dollars and eighty cents, return it to the first grocery store, and keep the ten cents as your profit.

This is precisely and exactly the same as selling stocks short. The operation in the stock market is not one iota more complicated; nor does it differ in its main features from the case of the potatoes.

"But," queries the puzzled reader, "why is it necessary to resort to borrowing? If you can induce a man to buy stock from you at one hundred dollars a share at one moment and then fill his order by buying from another man a few hours later at seventy-five dollars, why do you borrow from a third party at all?"

Because the stock might not drop below the selling price between the time it is sold on the floor of the Stock Exchange and the time it is delivered to the buyer; for the seller has to make good within twenty-four hours, and if arrangements can be made to borrow stocks for several days the chances of a decline in price are that much greater.

So it is that the simple method by which the potatoes were sold and borrowed, and the loan replaced, has been erected by the stock market into a vast system, an institution of tremendous importance. Short selling is the sale of borrowed securities. It is the sale of something the seller does not own, but hopes and expects to obtain at a lower figure, making the difference between the two transactions.

The short seller is called a "bear," because, in contradistinction to the "bull," who wants prices to go up—the bull tossing things up on his horns—the bear wants prices to go down, pressing or bearing them down. And as the bear is "short" of stocks, so the bull is "long" of stocks. Thus, we have the short side of the market, consisting of all persons who have sold short, and the long side of the market, made up of those who have bought with the idea of selling at higher prices. Indeed, in London, short sellers are not said to be "short of stocks," as here, but "bear of stocks."

Most curious of all, perhaps, to those who have never given the subject much thought is the obvious fact that the short seller—the bear—can profit only when he buys; and the long buyer—the bull—can profit only when he sells. Thus, the short seller is a compulsory buyer, and the long buyer is a compulsory seller—provided they cash in their profits or losses.

Here is an amazingly huge, intricate, elaborate, double-reacting machine that depends solely upon one condition, the possibility of borrowing stocks. Or, to put it another way, the pivot of the whole mechaniam, demanding, as it does, hundreds of millions of dollars to run it, is the willingness of somebody, sometime and somewhere, to loan out stocks. The extent of the stock-market machinery is indicated by the fact that Bernard N. Baruch, a single market operator, testified under oath that, despite heavy losses on simultaneous purchases, he had made enough on short sales during a period of thirteen days to produce net profits of $476,168. But what is the inducement for a person who owns stocks to loan them to Mr. Baruch, or to anyone else?

France once prohibited by law the selling short of government bonds, or rentes.

A broker urged Napoleon to repeal the law.

"Your Majesty, when my water carrier is at the door, would he be guilty of selling property he did not own if he sold me two casks of water instead of only one, which he has?"

"Certainly not," replied Napoleon; "because he is always sure of finding in the river what he lacks."

"Well, Your Majesty," replied the broker, "there is on the Bourse a river of rentes."

So it is on the Stock Exchange. There is a river of stocks to lend. All day long, but chiefly between three and three-thirty in the afternoon, brokers who wish to borrow stocks go up to other brokers who have them to lend and make their deals. One broker, with a list in his hand, goes up to another. "Have you these?" he asks. At times a hundred men are lending and borrowing stocks. Collectively they are known as the "Loan Crowd."

A Typical Short Transaction

BY NO means is all the borrowing and lending done on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Often it is done privately over the telephone and only the two parties know of it. It is said that as many as thirty thousand shares have been arranged for in a single transaction over the phone. Or, again, a broker may have enough stock in his own office to lend to a customer who is selling short.

A speculator believes that United States Steel Common stock is too high at one hundred dollars a share, and will surely slump. He goes to his brokers, John Smith & Company, and instructs the brokers to sell one thousand shares short. Just as when speculators buy stocks and "put up a margin," or part of the price, so the short seller—the bear operator—deposits a sum with his brokers. John Smith's "floor" partner goes into the Steel "crowd" on the Stock Exchange and there sells one thousand shares of Steel.

The buyer of the stock probably will never know and surely does not care whether he is getting "short" or "long" stock. If John Smith & Company does not deliver the one thousand shares by two-fifteen the next afternoon—or two-fifteen P. M. on Monday, if the transaction took place on Friday or Saturday—they will be bawled out from the rostrum of the Stock Exchange, the stock will be bought in "under the rule"—which means, to all intents and purposes, that the Exchange authorities will confiscate the value of John Smith's seat on the Exchange and pay off his creditors—and John Smith will be everlastingly disgraced.

But John Smith has obligated himself for exactly one hundred thousand dollars' worth of Steel and has no such stock in his possession. What will he do? Perhaps another of his customers has an equal amount, which he can borrow. More likely, he will borrow it from another broker over the telephone. Most likely of all, he will go into the loan crowd on the floor and there borrow the stock. But brokers do not lend stocks for love. John Smith will have to give the lender of that certificate for one thousand shares a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars. It is a guaranty of good faith. It is like the old boyhood pledge of honor: "I'll let you hold my hat to show I'm coming back."

John Smith now has one thousand shares of Steel, and the next day his messenger boy carries it round to the man

who bought it from him. Suppose two days later the price of Steel has dropped to ninety dollars a share. The speculator who sold short thinks it is time to close his transaction; to take in, or clean up, or, as they most frequently say, "cover." John Smith's floor member goes into the Steel crowd once more and buys one thousand shares; and the messenger boy carries it round to the broker from whom the loan of one thousand shares was obtained. The speculator has made a profit of ten dollars a share, less his expenses. If the stock had gone up to one hundred and ten dollars he would have lost ten dollars a share, plus his expenses.

But why should anyone be willing to lend stocks? Here is the crux of the whole problem: The whole system of Wall Street speculation is built up upon margins—that is, a very large part, perhaps a majority, of all stocks purchased are on behalf of speculators who never do more than pay part of the purchase price down. This means that brokers, who have to pay for the stocks in full, are obliged to borrow hundreds of millions of dollars at the banks. But banks are wary and never lend more than eighty per cent of the market value of the stocks, and a few months ago they were lending only seventy per cent. Besides, the banks prefer to lend on "mixed" collateral—seventy per cent railroad and thirty per cent industrial.

But the broker who is selling short is willing to leave, with the owner of the stocks he borrows, their full market value in money. Thus, the cheapest way to get money to pay for margin stocks is to lend those stocks to a broker who has sold short. Of course the short seller is not going to leave his money with the owner of the stocks without getting some interest; but normally he asks only a small rate, and this is another advantage to the lender of the stocks.

Lenders of stocks are constantly calling in their loans. The broker who has sold short must always be on the alert to renew his borrowing, or he may be ruined. A broker who had a short account in his office for a year made more than two hundred different borrowings in that time. Moreover, the interest rate he receives on his money, technically known as the "loaning rate," changes from day to day; and the principal of the loan itself must always be kept "market to market"—that is, marked up or down as the price of the stock goes up or down. Not only can the lender of the stock demand its return at any time, but the borrower, as well, always has the right to return it.

The great danger to short sellers and their brokers is in not being able to borrow a stock. Conditions differ with every stock. Everything depends upon the "floating supply," which means the amount held on margin in brokers' offices. If a stock is held by a few rich men for investment purposes, such as Lackawanna Railroad, financial suicide would be the result of selling short. Years ago, when Lackawanna was a speculative stock, the operation was safe enough.

When Stocks Loan Flat

SHARES of the Pennsylvania Railroad are now very difficult to borrow, but some years ago there was always a floating supply of one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand shares. United States Steel Common is usually the easiest stock to borrow, because there is so much of it—more than five million shares. There might be a "short interest" of at least half a million shares in Steel without causing a ripple; whereas a short interest of seventy-five thousand shares in an investment railroad stock might produce the wildest kind of a panic.

If the demand for borrowed stock increases in relation to the supply, then the interest the borrower gets on his money gradually tapers off to zero. In that case the stock is said to loan "flat." As this is written the rather unusual condition is presented of six or seven stocks loaning flat. If the demand for borrowed stocks continues to increase the point is finally reached where the borrower not only receives no interest on his money but is willing to pay a little bonus, besides. The stock is then said to loan "at a premium." The premium may be as small as one-two-hundred and fifty-sixth of one per cent of the par value of the stock a day, though it is common enough for the premium to run up to one-quarter of one per cent a day. This would amount to about twenty-five dollars a day on one hundred shares, which the short seller would have to pay.

If the premium gets much beyond this point there is the situation where a stock is cornered, which simply means that the shorts are unable to borrow at any price. Naturally the great majority of all securities—and, for that matter, of many other articles—are always cornered; but the fact in itself has no significance, except where there are short sellers. If a few men corner potatoes, and put up the price outrageously to the consumers, then naturally it has public significance. But a corner can exist technically, and often does exist, without any boosting of the price, and, on the Stock Exchange at least, will create but little excitement, unless there are shorts to be "squeezed" or "run in."

Naturally the short seller must "know the ropes"; have ample resources and plenty of courage, as well as an alert mind. He watches the fluctuations in the loaning rate as a prisoner would watch the governor about to sign his pardon. But, unfortunately for the short seller, the ups and downs of the loaning rate do not have the significance they might naturally be presumed to have.

Let us compare the short seller to a man who has suddenly had all his clothes stolen. One stands naked of stocks before the loaning rate and the other stands bare of clothes before a thermometer. If the temperature remains round normal—say, seventy—our nude friend is fairly well off. But as it drops to fifty, and on down to thirty and twenty, he becomes more and more uncomfortable. Dangerous, indeed, is his situation when the mercury falls to zero; and when it actually drops below that point his sufferings become unbearable.

This illustration would be absolutely accurate if we assumed that at times the thermometer fell from other causes than the drop in temperature. One might suppose the loaning rate would fall only because of an increase in the demand for borrowed stocks from short sellers, or an absence of supply. But here comes in one of the strangest and most involved complications in the whole system of high finance: The loaning rate is often an inaccurate index of the extent of the short interest, because many persons who are not short borrow stocks.

A director of a great railroad learns in advance that the earnings are about to take a slump. He decides to let go his ten thousand shares of the company's stock. But the certificate may fall into the hands of a gossipy broker; and, at any rate, there is danger that his selling might leak out to the rumor mongers of Wall Street. It frequently happens that the actual owners of stock do not deliver their own shares when they sell. To conceal their operations they borrow in the loan crowd, and later, after any possible rumor has died down, replace the loan with their own stock. If such a seller has not entirely disguised his transaction, he has at least muddied the water for those who may have been trying to follow his lead.

There are other reasons why the loaning rate is often a poor indication of the extent of the short interest. Capitalists who control a company often lend out stock freely just to encourage people to sell short, and then suddenly run the shorts in by unexpectedly demanding its return. If several brokerage houses or individuals act in concert they can often work a corner in this manner, as in the case of the ill-fated United Copper corner, which precipitated the panic of 1907.

On the other hand, shorts may often be frightened into cover by the mere act of other operators in borrowed stocks, whose purpose is to drive in the shorts, rather than to use the stock themselves. Occasionally the loaning rate is much affected because of the borrowing of opposing factions just before an annual meeting of a corporation. For yet other reasons of a technical nature the loaning rate often ceases to be a reliable index of the number of shorts in any particular stock; and this fact naturally makes the business of selling short even more dangerous than is generally supposed.

Keen Among the Professional Traders There are Many Who are Literally Afraid to Sell Short

What Goes Up Must Come Down

TO CALL a short seller a bear is, after all, very poor zoölogy. He and his fellows are more like a herd of timorous antelopes that run at the slightest breath of wind or movement of the forest leaves.

Though the markets might adjust themselves to new conditions in time, yet, at first, the abolition of the business of lending and borrowing stocks would result in much confusion to investors. The holder of stock, traveling in Florida, whose securities are locked in a safe-deposit vault in New York, becomes alarmed at some unexpected news that may affect the price, and telegraphs his broker to sell. But if the broker waits until the customer returns to the city he may miss his market. Thus, it is a common daily practice to borrow against securities that are arriving from other parts of the country, or from Europe. Other men sell against securities not yet issued, but in which they have an interest, and upon which they desire to realize at once. So, under the present system, there is a great deal of selling that, though technically short, is not for the purpose of taking advantage of lower prices.

It is a significant fact that only a small minority of all speculators ever sell short. In a broad general way this is because hope and optimism are the great governing forces of speculation. One of the country's leading bankers was asked recently whether he had ever sold short.

"No," he replied. "It goes against my grain, because I am temperamentally an optimist. Some time ago the stock of a big manufacturing company, in which I am a director, was selling at three hundred dollars. The officers had sent me a number of reports; and in looking them over I discovered facts of an unfavorable nature, which probably no one else had yet learned, that proved the stock was a hundred points too high. My judgment was borne out later by a decline of that amount; but I could not bring myself to sell short."

A successful financial editor once told a young assistant that if he wished to get ahead in his profession he should always write optimistically—that is, bullishly.

"If you make mistakes on the bull side the public will forgive and forget; but if you take the bear side of the market, and your advice does not come true, they will never forgive."

Yet the market can go only two ways. There is much truth in the old saying that what goes up must come down. And the market always comes down much faster than it goes up; so that profits grow quicker on the bear side. Most of the unforeseen things that happen—accidents, and the like—result in lower prices. Matters that bring about higher markets, as one broker has said, "are generally things long anticipated, in which the profits which accrue to the bulls come about slowly and laboriously, and always with the attendant risk that a disturbance in any corner of the globe may bring on a sudden smash which will undo the upbuilding of months."

But the total proportion of speculators who are bears is insignificant. One important "wire" house, with forty-five correspondents in all parts of the South and West, was shown, in a recent investigation, on a certain day to be long three hundred and twenty-five thousand shares of stock and short only twenty-four thousand one hundred. Another house was long forty thousand shares of Steel and short seven hundred shares. Still another house was long one hundred thousand shares on December 18, 1916, and short eight thousand. Among speculators at large the short seller is as rare relatively as a white blackbird. Though all estimates are gravely faulty, yet it is improbable

(Continued on Page 84)

SAME OLD CIRCLE

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THIS is the story of Jimmy Blaine, who went quite mad one April morning in a stuffy office up near the roof of that well-known island, Manhattan—went clean crazy there amid the gum-chewing stenographers—no offense, my dear; these did—the samples of rubber goods made by the firm of Hamby & Bart; the thick, gloomy atmosphere of strictly business that brooded forever over the place. Yes, it is the story of his madness and what came of it.

You who read this are, no doubt, frightfully sane. You wear your overshoes, pay your insurance, and answer meekly when spoken to. In your rôle of solid citizen do not, please, look with a fishy eye toward Jimmy; for Jimmy, oddly enough, went mad with good reason. He went mad waiting for a lady.

The lady's name? Webster calls her Vernal Equinox; writers of musical-comedy lyrics refer to her more feelingly as little Miss Springtime. If you have lately been in the train of her admirers you know that, though she is as soft, as lovely, as appealing as ever, she has formed the infernally bad habit of being late. She is due in March, overdue in April, and often it is a case of "Where the deuce is she?" in May. The result is that, when she finally makes up her gay little mind to appear, at the very start of her visit she is likely to pick up a newspaper and read the news of a heat prostration. That ends her stay. For she and summer never could get along together.

Like the man in the comic paper who has called to take a lady to the theater, Jimmy Blaine had been sitting for an indefinite time on the edge of his chair, waiting for Miss Springtime to appear. She was his only love; he adored her; and each year her eagerness to keep their appointment seemed to grow less. For some weeks—and this only added to his impatience—he had sensed her presence just round the corner. An occasional breeze, fragrant with something more than the bad cooking of three restaurants, had risen to him out of the far-from-grand cañon beneath his office window. A bud or two, weary as Jimmy of the wait, had burst into life on the tree outside the hall room where he slept.

But, despite these harbingers, spring still lingered round the aforesaid corner. The habitual breeze came cold and damp from the river; the theater-ticket speculators along Broadway clung to their fur coats; the ice men complained of nothing to do till to-morrow. And Jimmy Blaine suffered all the tortures that are the inevitable heritage of him who loves a woman, uncertain, coy and hard to place.

On the night preceding the day of his madness Jimmy had reason to believe that his long wait was over. The air was warm, swift rain clouds shot like Zeppelins through the sky, and the breeze was a soft-voiced butler who whispered: "Miss Springtime to see you, sir." Jimmy walked from his downtown cubby-hole of business to the boarding house wherein he had set up his parody of home. It had been a hard day; Old Hamby, whom he served as secretary in everything but the detail of a suitable salary, had been unusually peevish and trying. But he who walks toward a rendezvous with spring can forgive and forget. At ten o'clock that night, when, in his narrow hall room—five dollars a week now in Manhattan!—he drew the scant covers of his couch about him, it was to lie down to pleasant dreams.

Promptly at five-thirty A. M. the tin alarm clock, which reclaimed Jimmy daily for the rubber trade, delivered its tirade; and as its victim sat up in bed he was conscious of an unwelcome chill in the room. He turned to look toward his solitary window. An unexpected substance, soft, glittering, and of a milky whiteness, flecked the panes and huddled on the sill. By heaven! It was snow!

Let us not dwell on the picture of Jimmy now—angry, bitter, hopping about over his limited floor space. Let us think of other things while he dons a bathrobe and goes out into the hall to play the game—the game that has made the inmate of the New York boarding house, so far as cunning, guile and the art of shadowing a man are concerned, the equal of any German spy alive. I mean the reconnoiter for the bath. Let us attempt no description of his feelings when, later, he takes up his clothes from the chair near the window and, essaying to don them, finds that small quantities of snow, misnamed "the beautiful," have got there first. Let us write only pleasant things—at least, so far as we are able.

But the next picture isn't pleasant, either. Snow will still creep in, as it crept into Jimmy's clothes. At six-thirty he went down his front steps and plunged into it. It was wet and sticky. New York, which holds preparedness parades, was, of course, unprepared for the storm. The surface cars were not running. Near the corner stood a taxi, stuck and abandoned. Very grim, increasingly bitter, Jimmy set out across town for the Elevated.

At the corner of his own street and Fifth Avenue a wintry blast swept down and, with a shriek of joy, engulfed him. It threw him up against a shop window; and as he leaned there, panting, furious, he happened to glance over his shoulder. At last—the pleasant picture!

A great white ship—a beautiful ship—afloat on a flat, blue ocean. Crowding the star-decked sky, a moon too big to believe in. Near the rail of the ship a handsome young man in a dinner coat, and by his side Billie Burke's understudy, the breeze caressing her lovely hair and blowing strands of it into the dazed eyes of the youth. A picture of heaven, beyond any question; and under it explanatory matter, read by the storm-tossed Jimmy:

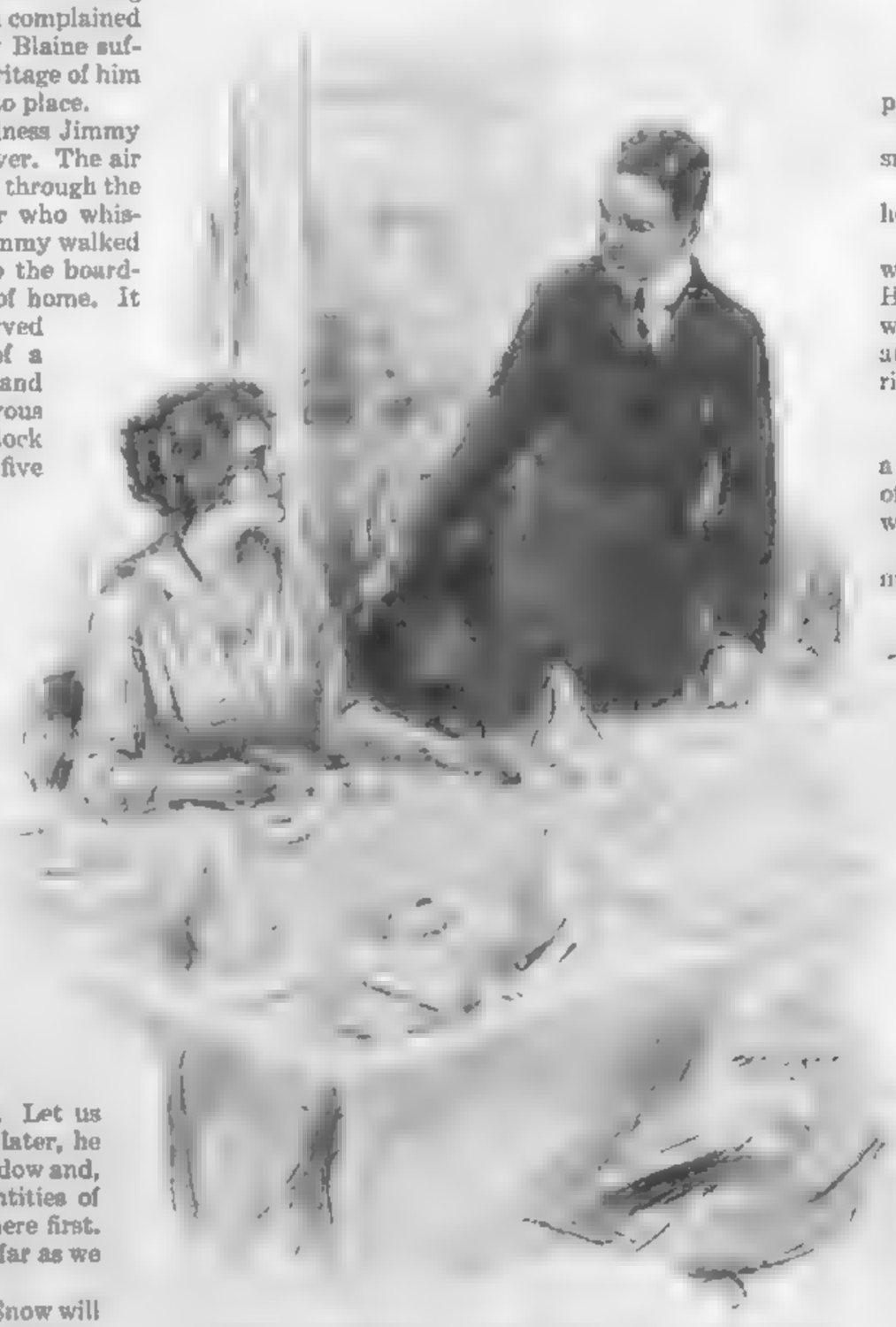
GO SOUTH TO MEET THE SPRINGTIME

WHY LOITER IN THE FROZEN NORTH WHEN WARM SUMMER SEAS ARE CALLING?

Our Trip to Rio de Janeiro gives you Three Weeks of Gorgeous Rest, of Sunny Days and Moonlit Nights. Smothered in Luxury aboard one of our Palatial Steamers, you hope the Journey Will Never End.

STOPS AT BARBADOS, TRINIDAD AND BAHIA.
FARE, EVERYTHING INCLUDED:
One Way—$142.50; Round Trip—$275.

Like Mabel, little Mabel, with her face against the pane, Jimmy Blaine leaned close to the steamship company's window and stared at the promise of paradise inside. The wind laughed round his legs, the snow sifted down his collar, and under these ministrations the discontent in his heart grew apace. He pictured himself going into this office; buying a ticket; sailing away to that land of calm sea and overgrown moon. But —— What was the use?



"Mother and Father are Quite Overcome to. They Do Have Such a Hard Time of it at Sea"

He plowed on across the avenue, thinking thoughts. Jimmy happened to belong to a certain vast secret society—most of us do. The first qualification for membership in this society is the inward conviction on the part of the candidate that he is the sort of person who ought to have lots of money to spend. The second and last qualification is that the candidate must be very poor.

Jimmy had worked his way through college. He had come forth from that college determined to make something of himself, to conquer the world of business—only to land kerplunk in the rubber trade, at a salary of eighteen dollars a week. There he had labored for nearly two years, degenerating into a sort of mechanical toy that jumped up and said "Yes, sir," when Henry J. Hamby pressed an electric button.

"But beware, Henry J.!" thought Jimmy as he struggled along. "That intelligent-looking young man who appears softly at your elbow whenever you give the magic signal is not the sort to remain forever chained to a cheap oak desk in your outer office. In the intervals between rubber—and how it would gall you to know it—he is seeing visions and dreaming dreams; and you have no part in vision or dream. Even though to-day your slave is poor; even though he has been able to save but a few paltry dollars a week out of his niggardly salary; even though his entire fortune consists of a pitiful one hundred and fifty-six dollars in a savings bank ——"

Jimmy stood stock-still in the snow. One hundred and fifty-six dollars. Fare, one way, one-hundred-and-forty-two-fifty. But one way. And then what?

Jimmy arrived at his office building ten minutes late. When he stepped into the elevator and found it nearly filled by the huge bulk of Henry J. Hamby he was acutely conscious of this fact. Henry J. scowled, growled a greeting, and lifted his series of chins some two inches above his collar. Thus, master and slave rose together to the day's work.

As Jimmy opened his desk, Henry J. appeared at his elbow.

"I believe," said Mr. Hamby, "you are due at this office at seven o'clock."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Jimmy.

"No excuses!" Hamby commanded.

"I'm not offering any," replied Jimmy with heat.

"Humph!" said Hamby, and thumped along into his private room.

Billy Ryerson, at the next desk, now raised his head and smiled.

"I see Henry's brought his grouch with him, as usual," he said.

"Listen," said Jimmy, "and you'll hear chains clank when I walk. Look close and you'll see the trade-mark of Hamby & Bart branded on me. Wait and some morning, when I'm eleven minutes late, you'll behold me on the auction block, with Henry J. trying to sell me down the river!"

"Why all the rhetoric?" asked Ryerson.

"I tell you, Billy, I'm about through!" Jimmy turned a dreary face toward his friend. "I'm sick of all this—sick of Hamby's fat face; this unventilated office; that blank-wall view from the window."

"Well, we none of us come singing to our work of a morning. What do you propose to do about it?"

"I might go South—to meet the spring."

"Really?" Ryerson laughed. "Under the gay awnings for yours, with the steward bringing the drinks while the yacht noses ahead through the warm waters ——"

"Don't laugh. That's where I'd be if I had Hamby's money. I tell you I'm tired of all this ——"

Ryerson leaned back in his chair.

"You talk like my Uncle Steve," he said. "Lived in New Rochelle, Uncle Steve did. Came in on the seven-twenty-seven; went out on the five-twenty-five. Kept it up for eighteen years. Used to complain of the same old grind—going round in the old circle, he called it—never getting anywhere ——"

"That's it—the same old circle!" Jimmy broke in. "Office, boarding house—boarding house, office. Where's Uncle Steve now? Under the daisies, I suppose."

"Not much! One night two years ago he boarded his regular train; was carrying home some curtain rods for Aunt Nellie. We got this from the conductor, who knew him well. Seems he got aboard the train as usual, stood there a minute staring at the red plush seats, then said 'Oh, my God!' dropped the curtain rods, got off the train—and hasn't been seen since."

"Good for Uncle Steve!" smiled Jimmy. "Ever hear from him?"

"Aunt Nellie had a letter—just one. 'Can't stand the same old circle any longer,' he said. 'Don't try to find me. If the New Haven doesn't give you the curtain rods, sue for them.' That was all."

"Uncle Steve had courage."

"Uncle Steve had hallucinations, if you ask me. I tell you, Jimmy, unless you're born with the silver spoon, it's the same old circle for you—and you can't get away from it."

"But Uncle Steve did."

"Perhaps. More likely he only changed circles."

"Well, that was something, wasn't it?" demanded Jimmy. "I tell you I'm fed up with being just a cog in this uninteresting machine. I want to live while I'm young. If Uncle Steve could break away I guess I can."

"You don't mean you'd ——"

"Go South to meet the springtime?" finished Jimmy. "Lord! If I only had the nerve!"

An office boy came from the sacred presence of Henry J. Hamby and walked to Jimmy Blaine's desk. With a weary air he laid before Jimmy's eyes a pale-blue envelope containing a memorandum that was doubtless more or less important to the rubber-goods trade. These pale-blue envelopes were an obsession with Hamby; he was forever communicating with his slaves by means of them. Many a time Jimmy had left the presence of the great man to find that, somehow, one of these tart messages had got to his desk before him.

For some minutes Jimmy sat staring at the envelope, making no move to open it. What, he wondered, did the master now desire of his eighteen-a-week automaton? What dull, unpicturesque matter concerned with rubber was at this moment agitating the Hamby bosom? Jimmy reached forth his hand; but suddenly before his eyes rose the picture of a white ship on a summer sea. He paused.

Billy Ryerson got to his feet.

"Let me know when the yacht starts, Mr. Astor," he laughed. "I might manage to tear myself away and go with you."

He went from the room. Still, Jimmy sat staring at the unopened message from Hamby. The same old circle. Uncle Steve had suffered; Uncle Steve had gone. He had gone, leaving a wife and family. Here was Jimmy Blaine, with no one dependent on him; with youth, health, high spirits. Was he less brave than Uncle Steve? Go South to meet the springtime. Fare, one-forty-two-fifty—one way. But what of that?

"What of that?" repeated Jimmy fiercely aloud.

Elwood Bart, the junior partner, who happened to be passing Jimmy's desk on his way in, paused.

"Speaking to me?" he inquired.

"No," said Jimmy, jumping. "No—sir."

He waited until Bart's dapper, carefully garbed figure disappeared. Then—where was he? Oh, yes—suppose it was only one way? Could that take from him the three weeks of glorious freedom —— Abruptly at his elbow sounded a sharp buzz.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, and leaped to his feet; then he blushed. Was he Hamby's abject creature?

He dropped back into his chair. Again the buzz sounded—astonished, angry, imperative. Jimmy Blaine opened the drawer of his desk, took out a bank book, and examined the figures on page three. One hundred and fifty-six dollars.

He looked round the room. No one was watching him. He reached out, picked up the pale-blue envelope from Hamby, tore it deliberately into a dozen pieces, and tossed them into a wastebasket. Whatever the message from that master mind of the rubber-goods trade, it was unimportant now; in fact, it didn't exist.

The buzzer began a long tirade without pause. Jimmy smiled, rose, put on his overcoat and hat, and strolled to the door.

"Going out, Mr. Blaine?"

Griggs, an old clerk who kept watch of the door, blocked his path.

"Forever!" said Jimmy, and pushed him aside.

"I beg your pardon!" gasped Griggs.

"Same old circle—I'm sick of it! Uncle Steve had the nerve—so have I."

"Are you quite well, Mr. Blaine?"

"Never better; thanks."

"Where shall I say you have gone?"

"South—to meet the springtime."

"South—er—what part of the South?"

"South to azure seas, waving palms; Barbados, Port of Spain, Rio de Janeiro."

"Rio de Janeiro?"

"Good-by, Griggs."

"Dear me—Mr. Hamby is ringing."

"Probably wants to say good-by. Awfully sorry—haven't time. Say it for me, Griggs."

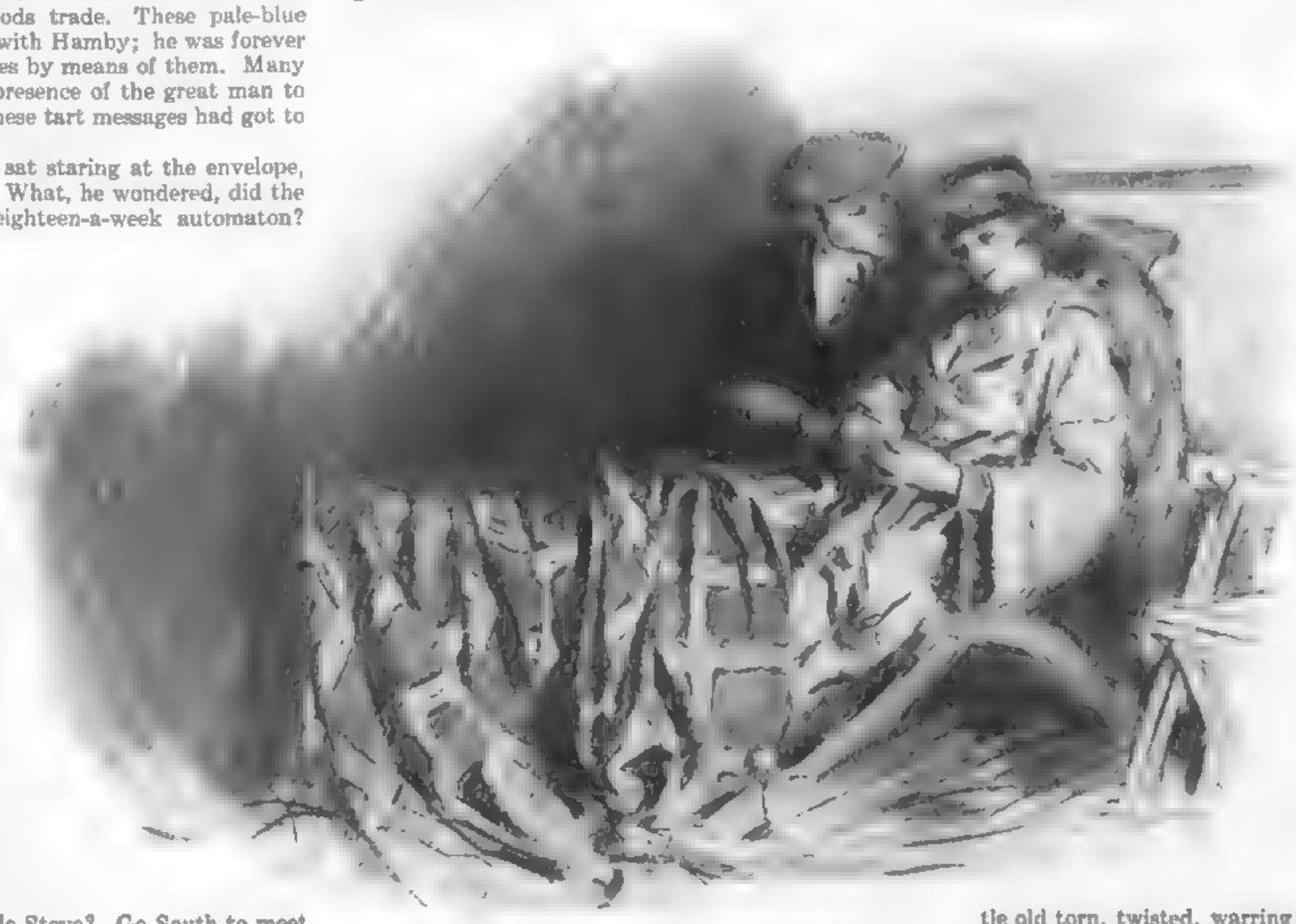
And as Griggs looked weakly toward a telephone, with a faint idea of calling Bellevue, Jimmy Blaine, now definitely committed to madness, slammed shut the door of Hamby & Bart.

The last sound that reached him from within was the infuriated buzz of Hamby.

The hours that followed were not without their moments of faltering, of doubt. A peculiar sinking of the heart attends the drawing of all one's savings from a bank. A still lower sinking may be induced by opening the door of a room wherein one proposes to spend practically all those savings on a wild, improbable journey.

"Yes, sir," said the young man behind the counter.

"South—to meet the springtime," said Jimmy, pretending to be blithe.



"I Wanted You to Know How I Feel. The Only Girl I Ever Said It to—and That's a Fact!"

"Pardon me?" said the clerk; he did not write the advertising.

"Barbados, Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro ——"

"Oh—you want a ticket to Rio?"

"Exactly."

"Round trip?"

"One—er—one way," gurgled Jimmy, going down beneath his madness for the last time. "When does the boat leave?"

"The Volti sails this afternoon at three. Another boat next week. Shall I make it then?"

"'Safternoon," said Jimmy.

A moment later he was back in the company of the wet and clinging snow. Thirteen dollars and a half of the savings money remained; also, the sum of eight dollars that was to have bought food through the week. Twenty-one-fifty in cash; a long, fascinating ticket; and no job. Thus equipped, he was ready to sail.

His packing, his parting from the hall room, these incidents were devoid of sentimental interest and need not detain us. At one o'clock he had a brief moment of sanity and lunched very cheaply. At two, he was ready for the great adventure. He drew a long breath, gathered up his baggage, descended into the Subway, and set out for Brooklyn!

This gives you a start, but it is true—to reach certain wonderlands of South America one must first tread a Brooklyn dock. At two minutes past three behold Jimmy standing, with a bored air, near the rail of a boat about to sail. It was a great white boat—so far the poster had come true. In the matter of azure seas, puffed-up moon and dazzling girl it had yet to make good.

"Aboard!" called an officer, and two sailors began to haul in the gangplank.

It was at this moment that Jimmy's bored air vanished suddenly; for the poster was trying to make good—trying hard, and seemingly about to fail. The girl it had promised was there on the dock, running swiftly and gracefully. Could she make it? She must! With a forward leap Jimmy laid his hand on a tugging sailor. The man and his companion both stopped and regarded him with open mouths.

"Lady!" said Jimmy briefly, pointing to the dock.

His action had saved the poster's reputation for truth. The girl reached the gangplank; she hurried up it, her face flushed, her fair hair flying just as prophesied. At the top of the plank she stumbled—and fell into Jimmy's arms.

"I nearly—missed—it!" she panted.

"That would have been awful!" said Jimmy with conviction.

"Oh!" She gathered herself together; after all, she did not know this young man with the apt and ready arms. "There's father!" she finished, and ran on past Jimmy.

Jimmy turned. Yes—sure enough—there was father! And Jimmy, from one look at him, felt, somehow, that there always would be father.

Father was fussy, businesslike, and at the moment much perturbed. He had the audacity to rebuke his charming daughter for being late. Then mother came up and added a recital of her emotions during the fifteen minutes just passed. Mother and father both looked like solid citizens, and Jimmy knew, without soliciting it, what would be their opinion of him and his madness.

He strolled away from a scene that struck him as being of an intimate and family nature. It came to him gratefully that at sea older people are often afflicted with the malady and never leave their berths. Father and mother would have been enraged had they known his hopes and plans for them. But why not? Surely there were no parents in the background of that poster!

Here was an excellent moment for Mr. Jimmy Blaine to take himself aside—say, to the quiet of his cabin—and carefully consider the situation. He had in his pocket a trifle over nineteen dollars. And, in all the little old torn, twisted, warring world, he hadn't a solitary prospect of ever getting another cent. Here was an admirable opportunity for having words with himself—for saying, in part:

"Don't be a fool! Madness is all very well; but there's a limit. Keep away from those eyes—what the deuce are they?—violet?—plain blue? Never mind! Keep away from them! As you value your peace of mind—and her peace of mind—remember! Keep away!"

Ah, yes—a splendid opportunity! Did he take advantage of it? Ah, youth! Youth! He stood, instead, by the rail, watching New York fade back into the mist, and planning to follow father below and arrange for a seat at the same table in the dining saloon.

Father seemed to have much to attend to, but he reached the dining saloon an hour later. Two minutes after that Jimmy Blaine arrived and looked over his shoulder.

"Three seats," said father: "William L. Stafford, Galesburg, Illinois. Table number fourteen looks all right to me."

There was one vacant seat remaining at table fourteen. Jimmy Blaine knew that before William L. Stafford had turned away. He considered carefully for some minutes. In the end he took the seat at table fourteen.

As he left the dining saloon a slight twinge of conscience disturbed him. In the eyes of that steward he had read, unmistakably, an estimate of the probable tip. Nonsense! Why worry?

This was—he looked at his watch—this was only ten minutes past four of a day devoted to madness.

There was nothing mad about dinner. William L. Stafford, of Galesburg, Illinois, saw to that.

"Hardware—wholesale," said Mr. Stafford. "You may have heard of me. Stafford & Brother, Galesburg. Going down to look over the market in South America. We're branching out—we Americans. Becoming world merchants. Though I must say the little old Middle West is good enough for me."

"Then you'll be in South America some time?" Jimmy asked.

"As long as I can stand it. How about you? What's your business?"

"Er—rubber," said Jimmy. "Just going down to look over the field."

"Be in Rio long?"

"It may be a day, and it may be forever," replied Jimmy.

"Eh—oh! Meet Mrs. Stafford. Mr.—er—wait a minute; I never forget names—Mr. Blaine. And my daughter, Julie."

"Mr. Blaine and I have already met—informally," laughed the girl. "He supplied the—er—the arms into which I fell when I came aboard."

"Pleasure, I'm sure," said Jimmy. "I don't like to boast, but really I did more. I detained a sailor who was drawing up the plank."

"Dear me!" she answered. "I had no idea you were so important."

"Very, very foolish!" put in father. "You had no business to be late. Gave your mother a nervous chill. Now I—I was aboard an hour before sailing."

"But New York is so fascinating," pleaded his daughter. "I was having lunch with some college friends and I just refused to consider the clock. And the idea of sailing from Brooklyn! Wasn't that silly of the ship?"

"Queer things, ships," said Jimmy. "Anyhow, I'm mighty glad you weren't left behind."

"So am I!" said the girl. Just what did she mean by that?

The azure seas of the poster were not waiting when the boat pushed its nose outside the harbor. Quite a different variety received them there—seas that were gray, stormy, flecked with white. At ten o'clock that night Miss Julie Stafford, taking a final turn about the deck, encountered Mr. Jimmy Blaine; and a few words passed, as words will.

"Tell me," she said at last; "why were you so eager to see me safely aboard?" They're pretty quick at it—even in Galesburg.

"It had to do with a poster," said Jimmy. "A great white ship on a very blue sea—and I'm in it. And you—and you ——"

"What about me?"

"I'll explain more fully when we meet up with the springtime—and the moon. I can't work without that moon—the biggest you ever saw! Will you wait?"

"For the moon?"

"For the moon—and what I have to tell you. Please wait!"

"I'll be somewhere aboard," she laughed.

"I'll find you," said Jimmy.

And he meant to. His heart thumped somewhere inside; for it was ten-thirty, and the day of madness had an hour and a half to run.

He went to bed feeling that he should wake up in the morning with a bad headache and a large cargo of remorse aboard. But he was only twenty-four. He woke to the happiest morning of his life, and the storm outside could not dampen his spirits.

The little Spanish merchant who shared his stateroom lay glumly in his berth and watched the rain splashing on the glass of the porthole.

"Your New York, bah!" he muttered. "It is the beast of climates. Never will I rise from this berth until the sun shines on the sea. I have spoken."

"Nonsense!" cried Jimmy. "Get up and meet the sunshine. The trouble with you is, you expect the steward to bring it to you on a silver platter, with water cress round the edges ——"

"Never again," screamed the Spaniard, "speak of trays and stewards to me! That the sea should swallow them all I pray. I remain here; and the first steward with tray to enter—he dies!"

Jimmy laughed, and whistled as he got into his clothes. He made himself altogether unpopular in that stateroom. He went below.

The ship was tossing now on the gray sea, and great waves broke across her bows. There were few in the dining saloon. But—she was there, smiling above a cold-storage breakfast.

"Mother and father are quite overcome," she exclaimed. "They do have such a hard time of it at sea. Once, when we crossed to Europe, they never left their stateroom."

"Hard luck!" said Jimmy.

His tone carried little conviction. He hastened his breakfast in an effort to finish when the girl did.

"Shall we take a turn about the deck?" he inquired when she rose from the table.

"In the rain?" she smiled. "No, thanks! I must look in on my suffering family."

"Nonsense! They don't want to see anyone—not even you."

"Then, too, I have letters to write."

"Letters you can't mail for six days!"

A horrible thought came to him, and for the first time he was sane enough to glance at the third finger of her left hand! Thank heaven, the space was vacant!

"Might as well write them and get them over with," she said. "Then, when a post box pops up in the Caribbean I'll be ready."

"And after the letters ——"

"Books," she smiled; "dozens of them. The gifts of loving friends in Galesburg."

"In other words," said Jimmy, discouraged, "anything but me and my society."

She prepared for flight.

"I'm only trying to help you," she answered. "You seem frightfully inexperienced, really! The best effect is always gained by being a bit stingy with your society. Otherwise it may become a drug on the market."

Whereupon she left him to ponder her words. He was inexperienced, he knew, though he disliked to have her discover it. And her advice was good. He would follow it.

But—alas!—on an ocean-going steamer the rôle of a hermit is difficult. Something inside Jimmy Blaine kept urging him to be prodigal of his company; and something inside Julie Stafford prompted her to welcome his generous gifts of time. Wherefore the madness that was Jimmy Blaine's survived three days of rain, and was going strong when the warm breath of spring reached the ship and the promised azure seas arrived.

"Never, So Long as You Live, Tell That to Another Soul!"

By this time sunshine and joy had fallen to the lot of nearly everyone aboard. The "nearly" is inserted as a mark of respect to father and mother. These twin souls of torture had shown signs of recovery about the fourth day at sea. Before then the Gulf Stream had crept treacherously down upon them, bringing an ennui that made a speedy end of life desirable. They were unable to go ashore at Barbados and their dutiful daughter remained at their side. Jimmy found Barbados uninteresting.

When Trinidad appeared on the horizon father and mother were sitting up on deck, under protest. They refused all invitations ashore, but urged their daughter to go. Thus, it fell to the lot of Jimmy Blaine to lead Miss Julie Stafford through the narrow streets of the town called Port of Spain. There was a gangplank stretching from the boat to the dock. Jimmy did not need it. He was walking on air.

The spring he had been seeking was waiting for Jimmy in that little Caribbean town. Flowers bloomed everywhere; a hot breeze stirred the palms. On a balcony overlooking the harbor he and Julie had luncheon; it was a setting made and patented for just such remarks as he had once threatened to make to this girl. She must have felt this, too, for toward the close of the luncheon she said:

"You were going to tell me—something about a poster ——"

"You bet I was!" said Jimmy. "It was a poster advertising this cruise—the one that tore me away from chilly old New York and sent me scurrying off down here in search of the springtime—of romance—of you. I'd got weary of winter, and rubber, and the same old circle; and then I looked in a window and saw you—this girl, I mean. She stood on the deck of a great white ship, and her eyes were bright with moonlight, and her hair was all sort of fluffy and careless; and—and—well, I ran away."

"You ran away—down here—to flirt with me?"

"To flirt! You wrong me—yes, you do. I suppose you'll think it terribly sudden and abrupt, and all that, but I want to tell you I must tell you "

Jimmy Blaine paused. His face went pale. A cold shiver skated up and down his spine. He hoped to heaven the perspiration on his brow was invisible! You see, the waiter had just placed the check where he could get a good view of the red-inked total.

Gone now are the scouts of fortune who once, with cutlass and with sword, sought revenue along the shores of the restless Caribbean. Rusted is their hardware; dust their bones. But, following their trade as well as his own, the hotel keeper has taken his place amid their tropic haunts—less picturesque, less just, less merciful than they.

Ah, well! It had been a wonderful luncheon, a wonderful day; and twelve-thirty in American money—without the tip—was little enough to pay for it. But eloquence had died for the time being in Jimmy's breast, and when they went back on board the Volti he had need of the gangplank.

He sat up on deck that night, with some six dollars in his pocket, and began to wonder just whither he was drifting and what would be the end. He made lofty resolves, fierce promises, and knew that they were worthless. Even though he side-stepped the party ashore at Bahia—as side-step it he must—there would still be moonlit nights on the ship, lips that whispered ——

Bahia was passed without financial disaster; two days of paradise followed tranquilly and Rio was due on the morrow. It was one of those nights. The dark corner had been available; the sea was all silver ahead; somewhere in the distance the ship's orchestra played a waltz. Jimmy had just made a speech.

"I wanted you to know how I feel," he finished. "The only girl I ever said it to—and that's a fact!"

"Self-evident," laughed Julie.

"I suppose you're only going to make fun of me——" Jimmy began.

"No," said the girl gravely, "I couldn't do that; for I do like you, Jimmy—very much!" She put out her hand timidly and laid it on his arm. "You're a dear boy! But we know nothing about you; and father is so noisy about such things. He'd expect you to support me in the style to which he wishes the world to believe I've been accustomed."

"I might as well have it out with him at once," said Jimmy bravely. "Where is he?"

"Stay here, Jimmy. This is more important, isn't it?"

"I should say it is. Here—close to you—to your eyes—to your voice—to your ——"

"Jimmy!"

"To your lips!"

When Julie Stafford went below, two hours later, she left an engaged man, with six dollars and forty-five cents in his pocket, dazed on the deck. Jimmy Blaine was wildly happy, deeply miserable, glorified, terrified, thrilled, depressed.

William L. Stafford, hale and hearty at last, was in the smoking room. Boldly Jimmy faced him.

"Mr. Stafford," he began, "your daughter and I have about made up our minds ——"

"So my wife has informed me," cut in Mr. Stafford. "It's preposterous! Can't I give way to a slight attack of—er—of indigestion without a thing like this cropping up?"

"I—I can't say, sir."

"What do I know about you? Nothing! Your income, I believe, is derived from rubber. It will have to be—to stretch over the high cost of living nowadays."

"I intend to prove to you that I am worthy of your confidence," said Jimmy, his heart sinking. "But perhaps it had better wait until we are all ashore in Rio."

"I guess it had," said father. "And meantime I advise you and Julie not to waste time over any definite plans."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, as though Hamby had rung for him.

"I'll give you a tip on another matter," went on Stafford: "Don't take your baggage ashore in the morning. Go hunt up lodgings without it—you'll get 'em cheaper. Come back at dusk for your stuff. That's what I'm going to do."

"That's good advice too," smiled Jimmy.

Again Jimmy sat late on the deck. This time he planned for the future. Somewhere ahead of this great white boat lay a strange, dazzling city—the most beautiful in the

(Concluded on Page 90)

The Battalions of the Hearth

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Every Woman Owes it to Herself to Fight Against the High Cost of Living

HUNDREDS of thousands of American women are expressing themselves in three ways, according to their degree of realization and their powers of thinking.

"I should like to help my country," says type number one.

"Who will tell me what I can do to help my country?" says type number two.

"I propose to do certain work that my country needs," says type number three.

Every American woman can mobilize for national defense, and can help efficiently whether she lives in a metropolis, propped up by every sort of club and organization, or whether she lives at some lonely crossroads where there is not even a Dorcas society. All she need do is come to grips with reality and find out what she is worth in actual work. This is not the hour for such assets as charm and beauty, subtleties of accomplishment and niceties of housekeeping. We meet now as real a test of sheer character, national and personal, as our Puritan foremothers met when they dealt with the primitive facts of New England.

The woman who wants to rise to the test has only to think closely as to what the United States needs from her, and as to what her qualifications for service are. But it must be real thinking; not dreaming over what she would like to do; not posing, lit by flashes of impulse. Next, she should find out the views of other women upon the national requirements and their own qualifications—especially women grouped in organizations. After that, in the light of what she has learned, she should come back again to a consideration of what, in view of her home situation and local environment, she can give that will be most valuable to her country. If she classifies she will see that she can help, directly and indirectly: indirectly in work that concerns the home, social welfare and industry; directly in work that concerns the soldiers.

Untrained Willingness

"WHAT are you going to do to help your country in time of war?" I asked Miss Fifth Avenue, aged twenty-one.

Miss Fifth Avenue enjoys exceptional advantages. Her widowed mother is rich, well educated, has a sense of civic responsibility, holds prominent positions in suffrage clubs, the Federation of Women's Clubs, and the National League for Woman's Service. So Miss Fifth Avenue, who is of the age of a trench soldier, ought to know what real patriotism means.

"Oh, but I haven't waited for war to begin," she replied; "for I believe in preparedness. I'm a member of the Girls' National Honor Guard, and we are at work already giving hot coffee and sandwiches to the naval militiamen who are guarding the East River Bridges. I went over yesterday and helped. Some of the boys are ever so nice looking; and they were so cold."

"And what else?"

"Oh, there isn't anything else to do yet," said Miss Fifth Avenue confidently; "but I shall be ready."

"Ready to help, you mean. But what will you do?"

"Why, whatever I'm needed for."

"Yes; but what can you do?"

Miss Fifth Avenue can dance beautifully, has the makings of a perfect hostess, speaks two foreign languages, understands enough of parliamentary usage to conduct a club, knows the names of all the important women's organizations in New York, and has at her tongue's end all the best arguments in favor of suffrage.

"When a national clearing house for women's labor is established in Washington," said Miss Fifth Avenue, "mother will find me something to do."

But her confident look was a bit dashed. Perhaps it dawned on her that she was not living up to the theories of independence upon which she had been bred; that she was leaning on mother's mind just as she leaned on mother's purse; had not reflected on her own account about her personal relation to a war. Possibly it was her guilty conscience that made a new idea jump hastily into her head.

"You have heard me speak of the Honorable Millicent Somers, the cousin by marriage of my cousin?" she asked. "Well, she is doing something that, if necessary, I shall do."

Miss Fifth Avenue now proceeded firmly, as if putting forth a carefully brooded-over scheme.

"She works in the munitions at Woolwich. She hadn't had a bit of experience with machinery any more than I have had. I suppose, since she goes to shoots, she knew what rifles and guns and bullets and cartridges are; but she had certainly never seen any made. And now she is an inspector—overlooker, I believe it is called; and she can wear any color of uniform she likes."

Miss Fifth Avenue was making a far more vivid picture for me than for herself; for in Woolwich I have seen girls like the Honorable Millicent, and girls who are just plain factory Janes, standing in front of their voracious machines, feeding bullets to be stamped, which grew longer and longer, until they were at last ready to be filled and tested. I have seen the strained faces that even strong girls wear after a few hours in the inferno of noise—noise which they say the discharged soldiers who try to work in such shops cannot endure; intent faces under close-fitting caps, swift agile movements, fierce work, clangor and din, the glint of copper, the dull sheen of lead, ordinary uniforms of khaki and of every shade of faded blue; the overlookers with their red arm-badges and apron overalls of their favorite colors.

"Well?" said Miss Fifth Avenue a bit resentfully.

Miss Fifth Avenue has uncontrollably curly hair. I remembered a story of a Woolwich worker, a lock of whose curly hair had escaped from under her cap with dreadful results. Miss Fifth Avenue has had a certain amount of gymnasium training; she is able to swim a little, and she plays a good game of tennis. But she has the nervous American temperament, and nothing in her background has fitted her to stand some eleven hours before a machine. She would last four on muscle, the remaining hours on nerves; the weariness, the monotony, the noise would break her down before her first month of work was up.

"I haven't met the Honorable Millicent," I said; "but I know her type, and I recall what you have told me about her. She is an outdoor girl who, from much hard riding, hockey and tennis, has a muscle like a blacksmith's and a back as strong as a man's. She has not had a college girl's education, since, so far, it is mainly middle-class girls who go to Girton and Newnham; but she has managed the buying and housekeeping in a house of twenty servants, and, from friendship with her father's old agent, she has a pretty good theoretical knowledge of the management of the estate. It is easy for the Honorable Millicent to stand for many hours before a machine. She must have a good deal of grasp, and she must have worked hard, or she would never have been chosen as overlooker. An overlooker must know the whole work of the shop. She must know whether a girl under her has shut down her machine because she has really had an accident or because she is a shirker. Millicent's experience in managing her father's household has given her the air of authority which, in spite of changing social conditions, the ordinary factory girl prefers to accept."

Lady Evelyn's Job

MISS FIFTH AVENUE has in her the right American material.

"I'm certainly fit for something," she says; "I'll find out what it is and practice it so as to be ready when I'm needed. I don't want to be a round peg in a square hole."

Exactly! Let us find out precisely what we are fitted for; let us not be round pegs in square holes; let us learn from the example of our English sisters. When Englishwomen first mobilized, those who had been trained or who, untrained for any particular occupation, still had used their minds, found work for which they were adapted. The others muddled into anything that seemed to them patriotic. It almost looked as if the more incongruous the work the more patriotic they felt.

"Lady Evelyn Blake is horse breaking," said a middle-class Englishman to me with proud awe; "and Lady Violet Blake is scrubbing the floors in a hospital."

If Lady Evelyn had developed her muscle and self-control, and had a practical knowledge of training horses, it may be that she was doing the best work possible for her

Already Numberless Women Have Put Themselves Upon Record as Wanting to Help the Country Practically

country. But if she had not the physical strength for what she had chosen, and was going to give out and be sent away for a rest cure, and oblige her employer to look for a new worker, she was a detriment to her country. As for Lady Violet, I have seen the hospital floors scrubbed by the Lady Violets, and, though I am sure the work was good for them, it was not especially good for the floors. It would have been better to hire a regular scrubwoman and let Lady Violet drive a motor, or sort clothing in a depot, or serve as librarian in a Y. W. C. A. recreation room.

"Here I am," said Mrs. Tommy Atkins, who lives near the third gate of the Woolwich arsenal; "my man at the Front, and five children under seven, that being not so bad as it seems, for two of them is twins. Do the best I can with my separation allowance and what the government gives me for the children, I can't get them enough milk and meat. I can't leave them to work by the day, and 'ardly by the 'alf day; but, living so near, I could go for three or four hours and clean the canteen floors and counters of some of them places in Woolwich; a good scrub they need every day. These rich ladies, they go and do it for nothing. I ask them: Wouldn't they be 'elping the country more if they did something they 'ave been brought up to, and paid me a couple of shillings, which would be just the difference in making my children 'ealthy or keeping them sickly?"

The Englishwomen have pretty well pulled the round pegs out of the square holes; but, even yet, experienced matrons in hospitals have sometimes to take muddled orders from untutored war workers set in authority over them—or resign. Secretaries, thrown out of work and needing a wage, have seen untrained girls given clerical posts. Women from the country have gone to munition factories in the towns; women from London have gone to the country to learn to work on the land. Telephone girls have left their switchboards to be conductors; laundresses have gone to make shells; and scrubwomen, with lamentable results, have tried to be laundresses. This transfer from one occupation to another has sometimes been necessary; but too often it has been unnecessary and expensive. Waste seems inevitable in war; but let us not have more of it than we must. The most wasteful thing the American patriot can do is to offer herself for work for which she is not well qualified.

"What are you going to do for the nation?" I asked Miss Country Teacher.

She is about the same age as Miss Fifth Avenue, but her expression is not happy-go-lucky, since for long she has taken a man's responsibilities on her shoulders. With her mother and younger brother she owns and rents on shares a small, heavily mortgaged farm in a not entirely profitable part of New York State. She has managed, with her few months of winter teaching and summer-boarder keeping, to put her brother through agricultural college and to reduce the mortgage.

Wise and Practical Service

"IF WAR comes on any large scale," she said, "I shall have to give my brother to the country. The Civil War was fought by boys of about twenty; I suppose this will be. When I give him up I shall be offering the United States several years of my life.

"As to my own part, I have been thinking about the food riots in New York and Philadelphia. A friend who works on the East Side wrote me of an old woman whom she kept from overturning a potato-peddler's stall. 'Sure, I'm rioting!' said the old woman. 'Not one of my five grandchildren has had enough to eat for weeks. I'll do anything I can to make the Government look at them hungry children and fix things so the prices will come down. It is a strange thing that the Government can get all het up over any American on a steamship that may be torpedoed to death in a hurry; but here are my grandchildren, and plenty others in New York, starving slowly to death, and the Government goes on about its business!'

"Now," continued Miss Country Teacher, "I don't know whether to believe the people who say we raise too much stuff in this country, or the people who say we don't raise enough; but I do know that anyone who has land and good health can make a living. I also know that famine follows war. So I am going to work the farm myself; and my contribution to my country will be to give away some of the food I raise to citizens who lack it."

Bravo, Miss Country School Teacher! Certain political economists and certain socialists might not approve of your scheme; but if you carry it out you will have supported your family and fed other needy human beings. Above all, you will have done your own thinking.

Once more I asked my leading question, this time of a girl who is not rich like Miss Fifth Avenue, nor self-supporting like Miss Country Teacher. Her people are well-to-do, which means that, whatever befalls, they "keep up appearances." They would not dream of letting their only daughter earn her own living. She is pretty and charming, affectionate to her adoring parents, flattering to her devoted brothers, and sweet to the various young men who call upon her vaguely in search of the perfect mate. And in face of war she feels tremendously patriotic.

"I'm going to help win the war," said Miss Daughter-of-the-House. "Of course we shall win, even though we are not prepared."

Naturally she shares the common fallacy. We nourish the secret thought that the soldiers can't help winning, and we can't help aiding them efficiently, just because we are Americans. When we feel the need of saving our faces we say that no nation is ever fully prepared; that even the Germans were not prepared for the developments of the present war. Yet the average man of every nation, even if he is aware of unpreparedness, is sure that his country cannot be defeated. We are all afflicted by a naïve and not unattractive national conceit. The Germans were sure, at the beginning of the war, that one German was a match for two or three Englishmen; the English were sure that one Englishman was a match for two or three Germans.

The Poor Little Parasite

WE AMERICANS used to say, during our Spanish-American War, that each of our soldiers was good for two or three Spaniards. We have recently been saying that any volunteer American soldier in Mexico, a country he does not know, even riding a horse almost for the first time, and carrying a rifle with which he is not yet on familiar terms and which he is supposed, if necessary, to shoot while galloping—even such a cavalryman is expected to cope with half a dozen Mexicans slipping about a country they know well, with rifles that it is second nature for them to use. Maybe we are confusing moral stamina with military skill!

And so the average American is likely to take it for granted that his method and weapons are going to be victorious because they are American, and that whatever preparedness the United States has achieved will be successful because of the good old Eagle mint.

"Of course," said Miss Daughter-of-the-House, "things won't be here just the way they are in England, or even on the Atlantic Coast. But maybe we'll have a training camp; and in that case we girls are going to establish a recreation room for the soldiers, with cards and checkers and chess and books, just as they have in England. We can start a Red Cross unit too."

"Lessons in first aid and voluntary nursing?"

"Yes, if we can get the training. We're going to tear bandages, anyhow, and knit."

"And that's all you'll do?"

"I could hardly do any more, because I am needed at home."

"Exactly what do you do in the home?"

"I dust the whole house every day and arrange the flowers, and answer the telephone when I'm near it. On the days when our maid washes and irons I make all the beds."

Poor little parasite! She made me think of a woman I met at Woolwich when I was at work in a canteen. There were five of us in a small shed, serving a stand-up dinner to men and boys from the shell factories. We had meat pie, sausage rolls, bubble-and-squeak, or, if they were wanted, potatoes and cabbage separate, rice, stewed fruit, tea and coffee—and hordes of customers. We charged threepence, as I recall, for the use of a plate, and a penny for a fork, spoon or mug, returning the money when the property was returned. Fourpence was the highest price we asked for a portion, and for fourteen or sixteen cents a man could have a plentiful meal. All we servers had to do was what we should expect of any five-dollar-a-week maid—mainly to use our heads. We had to keep orders in mind, dish up quickly, count money, and, whenever there were a few seconds to spare, wash tableware.

Of the four Englishwomen two were distinctly fashionable; one, especially, took great pride in her smart dinners, considering them as another reason why the world should smile on her. After her experience in the canteen she may have realized that her housekeeper, high-priced cook and her guests deserved the credit. Our canteen section of the world certainly did not smile on her. She exasperated the workmen on whom she waited and us who served with her. She never by any chance gave a man the food he asked for; she charged him too much rent for his plate and forgot to return the money to him; she was sometimes too stingy and sometimes too lavish with the portions; she never had enough pennies in her till and she never had the wit to ask a workman to give her pennies for silver. She never began to wash dishes till there were four or five men waiting for food; and she either forgot the process of drying or else took the towels that some of us were saving to wrap tea cakes in. She knocked against us when we had our hands full of dishes; and she kept murmuring: "I wonder what we should do now!"

At first we pitied her; but when in two hours she had not learned anything we disliked her, without pity. She would have been quite in her element if she had had a maid to hand her plates, another to count the money, if the workmen had shown humble appreciation of her Lady Bountiful deed, and if some attendant cavalier had been present to tell her how beautiful she looked working for her country. I wondered why a woman like that should be allowed to marry and have four children; why her father or husband had not put her on board wages until she learned to use her brains! Then I began to wonder whether, when we began to mobilize our women, we should not find ourselves clogged by molluscs and parasites—helpless, delicate driftwood. And we shall. There are just two things we can do for them: Wake them up to what they are, if possible; and then train them to do something useful. If war or the prospect of war can only diminish the number of parasites with which America is cursed it will have served a salutary purpose.

It would be ideal if every American woman had as keen a sense of reality as every bread-winning man; but she has not. Approximately one woman in seven earns her own living outside the home; but those of them who are looking forward to matrimony hold their sense of reality in suspension. Many housewives have it, and many do not. Even when a housewife is a good working mate, and anything but a parasite, the sense of a husband standing between her and the world tends to veil her vision of things as they are.

Ten Wasted Billions

HERE we are, then, some of us able to think; and some of us who don't know how are unwilling to learn how and unwilling to make sacrifices. Two facts face us all: High prices that will grow higher; and the necessity for women and girls who never worked before to go into industry, some to help the nation and others because they will need to earn money. Accepting the generalization that women can help their country directly in Red Cross work—ambulances, hospitals, camps, and in other ways that bring them into personal contact with the soldiers; and indirectly in the home, in welfare work and in industry, the foundation of all is the home.

First, in her own home every woman owes it to herself, her family and the nation to mobilize herself in the fight against the high cost of living. Ten billion dollars is wasted in the United States each year. Scarcely a woman but contributes her quota to the waste. We are not intelligent enough yet about food values; we have not put our minds

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A KISS FOR KINDNESS

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

AS MAY be recalled, it was from the lips of His Honor, Circuit Judge William Pitman Priest, that I heard the story relating to those little scars upon the legs of our fellow townsman and leading clothing merchant, Mr. Herman Felsburg. It was from the same source that I gleaned certain details concerning the manner of Mr. Felsburg's enlistment and services as a private soldier in the Army of the Confederate States of America; and it is these facts that make up the narrative I would now relate. As Judge Priest gave them to me, with occasional interruptions by old Doctor Lake, so now do I propose giving them to you.

This tale I heard at a rally in the midst of one of the Bryan campaigns, back in those good days before the automobile and the attached cuff came in, while Bryan campaigns were still fashionable in the nation. It could not have been the third Bryan campaign, and I am pretty sure it was not the first one; so it must have been the second one. On second thought, I am certain it was the second one—when the candidate's hair was still almost as long in front as behind.

By reason of the free-silver split four years earlier, and bitter dissensions within the party organization subsequently, our state had fallen into the doubtful column; wherefore, campaigns took on even a more hectic and feverish aspect than before. Of course there was no doubt about our own district. Whatever might betide, she was safe and sound—a Democratic Rock of Ages. "Solid as Gibraltar!" John C. Breckenridge called her once; and, taking the name, a Gibraltar she remained forever after, piling up a plurality on which the faithful might mount and stand, even as on a watchtower of the outer battlements, to observe the struggle for those debatable counties to the eastward and the northward of us. It was not a question whether she would give a majority for the ticket, but a question of how big a majority she would give. Come to think about it, that was not much of a question, either. We had sincere voters and competent compilers of election returns down our way then; and still have, for that matter.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it was to be remembered that, four years before, the bulk of the state's votes in the Electoral College, for the first time in history, had been recorded for a Republican nominee; and so, with a possibility of a recurrence of this catastrophe staring us in the face, the rally that was held on that fine Indian summery day at Cold Springs, five miles out from town on the road to Maxon's Mills, assumed a scope and an importance beyond the rallies of earlier and less uncertain times. It was felt that by precept and deed the Stalwarts should set an example for all wavering brethren above the river. So there was a parade through town in the morning and burgoo and a barbecue in the woods at noon, and in the afternoon a feast of oratory, with Congressman Dabney Prentiss to preside and a United States Senator from down across the line in Tennessee to deliver the principal address. There was forethought in the shaping of the program thus: those who came to feast would remain to hear.

Time waits on no man, but has an accommodating way of checking up occasionally, while the seed pod of reminiscence sprouts beneath the warm, rich mulch of a fellow's memory; and, because time does do just this, I yet can visualize, with sufficient clarity for my present purposes, some of the things which happened that day. Again is my blood quickened by sweet strains of music as Dean's Brass Band swings up Franklin Street, leading the procession of the forenoon.

"He Used to Go Out Through the County With a Pack on His Back, Sellin' Gimcracks to Country People"

Without serious mental strain I re-create the picture of the prominent guests riding in open carriages with members of the reception committee and, behind them, the Young Men's Democratic Marching Club going afoot, four hundred strong.

I see a big four-horse wagon, used ordinarily for such prosaic purpose as moving household goods, but now with bunting and flags converted into a tableau car, and bearing pretty girls, badged and labeled with the names of the several states of the Union. And the prettiest, stateliest girl of all stands for Kentucky. At her side is a little dark girl who represents the Philippines, and accordingly she wears upon her wrists a dangling doubled loop of ironmongery. This hardware is very new and very shiny, and its links jangle effectively as the pageant moves onward, thereby causing the captive sister to smile a gratified smile not altogether in keeping with the lorn state of servitude here typified by these trace-chain manacles of hers.

It seems a long time—doesn't it?—since Expansion was a cardinal issue and Imperialism a war cry, and we were deeply concerning ourselves with the fate and future of the little brown brother, and warmly debated among ourselves whether we should continue to hold him as a more or less unwilling ward of the nation or turn him and his islands loose to fend for themselves. But really, when we cast up the tally of the intervening years, it isn't so very long ago after all. It is as though this might have happened yesterday, isn't it?

So it is with me—abiding as one of those yesterdays that stand out from the ruck and run of yesterdays. Perhaps that is why I can almost taste the dust which is winnowed up from beneath the hoofs of the teams and the turning wheels as the crowds stream off out the gravel turnpike, bound for Cold Springs. Nearly everybody of consequence, politically or socially, joins in that hurrying pilgrimage. Like palmers of old, Judge Priest and Commonwealth's Attorney Flournoy and Sheriff Giles Birdsong and all our district and county and city officials attend, to attest by their presence the faith that is in them. I attend, too; but in the capacity of scribe. I go to report the doings for the Daily Evening News. I am the principal reporter and, by the same token, one-half of the local staff of that dependable journal, the remaining half being its editor in chief.

Time in its flight continuing to turn backward, we are now at Cold Springs. Mintmaster Jack Frost has been busy there these last few nights, so that the leaves of the hickories are changing from summer's long green to swatches of the crisp yellow-backed currency of October. On the snake fence, which separates the flanks of the woodland from the cleared lands beyond, the trumpet vine and the creeper blaze in clumps so red that one almost wonders the dried rails do not catch fire too.

The smells of fall are in the air—of corn in the shock; of bruised winesaps dropping, dead ripe, from the orchard trees; of fox grapes turning purple in the vine canopies away up in the tops of the trees. From the fringes of the grove come the sounds of the stamping of horses' feet and the restless swishing of horses' tails. Off in quiet places a hundred flat flasks have been uncorked; in each thicket rendezvous forethoughted citizens are extending the hospitalities of the occasion to such as forgot to freight their hip pockets before journeying hither. There have been two fights and one runaway.

And now it is noon time; and now it is half an hour past it, and the county committee, with the aid of the only known Republicans present—all these latter being of African descent and all, or nearly all, camp cooks of high repute in Red Gravel County—is about to play host to the multitude.

In retrospect I smell the burgoo a-cooking, and sympathetically my mouth waters. Do you know burgoo? If not your education has been sadly neglected—most woefully neglected. It is a glorified gumbo, made in copper caldrons over open fires; and it contains red meats and white meats, and ducks and chickens, and young squirrels, and squabs, and all the fresh green vegetables in season. And into it with prodigal black hands the cooks put plenty of tomatoes for color and potatoes for body and red peppers for seasoning and onions for flavor. And all these having stewed together for hours and hours, they merge anon into a harmonious and fragrant whole. So now the product is dipped up in ladles and bestowed upon the assemblage in tin cups, to be drunk after a fashion said to have been approved of by Old Hickory Jackson himself. A Jeffersonian simplicity likewise governs the serving out of the barbecued meats, following afterward. You eat with the tools Nature has given you, and the back of your hand is your napkin. And when everybody is as full of victuals as a good Democrat should be—which is another way of saying so full he cannot hold another bite or another sup—the band plays and the speaking starts on a plank platform under a brush arbor, with the audience sitting or standing—but mostly sitting—on a fragrant thick matting of faded wild grasses and fallen red and yellow leaves.

The program of events having progressed to this point, I found my professional duties over for the day. The two principal speeches were already in type at the Daily Evening News office, advance copies having been furnished by Congressman Prentiss and the visiting Senator from Tennessee, the authors of the same. By special messenger I had transmitted brief dispatches touching on the complete

and unqualified success of the burgoo, the barbecue, the two fist fights and the runaway.

Returning from the fringes of the woodland, after confiding my scribbled advices to our courier, my way led me under the shoulder of the bluff above Cold Springs. There, right where the water came seeping out through the bank of tawny gravel, I came upon a picture which is one of the pictures that have endured in reasonably vivid colors on the background of my mind.

The bole of an uptorn gum tree spanned a half-moon depression at the verge of the spring. Upon the butt end of the log, where an upended snag of root made a natural rest for his broad back, was perched Judge Priest. His plump legs hugged the rounded trunk. In one hand he held a pint flask and in the other a tin cup, which lately must have contained burgoo. A short distance down the tree from him sat old Doctor Lake, without any bottle, but with the twin to Judge Priest's tin cup poised accurately upon one of his bony knees.

Behind these two, snugly screening them in, was a wall of green and yellow grape leaves. Through the vines the sunlight filtered in, to make a mellow flood about them. Through the leaves, also, came distantly the sound of the present speaker's voice and, at frequent intervals, cheering. There was to be heard a gentle tinkling of cracked ice. A persuasive odor of corn distillations perfumed the languid air. All through the glade nuts were dropping from the hickories, with sharp little reports. It was a picture, all right enough!

"'Pitty Priest,' He Says, 'I Should Like to Speak Mit You. Please, You Gecomin' Mit Me'"

My feet made rustlings in the leaves. Judge Priest squinted over his glasses to see who the intruder upon their woodland privacy might be.

"Why, howdy, son!" he hailed. "How's everything with you?"

He didn't offer to share his store of refreshment with me. I never knew him to give a very young man a drink or to accept a drink from such a one. Doctor Lake raised his cup to stir its contents and nodded in my direction over it.

"The big speech of the day has just got started good, gentlemen," I said. "Didn't you-all know it?"

"Yes; we knowed it," answered the old Judge; "in fact, we heared the beginnin' of it. That's one reason why me and Lew Lake come on away. The other reason was that Lew run acrost a little patch of late mint down here by the spring. So we slipped off frum the crowd and come on down here to sort of take things nice and easy till it gits time to be startin' back toward the city."

"Why, I thought he was a mighty fine speaker, from what I heard right after Mr. Prentiss introduced him," I said.

"He's all of that," assented the old Judge; "he's a regular Cicero—seems to know this here oratory business frum who laid the rail. He don't never jest plain ast somebody to do somethin'. He adjures 'em by the altars of their Sunny Southland, and he beseeches 'em by the memories of their sires; but he don't ast 'em. And I took notice, durin' the few minutes I lingered on—spellbound, ez you mout say, by the witchery of his voice—that when he gits holt of a good long word it ain't a word no more. He runs her as a serial and every syllable is a separate chapter.

"Oh, no; I ain't got a word to say ag'inst the distinguished gentleman's style of delivery. I only wisht I had his gift of melodious expression. I reckin ef I did, I'd talk in public part of the day and sing the rest of the time. But the p'int is, son, that me and Lew Lake have heared consid'able of that particular brand of oratory in our day, and after a little spell of listenin' we decided betwixt ourselves that we favored the quiet of the sylvan dell to the heat and dust of the forum. So here we are, ez you behold us.

"One speech more or less won't make much difference in the gineral results, noways, I reckin. Down here in the pennyrile country we'll all vote the regular ticket the same ez we always do; and the Republikans will vote their ticket, bein' the stubborn unreasonable creatures that they are; and then our boys'll hold back the returns to see how many Democrat votes are needed, and up in the mountains the Republikans will hold theirn back to see how many Republikan votes are needed—and that'll be the whole upshot of it, onless the corrupt scoundrels should succeed in outcounting the party of the people.

"Of course there's a great crisis hoverin' over our country at present. There's a crisis hoverin' every four years, regular—to hear the orators tell it. But I've took notice that, after the votin' is over, the crisis always goes back in its hole to stay till the next presidential election, and the country remains reasonably safe, no matter which side gits in; though I admit it's purty hard to convince the feller who's already got a government job, or hopes to git one, that the whole nation won't plumb go to thunder onless his crowd wins."

"Still, Billy," put in Doctor Lake, "there was a time when all these high-sounding phrases about duty and patriotism meant more to us than they do now—back in the spring and summer of Sixty-one—eh?"

Behind the Judge's spectacle lenses sparks of reminiscence burned in his faded blue eyes. He lifted his cup ceremoniously and Doctor Lake lifted his, and I knew they were drinking to the memory of olden days.

"Now you're shoutin'!" Judge Priest assented. "Say, Lew, do you call to mind them speeches Hector Dallas used to utter 'way back yonder, when Sumter was bein' fired on and the Yankee Government was callin' fur troops to put down the Rebellion, ez they seen fit to term it? Heck Dallas was our champion home-grown orator in those times," he vouchsafed in an aside for my better enlightenment. "Somethin' about that young feller yonder, that's speakin' so brilliantly and so fluently now, puts me right smartly in mind of him. Heck was plenty copious with language himself. When it come to burnin' words he was jest the same ez one of these here volcanoes. Remember, don't you, Lew, how willin' Heck was to bleed and die fur his native land?"

"But he didn't," stated Doctor Lake grimly.

"Well—since you mention it—not to any noticeable extent," said Judge Priest. "Leastwise, any bleedin' that he done was done internally, frum the strain of utterin' all them fiery remarks." Again he included me with a gesture. "You see, son, Heck didn't go off to the war with the rest of us. Nearly everybody else did—this town was purty near emptied of young fellers of a suitable courtin' age after we'd gone down to Camp Boone to begin drillin'. But Hecky didn't go.

"Ez I recollect, he felt called upon to put out first fur Richmond to give President Davis and the Cabinet the benefit of his advice or somethin'; and aimed to join us later. But he didn't—somehow, somethin' always kept interferin' with his ambition to bleed and die, until after a while it seemed like he jest got discouraged and quit tryin'. When we got back home, four years later—sech ez was left of us—Heck had done been entirely reconstructed and was fixin' to run fur office on the Black Radical ticket."

"The cat had to jump mighty brisk to beat Hector," said Doctor Lake; "or else, when she landed on the other side, she'd find him already there, warming a place for her. I've known a good many like Hector—and some of them prospered fairly well—while they lasted."

"Well, the spring of Sixty-one was a stirrin' period, and I reckin oratory helped along right smartly at the start," said Judge Priest; "though, to be sure, later on it came to pass that the boys who could go hongry and ragged, and still keep on fightin' the Yankees, was the ones that really counted.

"Take Meriwether Grider now: He went in as our company commander and he come out with the marks of a brigadier on his coat collar; but I'll bet you a ginger cookie Meriwether Grider never said a hundred words on a stretch in his life without he was cussin' out some feller fur not doin' his duty. Meriwether certainly learned to cuss mighty well fur a man whose early trainin' had been so turribly neglected in that respect."

"Recall how Meriwether Grider behaved the night we organized Company B?" inquired Doctor Lake.

"Jest the same ez ef it was yistiddy!" assented Judge Priest.

He half turned his chubby body so as to face me. By now I was sitting on the log between them. I had scented a story and I craved mightily to hear it, though I never dreamed that some day I should be writing it out.

"You see, boy, it was like this: Upstate the sentiment was purty evenly divided betwixt stayin' in the Union and goin' out of it; but down here, in Red Gravel County, practically everybody was set one way—so much one way that they took to callin' our town Little Charleston, and spoke of this here Congressional District as the South Carolina of the West. Ez state after state went out, the feelin' got warmer and warmer; but the leaders of public opinion, all except Heck Dallas, counseled holdin' off till the legislature could act. Heck, he was for crossin' over into Illinois some nice pleasant dark night and killin' off the Abolitionists, though at that time of speakin' there weren't many more Abolitionists livin' on that side of the river than there were on this. That was merely Heck's way of expressin' his convictions.

"In spite of his desires, we kept on waitin'. But when word come from Frankfort that the legislature, by a mighty elost vote, had voted down the Secession Ordinance and had declared fur armed neutrality—which was in the nature of a joke, seein' ez everybody in the state who was old enough to tote a fusee was already armed and couldn't be a neutral—why, down in this neck of the woods we didn't wait no longer.

"Out of the front window of his printin' office old Colonel Noble h'isted the first Confederate flag seen in these parts; and that night, at the old market house, there was the biggest mass meetin' that ever had been held in this here town up to then. A few young fellers had already slid down acrost the border into Tennessee to enlist, and a few more were already over in Virginia, wearin' the gray; but everybody else that was anybody was there.

"Right away Heck took the platform. They'd 'a' had to lock it up somewheres to keep him frum takin' it. He was up on one of them market benches, wavin' his arms and spoutin' about the mudsills and the nigger lovers, and jest darin' the accursed invader to put one heel upon the sacred soil of the grand old Commonwealth—not both his heels, but ary one of 'em—when all of a sudden Meriwether Grider leaned over and kissed his wife—he hadn't been married but a little more'n a year and they had a baby about three weeks old at home. And then he stepped forward and climbed up on the bench and sort of shoved Heck to one side, and called out that there'd been enough talk, and that it was about time for action; and said, ef somebody had a piece of paper handy, he'd like mightily to put his name down as a volunteer fur the Southern Army. And in another second every woman there was cheerin' with one side of her mouth and cryin' with the other.

"And Colonel Noble had fetched his flag up and was wavin' it with both hands; and old Doctor Hendrickson, the Presbyterian preacher, had made a prayer—a heap shorter one than whut he ginerally made—and had yanked a little pocket Testament out frum under his coattails fur the boys to take the oath on. And in less'n no time Heck Dallas was back down in the crowd, in consider'ble danger of being trompled to death in the rush of young fellers to git up there and sign their names to the roll."

Doctor Lake slid off the log and stood up, with his black hat crumpled in one bony old hand. In the emotion of the moment he forgot his grammar:

"You remember, Billy—don't you?—how you and me and Peter J. Galloway and little Gil Nicholas went up together to sign?"

"I ain't exactly liable to furgit it, ever," said Judge Priest. "That was the night I jest natchelly walked off and left my little law office flat on its back. I'd been advertisin' myself to practice law fur about a year, but whut I'd mainly practiced up to that time was economy—that and checkers and old sledge, to help pass away the time. No, suh; I didn't leave no clients behind me, clamorin' fur my professional services. Clients were something I'd heared a lot of talk about, but hadn't met face to face. All I had to do when I quit was jest to put out the fire and shut the door, and come on away."

"And the last one of all to sign that night was Herman Felsburg," stated Doctor Lake, as though desirous of rounding out a recital.

"Yes—that's right too, Lew," agreed the old Judge. "Herman was the very last one. I remember how some of the crowd begun snickerin' when he come stumpin' up on them crooketty little laigs of hisn; but the snickerin' died out when Meriwether Grider grabbed Herman's hand and shook it, and Doctor Hendrickson held out the Book fur him to swear on it to be true and faithful to the cause of the Southern Confederacy. A person don't snicker so very well that's got a lump in his throat at the moment.

"You see, son, Herman was a kind of town joke them days," stated Judge Priest, again digressing for my benefit. "There weren't many furreign-born people in this section back yonder in Sixty-one. Ef a feller come along that was frum Greece or Italy or Spain, or somewheres else down that way, we jest called him a Dago, dry-so—and let it go at that. But ef he hailed from Germany or Holland or Russia, or anywhere in Northern Europe, he was a Dutchman to us.

"There were just two exceptions to the rule: An Irishman was an Irishman, of course; and a Jew was a Jew. We had a few Irish families in town, like the Galloways and the Hallorans; and there was one Jewish family livin' here—the Liebers; but they'd all been born in this country and didn't speak nothin' but English, and, exceptin' that old man Lieber used to close up his hide-and-pelt store of a Sad'day, instid of Sunday, it never occurred to anybody that the Liebers practiced a different religion frum the run of folks.

"Herman had been here about a year, off and on. He didn't seem to know nobody, and he didn't have any friends. He wasn't more'n nineteen years old—or maybe twenty; and he was shy and awkward and homely. He used to go out through the county with a pack on his back, sellin' gimcracks to country people. He could make change all right—I reckin he jest natchelly inherited that ez a gift—and he was smart enough at drivin' a bargain; but somehow it seemed like he jest couldn't learn to talk English, or to understand it, neither, exceptin' when the subject was business. Understand, that was thirty-odd years back; but sometimes, even now, when old Herman gits excited, you'd think, to hear him, that he didn't know much English yit. His language matches the shape of his laigs then."

I nodded understandingly, Mr. Felsburg's conversational eccentricities being a constant fount of material for the town humorists of my own generation. The Judge went on:

"Well, anyway, he signed up that night, along with all the rest of us. And after that, fur a few days, so many things was happenin' that I sort of forgot about him; and I reckin nearly everybody else did too. It seemed like the whole town sort of went crazy fur a spell, whut with the first company, which was our company, electin' its officers, and the County Battery formin', and a troop of cavalry organizin', and the older men enrollin' fur home defense, and a lot of big-mouth fellers standin' round on street corners 'lowin' as how it was goin' to be only a ninety-day picnic, anyway, and that any Southern man could whip five Yankees—and so forth and so on.

"And then we'd go home at night and find our mothers and sisters settin' round a coal-oil lamp, makin' our new gray uniforms, and sewin' a tear in with every stitch. And every feller's sweetheart was makin' him a silk sash to wear round his waist. I could git a sash round my waist then, but I s'pose if I felt called on to wear one now I'd have to hire old man Dillon, the mattress maker, to make one fur me out of a roll of bedtickin'." And the speaker glanced downward toward the bulge of his girth.

"My mother kept telling me that it would kill her for me to go—and that she'd kill me if I didn't go," interpolated Doctor Lake.

"I reckin no set of men on this earth ever went out to fight with the right sort of spirit in 'em onless their womenfolk stood behind 'em, biddin' 'em to go," said the old Judge. "That's the way it was with us, anyway—I know that much. Well then, right on top of everything else, along come the big ball they gave us at the Richland House the night before we left fur Camp Boone to be mustered in, regular fashion. There wasn't any absentees there that night—not a single solitary one. They'd 'a' had to tie me hand and foot to keep me frum comin' there to show off my new gray suit and my red-striped sash and all my brass buttons.

"Fur oncet, social lines didn't count. That night the best families mixed with all the other families that was mebbe jest as good, but didn't know it. Peter Galloway's old daddy drove a dray down on the levee and his mother took in washin', but before the ball broke up I seen old Mrs. Galloway with both her arms round Mrs. Governor Trimble, and Mrs. Governor Trimble had her arms round Mrs. Galloway, and both of 'em cryin' together, the way women like to do. The Trimbles were sending three sons; but old Mrs. Galloway was givin' up Peter, and he was all the boy she had.

"We danced till purty near sunup, stoppin' only oncet, and then jest long enough fur 'em to present Captain Meriwether Grider with his new gold-mounted sword. You remember, Lew, we buried that sword in the same coffin with him twenty year later?

"About four o'clock in the mornin', when the first of the daylight was beginnin' to leak in at the winders, the nigger string band in the corner struck up Home, Sweet Home! We took partners, but that was one dance which never was finished.

"All of a sudden that sassy little red-headed Janie Thornbury stopped dead-still out in the middle of the floor, and she flung both arms round the neck of Garrett Hinton, that she was engaged to marry, but didn't—on account of her marryin' somebody else while Garry was off soldierin'—and, before everybody, she kissed him right smack on the mouth!

"And then, in less'n no time at all, every feller in the company had his arms round his sweetheart or his sister, or mebbe his mother, and kisses were goin' off all over that old ballroom like paper bags a-bustin'. I fergit now who 'twas I kissed; but, to the best of my recollection, I jest browsed round and done quite a passel of promiscuous kissin'."

"I'll never forget the one I kissed!" broke in Doctor Lake. "With the exception of the ensuing four years, I've been kissing the same girl ever since. She hefts a little more than she did then—those times you could mighty near lock a gold bracelet round her waist, and many's the time I spanned it with my two hands—and she's considerably older; but her kisses still taste mighty sweet to me!"

"Go 'way, Lew Lake!" protested Judge Priest gallantly. "Miss Mamie Ellen is jest ez young ez ever she was; and she's sweeter, too, because there's more of her to be sweet. I drink to her!"

Two tin cups rose in swinging circles; and I knew these old men were toasting a certain matron of my acquaintance who weighed two hundred and fifty if she weighed a pound, and had white hair and sizable grandchildren.

"And so then"—Judge Priest was resuming his narration—"and so then, after a spell, the epidemic of kissin' began to sorter die down, though I reckin some of the boys would 'a' been willin' to keep it up plumb till breakfast time. I mind how I was standin' off to one side, fixin' to make my farewells to Miss Sally Machen, when out of the tail of my off eye I seen little Herman Felsburg, over on the other side of the ballroom, lookin' powerful forlorn and lonesome and neglected.

"Doubtless he'd been there all night, without a soul to dance with him, even ef he'd knowed how, or a soul to speak with him, even if he could have understood whut they said to him. Doubtless he wasn't exactly whut you'd call happy. Jest about then Miss Sally Machen must 'a' seen him too; and the same thought that had jest come to me must 'a' come to her too.

"'It's a shame!' she said jest like that—under her voice. And in another minute she was walkin' across the floor toward Herman.

"I remember jest how she looked. Why, ef I was an artist I could draw a picture of her right now! She was the handsomest girl in town, and the proudest and the stateliest—tall and slender and dark, with great big black eyes, and a skin like one of these here magnolia buds—and she was well off in her own name; and she belonged to a leadin' family. Four or five boys were beauin' her, and it was a question which one of 'em she'd marry. Sometimes, Lew, I think they don't raise very many girls like Miss Sally Machen any more.

"Well, she kept right on goin' till she came to where Herman was scrouged up ag'inst the wall. She didn't say a word to him, but she took him by the hand and led him right out into the middle of the floor, where everybody could see; and then she put those white

(Continued on Page 97)

"Herman's Face Turn't on Red as Blood; and He Looked Up at Her Sideways and Started to Smile That Funny Little Smile of His"

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

IV

By Gelett Burgess

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN THE weeks that followed, Lester Hope's tête-à-têtes with his wife grew even rarer. To find a bevy of celebrities gossiping over Pauline's teacups when he came home was quite what he had to expect nowadays; or else, perhaps, it would be old Peever ensconced with her in the library. Manuscripts and magazines, royalties, reviews—how sick Lester had grown of them! But when, by happy accident, he and Pauline did have dinner alone together, without literary ladies-with-three-names or blatant he-talkers, Lester was often tempted to hazard the careless question:

"Oh, by the way, Pauline, ever heard anything more from that Irons chap?"

But as he leaned back in his chair, scrutinizing her thoughtfully, he would always wonder: What if Pauline should deny it? No; he feared to put her to the test. He, the husband, was still jealous of himself, the lover.

Still, she was friendly enough too. She was always considerate; outwardly, at least, she was affectionate. But somehow his wife—well, she seemed to be growing every day more like the fine portrait Willyer had painted of her—that handsome, that inscrutable aristocrat in black velvet.

And often, as he looked up at her, she seemed to smile ambiguously down at him from the library wall, as if saying: "Well, I, too, have my secret." Her soul was fading from his ken.

The Lady of the Letters, on the other hand, was becoming ever more sharply defined. Nothing gives a woman a new lease of life like the discovery of an unsuspected Romeo, and the avowal of John Irons' love had lifted her spirits like wine. She was no longer merely Pauline Hope; she was quite a new person, with all the charm of newness. But didn't she have, also, thrilling him often, a charm that was old, familiar—long lost? Why, at times, in the exuberance of her letters she was almost Pauline-of-the-Violets!

Weaving in and out through the dreary technicalities of his business affairs, day after day, her friendly nonsense would dance through his head:

"At a mystery you really are an artist,
And your charming incognito is a game
That you handle with the grace of a Delsartist;
But I think you're quite too speedy, all the same!

"So the kiss that you beseech of me to post you
I refuse; for you must surely understand
That a lady doesn't give a kiss—you ghost, you—
Till the gentleman at least has held her hand!"

Oh, it was easy enough now to sit down and begin: "My dear Pauline"; easy enough to jest with her on paper; easy enough to pique her curiosity and keep the romance at the bubbling point. "Yesterday, I saw you and followed you for blocks. At first I could have killed every man who turned to look at you; afterward I could have killed every man who did not.

"I wonder whether you are as proud as you ought to be of that free graceful gait of yours?"

Yes, easy enough it was, in the neutral environment of his downtown office, alone, quiet, to forget for the nonce that he was "Mrs. Hope's Husband." What was hard was when he was at home with her; when he was watching her intently—watching Pauline the wife, that is—and trying to discover in her Pauline the sweetheart.

"Why, Lester, what is the matter with you?" she would exclaim sometimes, glancing up from her book. "You've been looking at me so queerly! What are you thinking of? I should think I were a total stranger!"

And Lester would laugh in C sharp and Pauline in B natural, which, in domestic music, whether classic or modern, is a discord.

Harder still it was when Helen Ramsay called, and was coquettish.

"Aren't you looking rather fagged, Lester? You're not leading a double life, are you?"

A wink at Pauline.

"You can't tell much about Lester, you know; he was rather romantic, I found, when he was at college."

Hardest of all on his pride were the times when his wife, smoothly reluctant, explained that "Peever is going to bring that English author to-night, you know; and I suppose we'll just talk books and books"; and "Of course I'd love to have you, Les; but still, if you think you'll be bored ——" She might as well have given him a stick of candy and told him to go off and play by himself!

"Where Did This Carnival of Roses Come From?"

And, meantime:

"How do you dare, you devil!" she was writing to John Irons. "You know I am married. Well, how do I dare? I don't know whether you are or not; but—isn't it awful!—I don't much care—as yet. I have to confess that you, my charming serpent, have quite fascinated poor timid bird Me. There's something about you—plague take you!—that makes me quite willing to trust you recklessly. I am even willing to run the risk of your thinking me—I'm not!—bold or credulous. Oh, J. I., I have simply searched my soul for phrases to explain why I don't and simply can't feel guilty! I am reduced actually to the coy schoolgirl confession: 'I feel as if I had known you always'!"

And then—to come home, hungry for one look of that affectionate abandon in her eyes, to find her so beautiful, so cool—oh, God! so suave—with her drawing-room full of Polish artists, varnished *mondaines*, hungry-looking poets—and be affably patronized as Mrs. Hope's Husband!

. . . . . .

And so, Lester Hope having thus been introduced to the torture chamber, let him be delicately tormented further to determine whether he be domitable; or, if not, what lyric may be wrung from his distress.

Lying on the big leather couch in the library alone one night—and that is where Willyer should have painted him, a long, graceful figure, with a darkly picturesque head—how he would have made those Irish-blue eyes twinkle under the black lashes!—Lester Hope was wondering—wondering whether, after all, he could ever bear it to win Pauline anew in this strange, unsatisfactory fashion. Wasn't it even dishonorable, a sneaky trick on her of which he should be ashamed? What would it prove, anyway, to make her fall in love with an unknown?

Suddenly there came a sickening thought. What if it weren't an unknown? What if she did know, or thought she did, who John Irons was? Scraps of a month-old conversation had come back to him.

"Lester, you remember Paul Smithers, don't you?" Pauline's question had been offhand, as she was adjusting her hat before the mirror. Oh, yes; Lester knew; Smithers was that poet-person—he of the black beribboned eyeglasses and the little black chopped mustache. "Tell me," she had asked carelessly—this was after J. I.'s first really daring missive—"do you think he is really clever, Lester?" Lester, quite profanely, did not.

But, now he thought of it, hadn't he come home from the office early several times lately to find Smithers' silly black ribbons dangling over the teacups, and Pauline gazing a bit interestedly into those owlish tortoise-shell eyeglasses? When was it she had asked about him?

Wasn't it—yes, it must have been just after the day J. I. had written that letter about seeing her. By Jove, the poet had been "quite near enough to touch her hand!"

Lester groaned. What a fool he had been to mention that in his letter! Why hadn't he kept his John Irons invisible, detached, an insoluble mystery, instead of setting Pauline's romantic imagination at work trying to identify him among her acquaintances! Could it be that, writing his aching heart into those letters, he had been merely playing into that pale poet's languid, effeminate hands?

. . . . . .

Whereat, the preliminary pleasantries with the thumb-screws having been finished, his torturing fate now smilingly took up the red-hot pincers.

That week Smithers came to dinner. Smithers was elegant at dinner, with a Master-of-Arts drawl, with all the airs of a genius, and a cigarette holder seven inches long. A separate affront was in every goggled glance he gave Pauline, and every smile she sent him in return made Lester a little faint. Continually he kept saying to himself: "Well, at least Smithers can know absolutely nothing of the letters." But it was small satisfaction; for if Pauline really believed Smithers to be John Irons her unconscious thought would instinctively encourage him. And Lester Hope, knowing men well, had seen at a first glance that small-eyed Smithers was scarcely one to be trusted with a complaisant woman.

And so suffering as he told his legal anecdotes, gallantly rallying Helen Ramsay as a beauty and blarneying enthusiastic, spluttery Mrs. Woodling as he might a girl, laughing even at old Peever's monumental attempts at the jocose, Lester Hope never once lost sight of Smithers—talkative Smithers in his poetical black-silk stock and soft many-pleated white-silk shirt.

Wasn't he a very catlike, a very stealthy black-and-white creature whom it might be unpleasant to rouse? thought Lester, watching him, disgusted. Think of his wife's playing with such an animal! It was horrible!

Now Pauline had other admirers in her newly discovered intellectual world. They called, they dined, they danced. They sent their little books, with the flyleaves elaborately inscribed; they presented her with little bas-reliefs and statuettes, with little colored daubs signed prominently: "*A mon amie!*" Smithers was but a sample of many who were beginning to flutter about her bright personality.

But Smithers, as the most persistent and obnoxious of them all, Smithers the soft, Smithers the sticky, had become Lester's obsession. How could Pauline possibly endure him! he wondered bitterly. "I must get rid of Smithers!"

But, as things turned out, it was not Lester who got rid of him after all; it was Pauline. Or, rather, Smithers rid them both of himself by a characteristic form of social suicide.

"I don't think I shall see much more of Smithers," said Pauline one night after coming home alone and cool-eyed from a reception to which the poet had escorted her. Smithers, it appeared from her subsequent reluctant confession, was not a gentleman and had not apparently considered her a lady. Smithers, in short, had, in the cab —— "Well, don't worry, Lester; you know you can always trust me to take care of myself and any possible impertinence."

White-hot with indignation though he was—and not without unpleasant suspicions that perhaps Pauline had

quite unconsciously encouraged the beast—the elimination of Smithers certainly brought Lester a relief. Pauline now knew, of course, that Smithers was not the author of the John Irons letters; his vulgarity was incompatible with the romance as it had been played. Lester had a quick bound of spirits.

With that recrudescence of his first fresh impulse, he saw plainly now that it was not enough to get rid of Smithers; he must, so to speak, get rid of himself. Compunction for the husband was retarding the lover. No more regrets, then; no more reproaches; Lester Hope must be tossed bodily overboard to save John Irons.

The poor husband did not quite drown, however, until one day Lester came home to find, as he had often found of late, a vase of roses on the library table. At sight of the flowers he, as John Irons, had sent, he had heretofore always had an uneasy feeling of having robbed Peter to pay Paul. Not so to-day. Always before he had gingerly avoided the subject, trying to let Pauline off from any definite explanation. But to-day he looked her in the face and asked outright: "Say, where the devil did this carnival of roses come from, anyway?"

Instead of the hoodwinked husband's customary twinge of pain at her feminine evasion, he smiled indulgently at her embarrassed "Oh, I just got them this morning! Aren't they pretty!"

He felt only the lover's joy at getting ahead of a rival. Wasn't that card with the "J. I." always missing? Pauline was already feeling guilty. What could be more encouraging?

But his respite was short—only just long enough to restore the victim sufficiently for him to feel the full force of his next keen agony. Fate had by no means exhausted the torturing possibilities of the situation; and Fate, in grim earnest, now laid him upon the rack for the *peine forte et dure*.

If you mingle contempt with jealousy the pain is fairly easy to endure. One's native feeling of superiority soon heals the smart. Another week of Smithers, and who knows how Lester's scorn of Pauline's taste might have affected his love for her? But poison the wound with admiration, and jealousy has a deeper, deadlier sting. No man is so fiercely jealous as he who suspects his best friend.

It was while he was shaving one morning, shaving quite happily, listening to Pauline's voice gayly trilling in her room, when the thought struck him. Suddenly he put down his razor and watched a small spot of red on his chin grow larger and larger.

No; he had not wounded himself, he knew. That blood was really drawn by Norman Willyer! . . . Merry as a canary, Pauline sang on. . . .

Lester cleaned his razor and rubbed an alum stick on his cut; but still it bled and bled. . . . And, like a spiritual wound, his sudden jealousy bled and bled.

Hadn't Pauline been a good deal with Willyer of late? And those long sittings in his studio when she had posed for her portrait—what had happened? Little pictures of the two came back to his mind. Wasn't she always watching him, studying him? Wasn't she always saying how clever he was, and how sensitive? Wasn't she, in short, suspecting Willyer of being John Irons?

Probably every man, if he would but confess it, admires some particular type and recognizes it, when it appears, as the sort of person he would secretly like to be. For Lester Hope, Willyer personified that ideal. The best testimony to the strength and elegance of the big blond artist, with the pointed beard, was that even women's opinion that he was "charming" couldn't damn him in the eyes of men; no such praise can hurt a man who is as good on a hunting trip as in a studio.

But what Lester most admired about him was that Willyer, unlike most of the pseudo-celebrities exploited by Mrs. Woodling & Company, knew the difference between conversation and mere talk. He always looked forward to seeing Willyer; they had tastes and—what was still more satisfactory—distastes in common; they often had very agreeable masculine conversations in mere monosyllables. In short, there was never that infernal sheet of plate glass between them which Lester usually found seeming to shut him off from other men.

Now in a single moment the thought of Willyer had become sickeningly painful. If Pauline did think Willyer was J. I. there was trouble ahead. But how the devil was Lester to find out?

Uncomfortable, perplexed, he entered her room. Pauline, without turning, smiled at him in her mirror.

"Say, Pauline"—he seated himself on her bed—"how many sittings did you have with Willyer—d'you remember?"

As the soft-lead pencil administered an extra quarter of an inch to her already perfect eyebrows, Pauline didn't really recall—half a dozen, perhaps—why?

Oh, it was nothing! Somebody had asked him—that was all. Lester sat watching her, suffering her prettiness—hungry to claim it, enjoy it.

"Ripping studio Willyer has, isn't it?" How he loathed that studio now! "Must be a rich place to talk in." What had *she* talked in it? "Magnificent rugs! Like to get him to pick some out for us. Seems to know a lot about such things." What other things did Willyer know?

Oh, yes; Mr. Willyer was very clever. She liked Willyer. So clean, and so graceful—expressive gestures, too, hadn't he? And Pauline, rising, turned a frank gaze at her husband.

She had turned, however, just as frank a gaze at him yesterday, he recalled, after she had received such a letter from John Irons as most wives would hesitate to show to their husbands:

"If love is a unified trinity of emotions—spiritual, mental and physical—don't for a minute imagine that I am all spirit! I don't believe that any woman wants to think she hasn't physical attraction—well, then, why not say frankly that you have? You're no more an angel than I am a phantom; and if I were blind and deaf and dumb I could have no greater desire to see you and hear you and touch you!"

The sentiment did not in the least seem to offend her.

"If I could only hear your voice it would tell me all I want to know," she wrote. "Would it rend your delightful veil of mystery if you should, say, talk to me on the telephone? It is surely an instrument of Romance. But yet, you have such a graphic, colorful way of revealing yourself that I scarcely think I should be surprised if I did hear you speak."

Could that mean that his own ardent words went perfectly, in her mind, with Willyer's pleasing personality? As he watched her with Willyer next day, she was, for all Lester could detect, not particularly happy or excited with his friend; and Willyer—damn him!—appeared perfectly natural, frank, candid, altogether admirable, as usual. Yet the thought that Pauline might be thinking of Willyer as that impassioned J. I. who was bombarding her with provocative missives kept Lester in a delirium of jealousy. How the devil could any woman, he wondered, resist Norman Willyer—who seemed to care nothing for any of them?

On his way down town, one morning, unconsciously he found himself turning in at his club. Usually there was nobody about at this hour, and so, by one of the big windows on the avenue, he selected an easy-chair and lighted a cigar to think things over.

"Oh, I say, Hope, may I speak to you a moment?"

A black eyeglass ribbon dangled before him, and Lester looked up at a little black chopped mustache. Before he could rise, however, a chair was being pulled up, with "Say, I'd like to apologize to you, Hope—or, rather, I'd like to explain."

Again Lester tried to escape—but he couldn't. A horrid curiosity held him. He watched the poet as one watches a barnyard pest, and glared.

"You remember," said Smithers quite jauntily, playing with his bamboo stick, "that night I took a certain lady to the Woodlings'? Well, really I'm afraid I must have quite pardonably misinterpreted something she said—that is to say"—he waved an effeminate hand—"she said something, or at least I understood her to say something about my writing to her, you know. There was something of that sort, anyway.

"No; just wait a minute, please! I took it, naturally, that she wanted me to write to her—awfully queer and all that, of course; but how the devil could I help it? She was really, you know, if I do say it, well, what you might call encouraging—you know what I mean? Oh, hold on! It was just simply a misunderstanding. I suppose I was a little hasty in my presumptions; but, Lord, I don't see why she should have taken fire the way she did, much less gone home alone—what's the matter?"

Lester Hope's tense fingers knew, at that moment, exactly how Smithers' white throat would feel when his own two thumbs should meet on that poet's windpipe. It was hard work controlling himself enough to say:

"D'you mind leaving me alone? Or do I have to violate the house rules?"

Smithers did not move.

"Good morning!" Lester repeated, rising; the moment grew dangerous.

"By Jove!" drawled Smithers. He was not looking at Lester now; he was gazing out the broad front window. He pointed with his little bamboo stick. "I see why you took this seat," he grinned. "Behold the beauteous lady in question! I've seen her several times lately—like that. Of course you know Willyer's studio is right over —— Oh, good morning, Hope! Yes; I'm going!"

And with an ironic laugh he was off before Lester could—well, what, in "a gentlemen's club," could he have done?

Pauline's ermines now were crossing the street beside a tall gray overcoat. Now they were at the entrance to Willyer's studio building. Now they had disappeared.

"Well," thought Lester, "why not?"

Wasn't She Always Saying How Clever He Was, and How Sensitive?

It was all right enough, of course. Many people went to Willyer's studio. But somehow his own reason had deserted him and he was the prey of raging doubts.

"Have you seen Willyer lately?" he asked Pauline next morning; it was all he could do to voice the question.

Pauline's face brightened.

"Oh, Les, I forgot to tell you. Why, yes; I had luncheon with him at his studio yesterday. Helen Ramsay was there. She's so silly, lately. She always seems to own that studio!"

Didn't she run on a bit hysterically? he thought. Wasn't there too much of Helen Ramsay; too much explanation of that particular studio party? It sounded suspicious. Lester's mood grew darker.

That evening Willyer dropped in, as he often did nowadays, for a game of chess. Of course it happened to be one of the few nights when Pauline remained at home. Was it really fortuitous? Lester wondered as he watched her. There was no doubt, at any rate, that she was posing for Willyer, at least to the extent of making a charming figure of herself under the lamp, reading her book.

Ordinarily Lester played a scientific, impersonal game, which kept him cool and unruffled. But to-night his heart beat passionately in the crises of the game, and he found himself desperately fighting a personal antagonist. Willyer's leisurely artistic hands over the board maddened him. And anyone who has ever been beaten at a game of skill by one who has also beaten him at the game of love will know how Lester Hope felt when his antagonist pronounced "Checkmate!"

Willyer rose, yawned, and stood tall and graceful by the mantel. "Why the devil doesn't he go home?—damn him!" Lester said to himself as he saw Pauline's eyes watching him admiringly.

Willyer, however, seemed disinclined to move. For some minutes, his hands in the pockets of his speckled gray homespun suit, he regarded his friend quizzically. Next he slowly examined his cuff links with absorbed interest. Then his long fingers pulled thoughtfully, lazily at his blond Vandyke beard. Finally he broke the long silence by remarking:

"I say, I've got some news for you people. I do hope you'll like it. The fact is, I'm about to take the fatal plunge."

Lester stared. Pauline stared. Not a word until Willyer, chuckling at their surprise, added:

"That's right! I'm engaged. It's Helen Ramsay. She said I might tell just you two."

Tick—tick—tick—tick went the clock; then:

"Well, what's the matter?" The voice of Willyer took on a sharper, harsher tone. "Can't you congratulate me? Lord, I should say you didn't approve!"

Up jumped Lester and clapped him riotously on the shoulder.

"Congratulate you! Yes, by Jove; of course I do!" Grabbing Willyer's hand, Lester shook off the suspicions and jealousies of a month of suffering. "Fine! Fine! Fine! Why, I'm delighted!" He shook that hand until Willyer's eyes grew large. "Why, it's the best news I've heard for a year! Isn't it, Pauline?"

Pauline's voice came calmly enough, but it was queer, her smile.

"Why, yes; of course! I'm really awfully, awfully pleased, Mr. Willyer. Helen's such a dear—I'm so fond of her! Indeed, you're—both of you—in luck."

Fairly bubbling over now, Lester herded him into the dining room for an immediate drink, Willyer apparently a bit puzzled by his tardy enthusiasm. As they left, Pauline was sitting inert. Pauline was gazing up at her portrait with that same queer smile.

Many things he had repressed—things he couldn't bring himself to write for fear Willyer might get the credit for them—now appeared in John Irons' letters. Was she happy? Lester learned, to his surprise, that she was not; even her "best of husbands" apparently could not make her so. Did she love that superlative husband? She ignored the question. What did she do with herself? Unsuspected little adventures she had never told her husband came out. It developed, for instance—she made a joke of it—that Peever, dry old Peever, had tried to make silly love to her—yes; and in Lester Hope's own library!

"I think you were rather rude to Mr. Peever last night," said Pauline one day soon after that.

What could poor Lester say? As John Irons, he had already said all that was necessary. But Peever never saw Pauline alone again in Lester's house.

Queer, however, that it was old Peever who speeded John Irons up! Lester, seconding John Irons in his fight toward a finish now, suddenly found his principal a bit slow. Why, if even Peever could put in a few strokes behind his back, John would have to make himself more forcibly felt!

From that day J. I. became ubiquitous. Messenger boys, as Pauline stepped into her cab in front of the house, handed her notes or flowers—while Lester gazed gloomily upon the act from behind a bedroom-window curtain. That she might not forget John Irons, even for a day, he had her followed; taxicabs drew up to the curb when she emerged from teas, or waited for hours at her club, ready to take her orders.

How did J. I. know her habits so well? she asked, as bewildered as she was flattered. J. I. refused to state. But he succeeded in raising his mystery to the second degree. Books came; confectionery came; flowers came. He tried jewelry—but Pauline sent the parcels back.

It was she herself who, perhaps unconsciously, raised the mystery still higher. Women live mainly in the present; men in the future. It is not man's eager desire for the dénouement that gives women pleasure in an affair of the heart; it is the playing with possibilities, the exquisite unfolding of romance. And so never once did Pauline ask to meet John Irons; and Lester had, besides his own personal energy, the accomplice of her creative imagination.

How busy that imagination was, and how dangerous it might be, he found out soon after Willyer was removed from the field of suspicion.

He had a melancholy streak one day; it was after Pauline had been dining out for a week and he had consequently not seen her, even at breakfast.

"You were not so far wrong," he wrote, "when you once likened me to a prisoner in a dungeon. For all hopes I have of gaining you, I am immured in a cell of loneliness. What should I do without your letter every day! By that one window, through which you shine, I get all I know of happiness. For your ray of light I watch daily, and for that one hour I am joyful. When that gracile vision fades you will never know my recidivation into the gloom of—waiting!"

Reading it over, he smiled. "Recidivation" and "gracile" were hardly in his normal vocabulary, and it occurred to him that he had done an amusing bit of unconscious cerebration with those words. Where had he heard them lately? Oh, yes; in Spenser Thasp's weekly theatrical article.

Queer, too, because Thasp was Lester's *bête noire*; or, more strictly, his *bête rouge*. It was not, however, so much Thasp's brisk red hair and orange mustache that Lester abhorred; it was the fact that Thasp was perhaps the most saturating talker ever tolerated in an intellectual drawing-room, and, like most of his species, talked mainly about himself and his own work.

As luck ordained, Thasp appeared next day, at one of the few dinners of Pauline's which Lester—desperate to see her, watch her, adore her—had decided to grace as host. Thasp, he suspected, was tolerated mainly on account of his influence with the newspapers. Pauline never lost a chance—though always a delicate, unobvious, ladylike chance—to advertise herself.

Thasp, therefore, was allowed to perform—and assiduously he did perform—upon his one-stringed harp. Peever yawned; Helen and Willyer held communion with their eyes; Mrs. Woodling listened, believing apparently everything he said. Pauline's attention was a fine bit of acting until—he had talked from soup to ice, laughing heartily at his own wit, as such scourges ever do:

"In point of fact the American stage is in a lamentable state of recidivation. Where are there such gracile stars as Modjeska, as Mary Anderson, and Lotta?" And so on and on, and on interminably.

"What the devil is 'recidivation'?" muttered Willyer in Lester's ear.

His question was unanswered. Lester, watching Pauline, had seen her stop, spoon in air, staring at Thasp. There was an expression on her face—part incredulity, part horror. It was controlled in a moment; but, until the ladies left the room, she cast keen glances from time to time at the critic. Apparently she was fascinated by him.

Lester looked on, helpless. She had, of course, been struck by those two words, both rather unusual, and had recalled their occurrence in the last letter from John Irons. Thasp, pest though he was, was indubitably clever; not at all one to be disregarded offhand as a possible John Irons. All that sustained Lester in the contretemps—his own fault—was that expression of dislike on Pauline's face. No wonder she shuddered if she were thinking of what she herself had written—possibly to Spenser Thasp!

It was not Lester himself, this time, who had to be saved: it was Pauline. The proof of it was that for a week she did not answer John Irons' letters. Undoubtedly she was afraid of committing herself with the critic and was waiting for further evidence. What, then, could be done to destroy him?

A night of deliberation brought Lester one morning to Pauline's room with the information that he was called to Washington on business. With this alibi established, that evening he kissed her good-by. He could hardly have gone to Washington, however; for two days later Pauline received a letter from John Irons stating that, for a week, his address would be: "General Delivery, Boston."

It was a merry answer John Irons received in Boston.

"I met Spenser Thasp at dinner at the Woodlings' to-night," she wrote; "and, if you will promise to forgive me, I will confess a shameful thing: For three days I almost believed that you were Thasp. Don't be insulted; really the evidence was damning! I was so relieved when I got your letter. It was such a satisfaction to know that, 'not being a bird, you cannot be in two places at once.'"

Exultant at this success, Lester returned home to find that he had not only settled Thasp but, by his little trip, had settled almost any possible suspect as well. Pauline now had her touchstone for them.

"Have you been in Boston recently?" he heard her ask, one afternoon at teatime, a rather-too-dashing young architect who had worshiped at her shrine for some weeks past.

No; he had not, it appeared, eaten brown bread and baked beans for years. Lester noted with considerable glee that afterward, when he called, Pauline spent far less time on the lamentable lack of prestige given to architects as compared with all other artists. Whether they "signed" their buildings or not, she no longer seemed to care.

So Pauline applied her test and was able to discover, if not who John Irons was, at least who he was not. More than once Lester was to catch that magic word "Boston" and see her countenance clear at the puzzled answer: "Why, no! What made you think I'd been there?" Another candidate eliminated!

And each time he noted her suspicions John Irons quickened his game. Even if it were but a line or two, he managed to have her receive a letter by almost every delivery. Six hours must not pass without her being reminded of him in some exciting way. Finally, when every expedient he could think of had been tried, one day Lester found his hand reaching for the telephone.

He called her number; he heard her say "Hello!"

He tried his best to think of himself as some short, stout person, with yellow whiskers, hoping in that way to disguise his voice.

He succeeded somehow in enunciating, in a very fat tone, the name "John Irons."

He heard her gasp. There was a long silence. Then:

"Is it really you?" she asked. No answer. "Really?"

"Yes."

Another pause.

"Well, why don't you say something?" No answer. "Can't you?"

"No," said Lester.

(Continued on Page 101)

Hadn't He Come Home Several Times Lately to Find Smithers' Silly Black Ribbons Dangling Over the Teacups?

THE FORTUNE MAKER

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

SARUM lies in a shallow cup. You can imagine a saucer, lumpy and irregular, with an uneven brim, fifteen miles in diameter. Sarum River bends through the saucer, skirting the southwesterly boundaries of the town. Beyond the river, southwest, the ground rises in a broad, billowy slope. The Country Club is out there, on the crest of the rise, three hundred and fifty feet above the river.

The building is an adaptation of the Mission style, very long, only one story high, and curved crescentwise to crown the whole broad view. An immense veranda runs along the front, from which the prospect over the golf course and down to the river is especially attractive in mellow autumn weather, when the woods are turning red and gold.

On this October evening there was a harvest dance at the Country Club, which was decorated with endless festoons of autumn leaves, shocks of yellow cornstalks, flanked by red pumpkins and like rural features. Rows of jack-o'-lanterns—papier-mâché pumpkins with electric lights inside them—furnished the illumination through the clubhouse and on the veranda; for they danced out there, too, if they felt like it. The three hundred specially made papier-mâché pumpkins and the electric wiring cost quite a bit; but, of course, John Turner was footing the bill. There was an orchestra of twenty-five pieces from Chicago.

Besides all the eligibles of Sarum, people came from Westline, Norwalk and Two Rivers. There was even a delegation in two special parlor cars from Detroit and Ann Arbor. Some of the more frolicsome young men wore overalls and calico shirts—conspicuously new, of course—or stage cowboy costumes. There were young women in calico dresses and aprons. The more conservative stuck to ordinary evening dress, and there was a sprinkling of elders in street garb. The general attitude was that everybody should wear what he pleased and have a good time.

They were having it when John Turner appeared, about ten o'clock. He came alone, wearing a dinner jacket, and stepped into the entrance hall with a slouch hat in his ungloved hand. The elders had preëmpted that room, and there was a little stir—as always—when John appeared; a little dropping of conversation and looking round with smiles.

Mrs. Martindale had been everywhere, had spoken to everybody, with an eye to the lights and the music, and how the refreshments were coming on. No unattached and inept male could lose himself in a corner like a hapless chip in an eddy but Mrs. Martindale would soon discover him and deftly push him out into the current if he wanted to go. If he didn't want to she would instantly agree, with her homely yet attractive smile—and as though it were a little confidence between them—that sitting comfortably in a corner and watching the others was the best fun. The man rather gathered that she considered it the mark of a superior character.

She came into the entrance hall a minute or two after John's arrival, when Mr. and Mrs. Detweiler, Mr. Bush and some others had gathered round him, shaking hands. She sailed over at once, laughing and holding out her bony hand.

"I told you we couldn't have Christmas without Santa Claus!" she said in her carrying voice. She referred to his previous indifferent statement that he didn't know whether he should come to look at the dance or not, being pretty busy just then. But everybody thought the compliment neat. It was repeated many times during the evening.

Others came up and a group stood there talking for a few minutes, Mrs. Martindale vivacious and ready at every turn. Then she slipped her hand through John's arm, entreating:

"But do come and see what a good time they're having."

In fact, while the group talked, her attentive ear noted that the music had stopped, and she judged that just about then sets would be forming on the floor for the country dance, which was next on the program. Smiling good-naturedly, John suffered himself to be led to the ballroom. Mrs. Martindale was looking back over her shoulder, speaking to Mrs. Detweiler, as they crossed the threshold; but she felt she had hit exactly the right moment.

In the midst of a round dance only a few would have noticed John's entrance; or immediately after a dance, when the floor was a mere mob, it would have been ineffectual. But now the sets were formed for the country dance; those not dancing were ranged round the walls and there was the expectant hush just before the music starts.

"I Don't Know, Father, But Maybe—Maybe I Shall Marry John Turner"

So, as tall John and his equally tall companion stepped out beyond the platform where the orchestra sat, virtually everybody—in the first room, at least—saw them. A girl's voice was heard:

"Why, there's Mr. Turner!"

It was the younger Miss George—who never understood why Mrs. Martindale was so particularly nice to her ever afterward. The young voice, with its lilt of admiring excitement, carried over the room. There was laughter. Another girl began clapping her hands; then they were all at it—laughing. Tommy Tree, with his fame as football rooter strong upon him, sang out:

"Three cheers, now! Come on, everybody! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!"

The response would not have been creditable to a football claque, but everybody responded.

The moment young Miss George spoke Mrs. Martindale, laughing as heartily as anybody, slipped her hand out of John's arm and modestly effaced herself on the side line. John stood alone, really red in the face, laughing somewhat nervously.

"Thank you very much," he said; "but I came to see you dance."

He turned, laughing, and nodded to the leader of the orchestra. The baton rose, the music crashed, and the dance began. John joined Mrs. Martindale at the side, a little embarrassed, but with his nerves tingling and the blood racing through his veins. He might have said it was all nonsense; but there was a lift in his brain as from wine, and it was all warm and sunny in his breast.

During the dance he stood over by the wall, between Mrs. Martindale and President Detweiler of the First National Bank. Mrs. Martindale troubled him not at all with conversation—knowing that when twelve has struck it's foolish to wind the clock. She was giving her benignant attention to old Mrs. Macdonald, on her left.

Presently John addressed her: "Who's that girl over there in the blue cap? She's dancing with the bow-legged cowboy."

Mrs. Martindale looked, and replied:

"I think she's a girl from Two Rivers. She came in with the Wilders from there. The name—I don't recall it now. I was introduced to her with half a dozen others."

In fact, she remembered that the name was Wade. Forgetting names or the faces that went with them—even with only a brief first meeting—was not among her foibles. Her tone was subtly deprecatory, which was an error; but she was taken unawares. She remembered Miss Wade perfectly well, though there had been only a handshake and mumble of words between them, there being half a dozen introductions all in a heap. She had noticed her twice since.

Miss Wade wore a calico dress, of the blue of a robin's egg, which reached to her shoetops, or where the tops of her shoes would have been if she hadn't been wearing slippers instead. Slippers, stockings and cap were of the same color as the dress. There was no ornament. The costume might have been taken by a casual observer as meant to suggest rustic simplicity. Wise Mrs. Martindale knew at once it was meant to go with the wearer's gold hair and lily-rose complexion.

As critically inventoried by Mrs. Martindale, Miss Wade was barely of a woman's medium height. Her eyes were deep blue, her nose short and straight, her mouth certainly rather too large. But certainly, too, she had fine teeth and a little dimple at the corner of her mouth which—like the teeth—came into play when she smiled. When her face was in repose it appealed with a sort of grave sweetness. From that passive state, at a happy remark she lighted up, her eyes sparkled, she smiled or laughed, a warmer color spread in her cheeks. As by a hidden lamp turned on, the image shed a soft radiance.

People still waltzed in those days, and in less than an hour after his dramatic entrance John Turner was waltzing with Miss Wade. Somewhat later Mrs. Martindale observed him sitting out a dance with her; and sometime after midnight—there being a buffet supper—he was fetching her food. Mrs. Martindale went home with a lively curiosity concerning the young woman who had come in with the Wilders, of Two Rivers.

This curiosity was easily satisfied—that is, it was easy enough to learn that her father had lived many years at Two Rivers, a town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, twenty miles north of Sarum. Latterly he had been manager of the electric-light plant there and at Norwalk, a smaller town six miles away. The Wilders owned a greater share of both concerns; but there had been a consolidation of electric plants in that region. In the fortnight before the dance Mr. Wade had moved to Sarum, taking a position with the consolidated company.

Mrs. Martindale even learned that his salary was only thirty-five hundred a year and the family was supposed to have no other resources worth mentioning—except that Mary, who had spent four years at a rather undistinguished Eastern college for women, and then six months abroad, was doing a vague something or other about art. In fact, she drew illustrations to go with advertisements of a breakfast food. When Mrs. Martindale discovered this, later on, it somewhat comforted her, like the fact of the family's modest estate.

Mrs. Arthur Wilder—Eva—was herself a lady of considerable mental alertness. No less than Mrs. Martindale and various others, she observed that John Turner was particularly interested in Mary Wade at the Harvest Dance. The possibilities involved in that, however remote, were too fascinating to be ignored. A few days after the dance she telephoned Mr. Turner an invitation to dinner—just a homy, informal little affair. She mentioned the other guests, Mary Wade among them; and a breeze of excitement sprang up in her brain as she noted the promptness with which he accepted.

He sat beside Mary at the dinner table. She was wearing a gown of pearly gray, simple and not quite fashionable. He noticed how beautifully rounded her arms were, how supple her fingers, the delicate pink of her ear, with the yellow hair waving abundantly above it; how her deep blue eyes lighted up when she laughed and the tiny dimple came at the corner of her mouth. The modeling of her chin occupied him. He was glad she could talk sensibly.

Before the evening was over he arranged a foursome at golf for the following Sunday afternoon—arranged it with an effect of banter, at which sagacious Mrs. Wilder secretly smiled. At golf he could see how supple and

graceful Mary was. She played about as badly as he did, which was about as badly as the game can be played. If he had followed his inclination he would have tossed the ball into the air and batted at it with the first club that came handy.

When he questioned her she told him unreservedly about herself—even, with a sedate candor, all about the art. That was a strong part of the lure. He questioning and she answering, her blue eyes looking frankly into his brown ones, he subtly felt the sweet, unfearing openness of a child. He had a prescience, disturbing to his pulses, that if she gave herself it would be without reserve, with childlike completeness—taking herself all up, so to speak, and laying herself wholly in his arms with a dreaming little smile.

Her conversation was bright and sensible, but by no means brilliant. Her talent for art was really small. She was doing that as the most available means of self-support. Mrs. Martindale would have found nothing extraordinary in her mental equipment. There was her personal loveliness—the gracious lines of her body; the delicate texture of her skin; her coloring; her shiny hair; a soft, fresh blooming; a bodily atmosphere like a flowery perfume. Then the subtler traits, warm as the downy breast of a bird, instinct with sweetness, pervaded by fluttering hints of tenderness—all to be given wholly.

And John was at that age where one hears his youth saying adieu—first poignantly feels it to be slipping by and longs to snatch it back. It might have been another woman—a woman that common judgment would have deemed more his sort. But, in fact, it was Mary Wade with whom he fell headlong in love.

Whatever John Turner did must be of some importance to Sarum. He had never before exhibited a particular interest in any woman—unless it might be Mrs. Martindale, who obviously didn't count in that way. Naturally this exhibition of interest was buzzed about. The general attitude was one of benevolent expectation. For the most part, Sarum society, hearing the gossip, stood by benignantly smiling, with an air of saying:

"So this is what you want, is it, big man? Well, take her then, and God bless you!"

But the taking did not happen. Mary Wade was afraid of him—afraid of what the futu _ with him might be. There was excitement in being courted by John Turner; fascination, even. In Sarum that was a good deal like being courted by the crown prince. She believed what men said about his having made the town. Fairly as though it were the crown prince, she felt a large, indefinite obligation of an almost public sort. If she was what he asked for, it seemed a kind of duty to marry him. Yet there was the indefinite, instinctive fear, which she couldn't get over.

One bleak Sunday afternoon in March, five months after the Harvest Dance, John dropped in at Mrs. Martindale's. Smiley was there, but Mr. Martindale had toddled down to the club. John was restless and moody—conditions that had been most unusual with him until lately. Twice he got up and walked aimlessly round the room, without keeping up even a decent pretense of paying attention to the conversation. He threw himself down in a chair, staring at the live coals in the grate, and thrust his thumbs into his vest pockets. He even looked careworn and out of condition. Mrs. Martindale laughed.

"One would think you'd just had a receiver appointed," she remarked.

"I'm mad about that girl!" John blurted out, looking her in the face. "What's the use of pretending about it? I've gone insane over her. Guess everybody knows it by this time. I don't give a damn if they do!"

At times he favored Mrs. Martindale with the same candor in conversation that he used in the office. His dark eyes, under heavy lids, were hard on her face, and he spoke in a terse, compact way, which showed that he was moved. When he looked and spoke that way at the plant argument stopped, and whoever he was addressing went at once and did what he said. As for Smiley's presence, John really cared no more for that than for a dog's.

"I'd give the world for her!" he went on. "I'll get the world and give it to her if she'll have it—and me." He made that statement quite as though he were proposing to get her a red automobile if she would have one. "She haunts me. I can't get her out of my thoughts. I'm not fit for business any more."

He paused a moment, and Mrs. Martindale noted, not without a touch of awe, that tears came into his eyes and his voice shook as he added:

"She's made a beggar of me. She's made me a starved dog at the kitchen door, whining for a bone."

He drew his hand across his eyes and gave a short laugh, which came harder than the tears. It was pathetic—but in its way a colossal exhibition of egotism too.

"And I don't even blame her for it any more. I can't. Lord knows I try to; but I can't. She's too sweet. When I try to drive her out her littlest smile comes up in my mind and I have to let her stay—just as she is, driving me mad and giving me nothing at all but a smile. I'm afraid of her too. I don't dare try to take her hand, for fear she wouldn't see me again. Look at this!"

He thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, drew out a little gray glove and spread it across his palm, his somber eyes fixed hungrily on it.

"I stole it from her six weeks ago! I—John Turner!"

He laughed in a kind of groan, as he had done before; then abruptly thrust the glove back in his pocket and shut his lips. So the outburst of his love and egotism ended as suddenly as it had begun. He said something else in a quieter vein and got up.

"Well, I guess I've made fool enough of myself for one afternoon," he commented grimly, thrust himself into his overcoat, and strode out without bothering to say adieu.

After he was gone Mrs. Martindale contemplated the door a moment thoughtfully; then as thoughtfully contemplated Smiley, who was regarding her quizzically.

"A doll!" she said with a bitterness that seldom appeared in her speech. "A yellow-headed fool! She's making a fool of him and letting everybody see it. I suppose her game is to hold off until he bids high enough; but I doubt whether she's sense enough even for that. She ought to marry a hodcarrier!"

For some time Mrs. Martindale's mind had been all gall toward the subject of her remarks. Partly it was the humiliation of seeing her own superior handiwork wrecked by so slight a thing as she esteemed Mary Wade to be. She had employed her own high abilities without stint to get a certain leverage on the chief force in the community. Along came a graceful shape, with blue eyes and yellow hair, and by no effort at all—by a mere simper and casting down of the eyes—rendered the superior workman's labors naught. She knew well enough that a strand of Mary Wade's shiny hair outweighed her whole being with John Turner. That was cause enough for disgust. Partly, however, it was a rather higher motive.

"She'll marry him in the end and make a stodgy house dog of him!" Mrs. Martindale added in her bitter tone, voicing this higher motive.

The motion of the big force subdued to mere uxorious humdrum was intolerable to the artist in her. At Washington and elsewhere Mrs. Martindale had skillfully assisted a good many men without the least selfish motive. She liked to see a man do the best he was capable of and she entertained a great idea of John Turner's capabilities. He was incomparably the most promising material she had ever wrought upon.

"Probably he'll get over it," Smiley consoled. "The fit is too violent to last. He's really gone nutty about her."

He laughed. The reason it secretly fattened him to see John Turner's heart wrung was quite simple. His own heart was lemon yellow with disappointment. Luck had taken his life and broken it in two, and trampled the pieces in the mud. Ten years, when life should be flowering, he had been in the penitentiary. Then for two years he had been a tramp. It was not only his leg that was crippled. He was crippled all through.

Meantime Fortune had made John Turner her darling, handing him all his desires. If now she tipped the scale the other way for him, that could hardly fail to satisfy Smiley's sense of justice. While he sat in the anteroom as a sort of superior valet, in a position something like a modern projection of the old court jester, and John Turner sat within, in his place of wealth and power, there was satisfaction in knowing that John was eating out his heart for a prize beyond his reach. So Smiley laughed and repeated:

"Just nutty about her! It's so bad with him that he's got a bug in his head about an old affair. There's an article of baggage in Chicago that used to ride once in a while on his ticket. Seems she's got half a dozen letters from him and won't give them up. I suppose the baggage is a bit cracked about him—thinks he may come back to her. She talks sentimentally about the letters. Formerly he would have laughed at it. But now he's got a maggot in his head; thinks the baggage may spring the letters and queer him with the Wade family. He's set me to get the letters back if I can. That shows how his mind works nowadays."

Mrs. Martindale pondered this information. It appeared to make a greater impression upon her than Smiley had expected. Presently she said:

"You know her, then—the baggage?"

She said it a little under her breath, and the dark, intelligent eyes in her homely face had a look that struck Smiley as significant.

"Oh, in a way," he replied. "I used to see her once in a while—three or four times in all, I suppose. Of course it's a thing to handle delicately. Otherwise it might spill."

"Let me know whatever you're doing about it, Wade," said Mrs. Martindale with her significant look. She was the only person who called him Wade. For the others he was Waggoner—or, for John Turner and Walter Hayes, just Smiley, as of old. "There might be something in it, you know," the lady added quite thoughtfully.

John Turner's trepidacious siege of Mary Wade continued. He did all he knew to surround her with the offer of himself. He made her see his kingdom and that she had but to take it. There was really a penetrating appeal in the humility of such a man. Most of all, there was the sense of an undefined obligation.

If the man who had made Sarum insisted upon it, it fairly seemed she ought to marry him.

They were on the veranda of the Country Club one evening early in May, an evening full of spring. The broad billowy descent to the river, fringed with woods that were in new leaf, was lovely enough under a high moon. In a manner he had made it, as he had made the clubhouse. Beyond the river, lights of the town glittered in long rows, like strung pearls—in a manner his town. Then, over at the right, just beyond where the river bent from the town, was the wide flat on which the plant of the motor company stood.

It was after ten o'clock now, but the plant was all lighted; row after row of shining casements glittered in the great squares of massive shops. They could catch at one point the blood-red glow of the forges. It was all alight and aseethe with monstrous energy; glowing, rumbling, clanking, grinding through the night—to do his work.

He stood against the veranda railing, a good three feet away from her, his hat in his hand, his head a little bent toward her.

"What can I do, Mary?" he said, just a bit huskily and in a voice not perfectly steady. "Tell me anything at all I can do that will please you. I'm so terribly in love with you that nothing else matters at all. Just to please you is the only job I've got. I promised not to talk about it, and I won't—only if there's something that displeases you and I don't know, or something that would please you and I don't know—that thought torments me."

She looked white to him as her eyes turned to his face and down again.

"You do too much," she said, low. "I'm not at all worth it. No one could do more than you're doing. I'm not worth it."

It was a sort of yielding; the nearest she had yet come to yielding. His eyes suddenly shone.

On This October Evening There Was a Harvest Dance at the Country Club

"But let me judge of that. Will you?" he asked eagerly, and stepped nearer.

At that she drew away a little and murmured quickly: "Please—not now!"

His pulses leaped riotously. He held himself the small distance from her, his eyes glowing at her.

"Mary!" he said in a kind of half-whispered and half-subdued explosion. "Well, I've got to go to New York to-morrow for a fortnight. For a fortnight! Then I'll be back." He hesitated a moment, not quite daring to press a question home, and repeated: "Then I'll be back."

"Let it be that way," she replied, her eyes on the railing. "I think I'll go home now."

Her father was still reading, as usual, when Mrs. Wilder's electric set Mary down before the modest nine-rooms-and-a-bath house which the Wades occupied on a lease. The absent-minded, bookish man, with a beard that needed trimming and ashes from his pipe on the front of his coat, looked up, beaming, when she came into the living room; asked a pointless question or two about how she had enjoyed the evening. When she kissed him he patted her hand.

Two minutes later he was serenely reading again. Books were his vice. But somehow, a little later on, the consciousness that she was still in the room instead of having gone to bed, though it was after eleven, obtruded upon him. His wife, whose head ached if she sat up long, almost always retired soon after nine; while midnight was his customary hour.

Aware that Mary was lingering, he put his finger between the pages of the book to hold the place and looked at her, smiling. Then he saw that from her place on the lounge she was regarding him with solemn eyes and was pale. He said nothing at all to her—just smiled, with his finger between the pages of the book.

She came over, dropped on her knees beside his chair, brushed her cheek against the hand that lay on the chair-arm; lightly kissed the hand; looked up into his face, leaning tight against his arm.

"I don't know, father," she whispered; "but maybe—maybe I shall marry John Turner."

Her heart still feared—yet John was so humble, and that sense of a kind of duty drew her.

It was, of course, a momentous statement. Mr. Wade realized quite how momentous. So he let the book slide down into the side of the chair and, with the hand thus freed, reached round and patted her cheek.

"Well, dear, you will know best," he said.

That was all. It was all she expected or desired, for she found it the expression of a perfect love that was like a mountain lake, deep, inexhaustible, perfectly still. She couldn't imagine him saying much that he really felt—a pat, a smile, a nod, was all. If the time came to tell her mother there would be a two-hours' conversation at least.

So John Turner went off to New York with a heart exalted by its dearest hope. Amid multifarious engagements, he counted the days.

He had counted off five of them when the postman brought Miss Mary Wade, at the undistinguished square frame house, a registered package from Chicago. It contained five letters in John Turner's handwriting and a long communication in a woman's hand, which began by saying the writer understood Miss Wade might become engaged to Mr. Turner. The letter reeked with cheap melodrama. It was partly a lie; yet the inclosed letters from John were indubitable proof of its being partly true.

As to how much of a lie it might be, Mary did not care. Nor were her emotions in the least harrowed by what the writer considered her tragic state. Mary was not a prude. Her mother would have been scandalized to know some of the opinions to which a naturally liberal mind, assisted by reading, had brought her. The thing this letter connoted was cheap, dirty. She even had an odd kind of pity for John for having been involved in it; but in her mind it dethroned him. It completely freed her from that indefinite sense of duty to marry him if he persisted in wishing it.

When John returned to Sarum he learned that Miss Wade had gone East somewhere, to be away all summer; but nobody knew her address. Trying two or three other expedients without success, he called at the office of the electric-light consolidation—to see Mr. Wilder. He knew Mr. Wade's little office was only two doors down the hall from the president's and stepped in there, with a genial, casual air. The stout, mild, berumpled man at the desk looked up at him and answered that he hadn't Mary's address, and she had asked not to have any letters forwarded.

John went out with a sword thrust through his breast, feeling that this was definitely his answer. Meantime Mrs. Martindale was in very good spirits; and Smiley, being alone in the anteroom, turned his back upon it and laughed out of the window.

"What Can I Do, Mary? I'm So Terribly in Love With You That Nothing Else Matters at All"

VI

WHEN Mary Wade had been away three months she wrote to John, as gently as she knew how, without leaving any room for misunderstanding, that it was final. Even then she did not give him an address.

She came back to Sarum late in October and as much as possible avoided going where she might meet him. Of course they did meet now and then, when he would merely bow or say "Good evening," doing his best to carry it off with a steady countenance. He rather suspected the gossips said she had refused him, and that galled his pride; but the trouble was really deeper than that.

He had got a big, rankling hurt; that passion, coming belatedly—when he was near forty—absorbed all the force of a fully developed character whose force had been intensified by circumstances. To the day of his death he desired her and felt the sting and ache of not having her.

The men who were closest to him at the plant felt a difference in him. He was more peremptory, his temper was shorter, and there was a new recklessness in him. He threw himself into the business with more ruthless energy than ever, almost as though he had a sort of spite against it and could never drive it hard enough to suit him. He might well have been described as a plunger before; but now he outdid himself in daring expansions. It seemed as though he were perversely bound to press his luck to the limit; to throw challenge after challenge to Fortune.

Along during that fall and early winter, after Mary came back, he was always running down to New York; and there was a nervous feeling in the inner circle that he was preparing another leap. It came out the day before Thanksgiving. John got in from New York on the forenoon train and drove direct to his office. This was the new, sumptuous office, which he had taken possession of only three weeks before.

Then he sent downstairs for Walter Hayes. He was at his desk, with an open traveling bag beside him, when Walter came in. Some sheets of typewritten paper, which apparently he had just taken out of the bag, lay on the desk.

Walter Hayes came in briskly, smiling with the real pleasure he always felt at seeing John again.

"Hello, John!" he said.

"Hello, Walter!" John replied without looking up, and he spent a moment more in examining the typewritten sheets, while Walter took the chair at the other side of the desk.

Then John looked Walter calmly in the eye and announced:

"I'm going to buy the Luxfer, the Star, the Ajax, the Pendleton, the Blaine and the Snyder."

They were the names of six automobile concerns, located in four cities of the East and the Middle West.

Walter laughed and observed:

"A good big order—for just before Thanksgiving!"

"This is a good big business and a big day for it," John replied without smiling. "The man who's got nerve enough to go in now on a big scale—and the money and business ability to back his nerve—can pretty near sweep the board. I propose to make every sort of automobile that a rational man may want, and then go out and fight the field to see who gets the business." He said it grimly enough and his eyes looked anything but jocular. "Here's the dope on it," he added, and pushed the typewritten sheets across the table. "That top sheet gives you the gist of it," he explained with a suggestion of impatience at the few minutes required to look over all the sheets.

Walter picked up the top sheet and got a big shock as his quick eye took in the sums opposite the names of the concerns.

"Lord, John, those are stiff prices!" he commented, unable to conceal his shock.

John looked at him, frowning slightly, without a word of reply. He was impatient of criticism nowadays.

Walter glanced over the other sheets with a long face and a heavy heart. The scheme contemplated, in effect, that the Sarum Company should buy the other concerns at enormous prices. Evidently John hadn't hesitated anywhere over a few million dollars, more or less.

The Wall Street house of Blank & Company was to act as banker in the transaction. Walter could see at once why Blank & Company should be heartily in favor of the plan, because there was to be an underwriting rake-off of five million dollars for themselves and their friends, with no risk to speak of on their part.

The Sarum Motor Company was a sufficient margin to save them from loss in any event. It looked as though John was tossing that company on the green table as a stake in a reckless gamble.

"The prices are too high, John," Walter protested reluctantly with a wrinkle in his forehead. "These plants are scattered all over the country. We couldn't get the advantage of consolidating the manufacture under one roof. You know what lame ducks the Luxfer and the Pendleton are. Wouldn't Sarum be just diluted in a sea of dishwater? I don't see the advantage."

He made his objections loathly, hating to oppose John.

"The advantage," John replied with a smolder of impatient heat, "would be a line of cars covering the whole field, from the man who wants the finest limousine down to the fellow who wants a little Ajax roadster. This automobile business is all haphazard now. Mostly it just happened. It's time for somebody who can do the job to Standard Oil it. I don't know that my judgment is so rotten. If it is we're in bad, for I've accepted the scheme."

There it was! John considered the thing as good as done because he had said so. Well, Walter Hayes argued the case with him—mildly, even deprecatingly; by suggestion rather than by flat statement. But the argument merely annoyed John. He had made up his imperious mind.

(Continued on Page 93)

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB IN OUR TOWN—By William H. Hamby

A TRAVELER notices in almost every town through which he passes, down a rusty railroad switch halfway between Hicks' livery barn and Hogwalla Pond, a large square brick structure, with broken windows and icicles on the smokestack, bearing some such sign as:

JUNCTION CITY'S UNIVERSAL POTATO-PEELER FACTORY

Now each of these red-brick structures represents a vanished bonus of from twenty-five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars; and they are forever grinningly telling the passer-by how, one time, the citizens of Junction City, led by the Commercial Club, came out down that track and held the bag while a limber-tongued gentleman of the modern school went down the road to drive in the snipes.

All lost bonuses are not the fault of the Commercial Club. The Commercial Club is not to blame for everything. Some of them are not to blame for anything. They are merely an aggregation of fat men who build good roads in the Palace Hotel at a dollar a plate.

The Smaller the Town, the More Numerous the Cliques, the Bigger the Prejudices

These lost public bonuses and the reams of worthless stock certificates in old leather trunks would not have been possible, even with the misdirected enthusiasm of the Commercial Club, were it not for an almost universal town mania for factories.

The supply always equals the demand—but it does not nearly always satisfy it. If there is a demand in a town for somebody to come and take its money, that demand will be supplied—oversupplied; but the supply merely leaves an increased sense of hollowness at the pit of the stomach, and a dyspeptic bickering.

"What this town needs is a factory!" One hears that over and over in almost every town in America. It is so deeply rooted that to try to pull it up brands one as a worse vandal than to tramp down the flowers in a blind man's garden. And—alack!—there is all too seldom one citizen inquisitive enough and brave enough to ask: "Why?"—and then figure it out to its conclusion.

The new Commercial Club—organized "to get the citizens to pull together to make Blickerville the largest—as it is now the best—town in the Northwest"—prodded, pushed, harried into "doing something"—goes after a factory—and gets it.

The Man With a Hankering Eye

A TOWN is like a small boy. Its biggest wish is to be bigger. Just why it wants to be bigger it seldom asks and never answers. It is easy to understand why a citizen with vacant lots to sell is anxious for an influx of population. But there is seldom more than a third of the population engaged in the real-estate business; so why the town at large is so anxious for more people is not so plain. The merchants want more customers; that inevitably means more stores. The workingman wants more building, more work; but that also attracts more laborers. The one most apparent reason for wanting Blickerville to grow rapidly in size is that it may keep ahead of Pleasant Valley, on the east, and Smithville, on the west.

But, whatever the reason, or whether there is one or not, Blickerville, nevertheless, does want to grow—wants more people.

A man with a hankering eye and no job drops into town and interviews the Commercial Club.

"What you people need," says this peripatetic stranger, squinting his right eye to a keen point of shrewdness, "is a factory—something to give employment and bring in new people."

The Commercial Club confesses that is what it wants—what everybody wants. The stranger rubs his jaw reflectively, shakes his head—and smiles sadly:

"The trouble with most towns is, they haven't got the push! They are afraid to let go a dollar. They think they want a factory; but they don't. They are not willing to get behind and push."

The Commercial Club confesses that Blickerville was that sort until it was organized. But now a new day dawns. The town is pulling together. They are going to have a good-roads meeting Wednesday night; and they have already hired two men to put markers on the telephone poles ten miles out of town.

The stranger confesses that he has a factory—all ready to build. He had about made up his mind to locate in Pleasant Valley. They have abundant water power there and good timber, and a lot of push. But some good friend of Blickerville had urged him to come and look the town over and see if it does not look like a going concern. Well, it does. The town looks good.

"And you've got everything here to make a fine town. All you lack is to pull together—and get a factory."

They take the factory man out in a machine and show him sites and great deposits of clay. His factory is for the manufacture of clay pipes.

He likes it. All he asks the town to do is to give him a forty-acre site and erect a building. Of course the citizens individually will be allowed to buy stock in their own home enterprise. But they will be eager to do this for the fat dividends that are waddling down the path of the future toward their pockets.

"You see, the clay business is practically unfailable. There is a big market—and it never slumps. Prohibition may spoil the beer business; the war smash cotton industries; the change of fashions ruin silk manufacturers; but clay pipes go on forever, and the profit—if the factory is well managed—is enormous!"

If the clay-pipe man half believes in himself—and he often believes fully, for he is the type of man who eternally believes in the next thing he is going to do—the Commercial Club members are convinced. They call a mass meeting. The assembly listens to four speeches on the new glory of Blickerville and cheers loudly the prophecies of street cars and seven-story office buildings. After which they subscribe ten thousand in cash and appoint a committee to go out and solicit fifteen thousand more to erect a suitable building for the Blickerville Clay-Pipe Factory. It is promised that thirty men will be employed at the very start—and heaven knows how many in the end! By dint of much persuasion and tremendous pressure the bucking members of the community are roped in for twenty-five, fifteen, ten, five dollars each.

In the meantime the new citizen, Blickerville's great benefactor, moves to town and begins superintending the building at a very modest salary—say, two hundred dollars a month, which is only three times what he ever earned before he went to building factories.

At odd times—and most of his time is odd—he "works up enthusiasm"—and sells stock to citizens at par.

"What This Town Needs Is a Factory"

Sometimes the factory starts. More often it quits before the first fire is built. But six months is a long life for one—and the last three months of that is expiring agony in the way of drummed-up additional subscriptions.

The man with the hankering eye, the town's great benefactor, the promoter, does not steal the money. He only gets a salary and a few free trips and several free feeds out of it. The money is merely wasted. Either the clay won't make pipes or the market for pipes is glutted or beared; or something goes wrong with the machinery. Anyway, the promoter, manager and salaried booster for the town goes off to see about something, and never gets back.

Ambition is a great thing if it is intelligent and not overleaping. It is a healthy spirit for a town to want to grow, to be better, to have more business, more employment, and for values to increase. There are many legitimate enterprises that help the town in which they locate. There are a score of things the Commercial Club can bring to a town that not only add value to real estate, but to real living as well. But it is the irony of too much greed for population that it usually gets—free—the kind it does not need; and pays for the kind it does not get.

Some of the enterprises towns have brought with bonuses are laughable:

One day a fellow came to a town of six thousand inhabitants, in Iowa, with a wonderful new invention, which he explained to the Commercial Club.

Dangers of Things That Sound Reasonable

"YOU, gentlemen, have noticed that in pumps and in metal troughs—in fact, wherever water stands—there is rust and deposit. Now that is the mineral in the water. That is what makes water impure. To purify water is one of the simplest things in the world—only, no one has ever thought of it before. I have invented a machine that works on exactly the same principle as a cream separator. You know, a separator, by very rapid rotation, throws off the milk because it is heavier than the cream. Now mineral is heavier than water—and my machine, by rapid motion, throws out the mineral and purifies the water."

That town actually put up a fifty-thousand-dollar bonus to get the factory to manufacture that water purifier!

If the secretary of the Commercial Club, or any member, had taken the trouble to write a letter of inquiry to the chemist of their state university, the town would have been saved that fifty thousand dollars. Only a little investigation would have exploded so wild a theory as that. But it sounded reasonable, and the man was convincing—and was willing to go into it himself!

A thing that sounds reasonable is as dangerous as a bomb with a short fuse. A man with the gift of tongues can start from twenty different standpoints and reach the same convincing conclusion. And the conclusion is wrong each time, because he started from the wrong place.

It is not enough that you see nothing wrong with it. There are a thousand things there is nothing wrong with that are not useful. Every attic is cluttered with perfectly reasonable household devices. Many of them would actually do the work for which they were sold, but in use were too clumsy, too easily out of repair, too hard to keep clean, or any one of a dozen things that made it more trouble to do the work with them than without.

A town in Nebraska put up twenty-five thousand dollars to get a factory which was to manufacture a hay loader that was to be attached to the wagon into which it was to load the hay. It was a good idea; the model was most convincing. The farmers said there would be demand for it.

The factory was built on town land and with the town's money. The first loader was manufactured—and then taken out to the field to be put to work. It turned the wagon over every time it lifted a forkful of hay!

A Commercial Club is not to be blamed because its members are not chemists and expert mathematicians. But certainly a proposition that involves a heavy expenditure by the town should be submitted to experts.

Towns, like individuals, do not ask for information often, because they do not know where to ask. There is a peculiar streak in human beings—perhaps it is mental inertia—which makes them prefer to take an easy risk rather than a painstaking safety.

Every year there are at least ten thousand people in the United States who lose their homes because it is a little trouble to take their deeds to the recorder's office. Many thousands lose their farms, their houses, their business, because they do not want to pay for having a title properly examined.

Now towns are like individuals. They entertain many a risky proposition because they do not know where to go for competent advice. To look up experts, and agree on who are experts, and to pay the necessary fees, would cause them some bother. And, "Oh, well—this must be all right!"—and they go into it.

Every state ought to maintain a bureau to furnish free information and advice to its municipalities. This bureau should consist of a secretary—an active, alert, well-balanced man—and a board of expert advisers. The members of this board should be men of standing in their various lines, and should give such time as the work required. Most of the information could be furnished by the secretary. Difficult problems should be sent to the members especially qualified for them, and a meeting of the board monthly would give a joint decision on important questions. On the board should be a merchant, a banker, a real-estate dealer, a chemist, a lawyer, an architect, a manufacturer, and so on.

A town, through its officers, the Commercial Club or its newspapers, or any other organization, could go to it for information and advice on any subject relative to the town's welfare.

The bureau would have no authority whatever—merely answer questions and offer advice, like the information bureau at the Union Station, as to when to start and where to get off.

If There Is a Demand in a Town for Somebody to Come and Take Its Money, That Demand Will be Supplied

Here is the way the board would work:

A man with blue eyes and a black tie walks into the office of the secretary of the Commercial Club, offers him a cigar, and asks him a lot of questions.

"I'm thinking of locating a factory here—if I get the right sort of encouragement," says the blue-eyed man, rolling one of the secretary's letterheads round his forefinger.

The Promoter's Catechism

"FINE!" the secretary says enthusiastically. "We need a factory—we want one. We'll encourage you to the limit. What have you?"

The secretary calls his stenographer.

"Take down this gentleman's proposition," he tells her. "Now"—he turns to the promoter:

1. What is your factory? What does it make? How does it work? Give the details.

He also gets cuts, models or drawings of the machinery, and whatever samples the promoter has of his proposed manufactured product.

2. What particular advantage, outside of a bonus, does this town offer for your factory?
3. How much capital have you of your own to put in? How much have your friends? References?
4. What is it you want the town to do?
5. Do you plan to sell our citizens stock? If so, on what basis?

The secretary makes three copies of the promoter's statement—has him sign each—one copy for his files; one to lay before the Commercial Club; the third he mails at once to the secretary of the State Municipal Bureau.

If the thing to be manufactured is a new invention the secretary of the bureau sends models or a description to his expert machinist and asks his opinion. He also sends copies of the whole proposition to all members of the board and asks:

"Would you advise Smithville to take up this proposition? Why?"

Meantime he investigates the promoter's references and gathers all the information in regard to the material market and profits of that sort of industry. All this information, together with the opinions of the various members of the board, he sends to the Commercial Club, with a definite conclusion:

"From this information, we advise you not to go into this proposition." Or: "We think this sounds hopeful. Be cautious; but it is worth considering."

This bureau should not only be open to the Commercial Club, but, in case a proposition was up before the town, any citizen might write and ask advice—and be free to use that advice in opposing or championing the cause.

A bureau of this sort, merely by pointing out the defects of the most preposterous propositions, would save the towns of its state enough in one year to pay its own expenses for twenty.

For instance, it would have saved Marlin a hundred thousand dollars.

Marlin is a town of five thousand inhabitants in a rich Central-West state. It was envious of Chillioville, a larger town fifty miles up the road, because that town had made a success of a tile factory.

Envy is a favorite seedbed for promoters. From it they seldom fail to reap a rich harvest. There came to Marlin a large blond man, with a laugh that made failure and small subscriptions seem a disgrace.

There were clay and shale at the edge of town. The town should have a tile plant that would make Chillioville's look like hand-painted china kilns.

The promoter did not ask for a bonus. It was stock he wanted to sell. The town must take a hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stock to help finance it—and insure local coöperation.

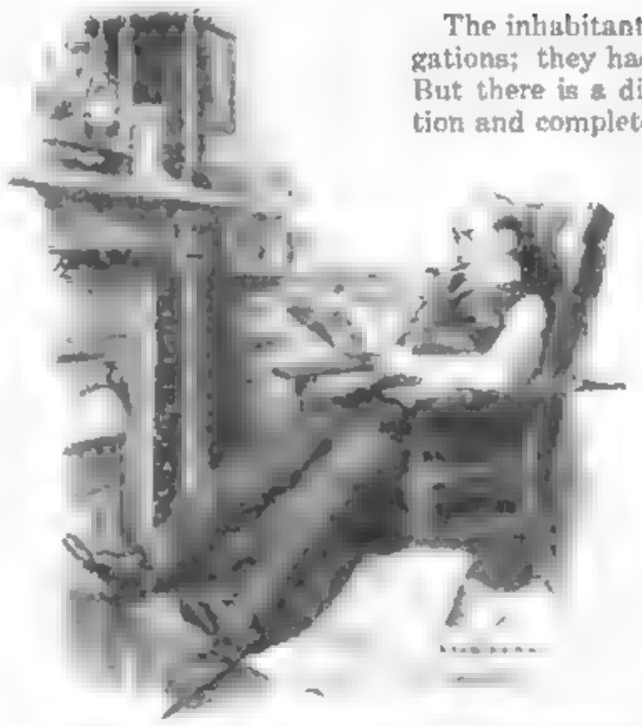
It was a hard job to raise one hundred thousand dollars in a town of five thousand people. But they had a Commercial Club that never slept but to dream of smokestacks, and awoke to solicit. Uncle Jimmy Bean, who had sold his farm for eight thousand dollars, and found that, at six per cent, he could not quite live on the interest, was prevailed upon to take six thousand in stock—which would yield him at least fifteen per cent. Uncle Jimmy was not experienced in finance, and knew it. Hence, he risked his living on the judgment of the president of the Third State Bank, and the owner of the Bently Block, and a dozen other supposedly shrewd financiers. These were the successful men of the community, and they surely would not take stock unless they knew it was "all right"! Outside of "reasonable," "all right" is guilty of more sins than any other expression in the language.

Tom Crone, a carpenter and contractor, who had managed to save four or five hundred a year in spite of four or five mouths to fill with high-priced food, was enthused. Tom had a sandy mustache and a disposition that responded to flattery. The Commercial Club made Tom feel that his coöperation was of much importance. He went in for seven hundred, and after attending two stockholders' meetings he mortgaged his home and took out two thousand more.

By eternal persistence and a commendable amount of concerted pulling the Commercial Club met the blond promoter at a banquet at the City Hotel and proudly announced that the city of Marlin had done its duty. They had come through with the hundred-thousand-dollar subscription for stock.

The blond promoter was elected president and general manager. Work was to start at once. An experienced clay, brick and tile man was employed as superintendent. As his salary—and it was an interesting one—depended upon his doing what he was told rather than telling what he was doing, he followed the president's directions and laid out the kilns and mixing plant on a large scale.

Marlin had more reasons to expect success from its dearly bought enterprise than most towns that invest in something to make them grow.



Tom Had a Sandy Mustache and a Disposition That Responded to Flattery

The inhabitants had been more careful in their investigations; they had, in fact, made extensive investigations. But there is a difference between "extensive" investigation and complete investigation. Complete investigation means going round the entire circle; extensive investigation means half or two-thirds or four-fifths of it.

In the first place, they had investigated their promoter. He stood the test. He had a good reputation and had made a big success in the bicycle business. Moreover, he was putting in fifty thousand of his own money.

That a man is backing his faith by putting in his own money is some justification for a town to believe. But it is much stronger when he is putting in money he himself has made, as this man was. But, to be most convincing, he ought to be putting in money he has made in the same sort of enterprise that he proposes for the town. This man had not. He had made it in the bicycle business. Therefore, he perhaps knew no more of the tile business than the members of the Commercial Club. They had sent to big clay plants in Indiana, and other states, for detailed reports as to costs, prices and profits. These reports were favorable. A tile factory is a good money-maker. They had, moreover, looked into possible markets. They had a good field and sufficient transportation facilities. But the big, convincing argument was that the neighboring town of Chillioville had succeeded with a tile plant. Certainly Marlin could do likewise.

Why Marlin Went Broke

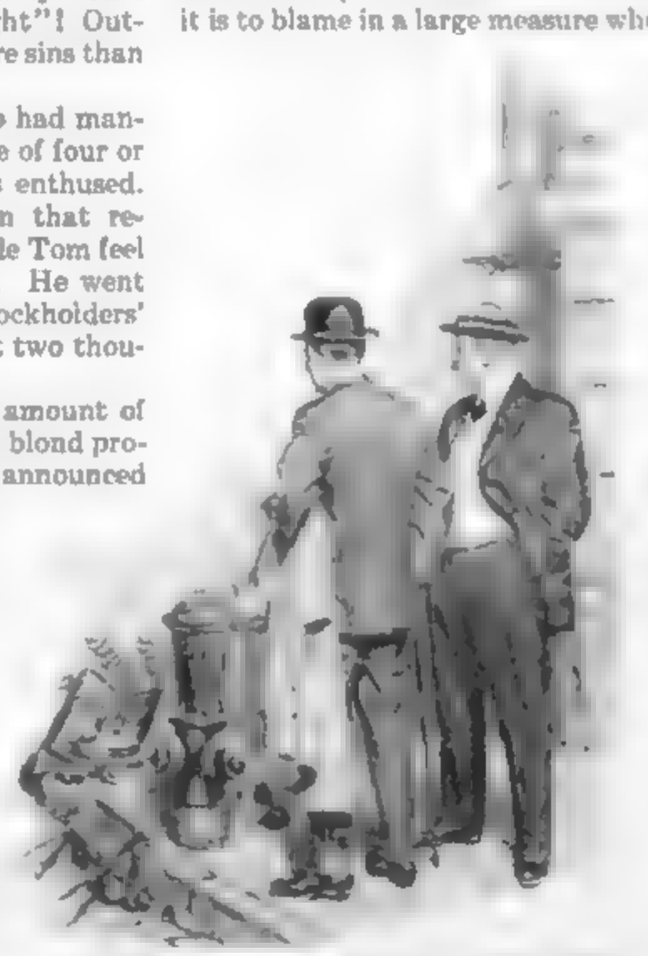
BUT Marlin did not. Its plant was in the hands of a receiver within eighteen months; and eventually every dollar of the hundred thousand put up by the town was lost.

Uncle Jimmy, instead of trying to live on the interest from his eight thousand, is now renting as much garden room as his rheumatism will allow. And Tom Crone and a dozen others have moved out of their homes—into rented houses. It hit the town hard. It pinched everywhere. A hundred thousand dollars is a good deal for a small town to lose.

What was the matter? A very simple little thing—a thing any unbiased, disinterested manufacturer of clay products could and would have told them in half an hour.

Like Chillioville, they had plenty of shale. But Chillioville had it in the shape of a little hill backed right up to the plant—solid shale, with no stripping to do; while Marlin had only nine feet of shale, and from it from five to fifteen feet of dirt had to be stripped. Now any clay man could have examined that ground and told them that, after their first few carloads of tile, stripping and getting the shale to the mixer would cost more than the profits would stand.

Of course the citizens of Marlin ought to have looked into this individually. And yet the Commercial Club is supposed to be organized for the best interests of the town, and usually has in its membership some of the most successful men in the community! It is an organization intended to push the welfare of the whole town; and hence it is to blame in a large measure when the town is bunkoed.



All He Asks the Town to Do Is to Give Him a Forty-Acre Site and Erect a Building

Whether the Commercial Club itself is actively backing a project or not, it owes it to the town not only to investigate extensively but to complete the circle of investigation and leave no loophole.

To begin with, every proposition that asks a bonus should be received with suspicion. There are legitimate, successful enterprises that have asked and received bonuses; but they are so much in the minority that, in general, towns would be financially ahead if they rejected all bonus propositions.

Men who have capital, and successful experience in

Continued on Page 109

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 7, 1917

The New Congress

IN ENGLAND and France war suppressed partisanship. The national legislatures organized on nonpartisan lines. This new Congress is almost evenly divided between the two major parties. Neither of them can command a secure majority. In the first session, at least, its exigent business will be national defense—a business in which partisanship is intolerable. Under similar conditions in England or France the immediate result would be a coalition ministry, embracing all major factions.

Leaders of the two big parties in the new Congress, and of the independents, should agree upon an unpartisan organization of both houses for the duration of the war. Such a step would enhance public confidence in Congress as nothing else could.

It is a test of patriotism; of responsibility. If the most influential men on both sides of the two houses are able to lay aside their habitual professional poses, and to give up the mere game of politics for this emergency, it will mean that they are able to put service to the nation above all personal considerations. A Congress that organized its best ability for national service, irrespective of party lines and all merely personal considerations, would at once become a vital organ of the nation equally with the President, fully sharing with him the management of national affairs. But a Congress that put party organization first, with the country really at war, would certainly remain decidedly inferior to him in initiative, in influence, and in usefulness to the country.

The situation gives Congress an unusual opportunity to prove its caliber.

That Foreign Trade

IN JANUARY, the last month of restricted submarine operations, our exports to the Allies were virtually double the figure of the corresponding month last year; and in January, 1916, we thought we were shipping the Allies an enormous lot of goods.

Last January's exports to the Allies amounted nearly to half a billion dollars and comprised over three-quarters of our total exports. For the seven months ending with January, exports to the Allies exceeded two and three-quarter billions, amounting to nearly four-fifths of total exports.

Uninformed and disingenuous persons spread an impression that this export trade to Europe is a matter that concerns hardly anybody except a few opulent steel and powder makers. As a matter of fact it embraces pretty much everything that is produced for sale in the United States. Probably there is hardly a staple article that is not affected by it in some degree. It included in seven months a billion dollars' worth of articles other than completed manufactures, which is as much as the total foreign trade of the United States for the whole year preceding the Spanish-American War. By this export trade farmers have profited as much as steel and powder makers.

Representing the present relations between Germany and the United States as a result of the machinations of munition makers is about the extremest exercise of disordered fancy that we have yet come across. Even on the sordid material side their stake is very much what everybody else's stake is. And there is the fact that all urgings toward a hostile attitude, from whatever quarter they came, were utterly ineffectual until Germany by deliberate choice created an intolerable condition.

Raising an Army

THE war has continued with incredible violence for thirty-two months. Only a blockhead would undertake to say how much longer it may continue or what surprises it may develop. Mexico bristles with possibilities of trouble for us. Insurrection simmers in Cuba. We have not troops enough, including the National Guard, to protect our interests in those two quarters if we should get a serious call to protect them. In the Philippines and elsewhere a vigilant and resourceful foe may find means of harassing us.

The campaign for a larger army was mostly conducted by militarists, who insisted upon fastening the continental system of conscription on this country as a permanent policy. To that the country would not agree, for it believed that the volunteer system, in peace and with leisure to work out its possibilities intelligently, would answer the country's permanent needs.

The result of that situation was the miserable and costly failure adopted by the Sixty-fourth Congress; so we are now left with a wholly inadequate army.

The first task of the Sixty-fifth Congress at its special session should be to raise an army adequate to present conditions. It should not be a volunteer army, on the Civil War plan. The Government should call upon young men of certain ages, unmarried and without dependents, who, in view of their physical qualifications, training and social obligations, are best suited to render this public service; and it should prepare to take them by draft, so far as that may be necessary.

The army measure should be founded upon the principle that in an emergency the nation may require military service from those who can serve most effectively and with least hardship. It should also keep in mind that when the emergency has passed and international law has supplanted international anarchy, the opposition to conscription as a permanent policy will be as determined as ever.

A Parcel-Post Public Library

THE idea is urged by a correspondent who describes himself as a laboring man—"one of the masses," he says; and intellectual people are always complaining that the masses read only light literature. But if one of the masses lives outside a city that has a good public-library service, light books are the only sort within his reach. In his country town of one thousand to three thousand inhabitants a drug store or notion shop will have a stock of paper-bound "shilling shockers," and a few of the most popular current novels in cheap editions. Those will be the only books offered for sale in the town. He might order from a publisher—if he happened by any odd chance to know what a publisher had to offer; but books other than fiction are usually the most expensive. A man with a small income and the inclination for serious reading could not afford to keep himself supplied with books by buying them. Our correspondent thinks there ought to be a league of public libraries to maintain a parcel-post circulation—and to let people outside of cities know that all the best books were obtainable in that way.

Large areas of the United States are hardly more acquainted with the fine arts than the interior of Brazil is. An intelligent man may live a lifetime in them—as millions of intelligent men and women actually do—without having a fine book, a good painting, any object that deserves the name of sculpture, great music or an excellent example of architecture ever brought to his notice. Those who are able travel; but millions of really intelligent Americans read very little and live within so narrow a margin that a hundred-mile journey is a great event.

So far as the intellectual life of the world is concerned, they are marooned.

Cathay, the Unchanging

AN EMPEROR of China addressed Queen Victoria as his vassal, graciously informing her that as a barbarian she did well to seek the light of civilization in the Celestial Empire, at the same time sharply reproving her presumptuous wish to station an ambassador at the Sacred Court of Peking, and modestly describing himself as Overlord of the Nations of the Earth. Half a century later the ablest woman, perhaps, who ever occupied an Asiatic throne thought China could defy the Powers of Europe; and in that last decade of the nineteenth century China seemed politically, economically and socially very much as it had been at the birth of Christ.

A few years later a French student of the East, traveling in the Southern provinces, found the literature of the American Revolution and the French Revolution on everybody's lips. Grave Confucians quoted Rousseau, and bands of silk-coated young men sang hymns in which the names of Napoleon and Washington were oddly joined. Directly afterward China had her revolution. Queues were cut off, voluntarily in the case of radicals, forcibly in the case of conservatives; and when the conservative was obdurate the head generally went with the queue.

What has happened in the half dozen years since then is obscure to Westerners. They know that a "constitutional" president sits in the Imperial City, with the Constitution largely in the wastebasket, and that Japan seems to be steadily extending its actual power over the country. What impends and is actually under way appears to be a drastic reorganization under Japanese control.

As to how deep it goes, the best evidence conflicts. There are competent observers who regard it as perhaps the most radical of recorded revolutions, changing and quickening the whole life of the nation. Others say it involves merely a change of dignitaries at Peking, and that when it is all done China will still be substantially what it was when Rome ruled the West.

But that it involves at least a decided increase in Japan's weight in the world, with a Far East pretty extensively organized under Japanese auspices and in Japanese interests, seems evident. When Europe emerges from the war Japan will probably be a nation whose subjects in the United States cannot be treated like Chinese.

Prepare This Way

THE last British war loan as far exceeded all previous financing in this war as this war's financing in general has exceeded that of previous wars. More than five billion dollars was tendered to the government, and there were more than five and a quarter million subscriptions of one pound and upward each. In addition there were over two million participants who contributed less than fifteen shillings each.

More than three million subscriptions came from holders of one-pound war-savings certificates, which the government sold at fifteen shillings and sixpence each, payable at face in five years.

Measured by results, no such thrift campaign was ever before conducted anywhere. The figures show that nearly everybody in the United Kingdom in receipt of an income of any sort had something saved up for the war loan.

The apparatus of this thrift campaign has been fully described, and is not copyrighted. Partly thrift was enforced, as by prohibiting importation of luxuries, curtailing the liquor traffic, and so on. But much more it was the result of voluntary efforts in response to eloquent and persistent appeals by the government and by volunteer societies.

Whatever a war may cost us, the United States, notoriously the most free-spending of big nations, could offset a great part of the cost by a thoroughgoing practice of economy for the duration of the war. And the experience would be an asset of considerable value after the war.

Start an economy campaign of your own to-day.

A Fiscal Policy

WE SHOULD expect that war would cost the United States at least as much as the Civil War did. Any more comforting expectation would be foolish in view of what we know of this war. Any policy, military or fiscal, founded upon a hope that Germany will be beaten in a few months or that our operations will go no further than mounting a couple of guns on each American merchantman is bad policy; for its foundation is insecure. Horse sense requires us to see how deeply this conflict has, so far, involved every participant, and to plan accordingly.

The direct money cost of the Civil War to the Northern States consisted roughly of a billion dollars increase in taxation and two billion and a half net increase in public debt. If that looks large, in view of what has so far developed, here is one suggestive item:

The net public debt of the United States last July was one billion dollars. The last Congress authorized additions to that debt amounting to more than three-quarters of a billion. If it had adopted the "armed neutrality" bill its authorizations would have contemplated nearly a doubling of the national debt—or an addition equal to nearly forty per cent of the net addition created by the Civil War. And it ordered increases in taxation that foot up about three hundred million dollars a year.

All this, while we were still nominally at peace, indicates how the money goes in modern war. The Government's fiscal plans should look to billions.

Treasury obligations authorized by the last Congress were of various sorts, all bearing three per cent interest and only one issue specifically convertible into a future issue that might bear a higher rate. This, of course, is temporary, haphazard financing.

The new Congress will do well to settle upon a broad fiscal policy. To insure the best market for government bonds it should provide that any present issue be convertible into any future issue. It should plan for a big war. Then, if our hopes come true we shall be disappointed on the right side.

THE CHINESE PARLIAMENT

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE are six clocks on the walls of the room in which the Chinese Senate conducts its deliberations in Peking; and on the afternoon of January seventeenth each clock told a different time. One was at a quarter to four; another at ten minutes past six; a third, at twelve, exactly; and the other three ticked sturdily along, each registering its individual conception of what the hour of the day was.

I was unable to discover whether this was exalted symbolism or intense practicality. It might have been the Chinese manner of indicating that the Chinese Senate is always on the job—"Ever devoted to duty and righteousness," as the Chinese would put it; or it might be a device that would enable any member desiring to get away to discover by the clock suited to his needs that the hour of his imperative engagement was at hand. Anyhow, it must keep the official Senate clock winder busy thus intelligently to indicate such a variety of time; for the clocks are in groups of twos—a round one above a long one on the gallery walls on each side, and a round one and a long one on the wall back of the presiding officer. One would suppose that when the clock winder wound his round one he would have a look at the long one beneath, and that the two would tick in unison; but that wouldn't be Chinese. "*Cha pa du*," they say—"Just about"; and twice a day, of course, each clock is right, according to its dial—"*Cha pa du*." Good enough!

That is the Western view of it. I have no doubt the symbolic interpretation is the correct one—"Ever devoted to duty and righteousness"; albeit that theory is hard pressed by the fact that the principal business of both the Chinese Senate and House, at the time I was in Peking, was securing and maintaining a quorum, and passing on excuses of members who desired leaves of absence, or the flagrancies of members who absented themselves without leave.

The Office Boy's Debt to China

IT HAS been held by Oriental scholars that the genesis of everything Western can be found in the East; and that contention is supported by the reasons given by members of the Chinese Parliament for asking leave. One of our favored bits of humor concerns the office boy or clerk who gets to the ball game because his grandmother is dead; and we find, in the parliamentary body of the oldest civilization we have, Mr. Li Tsai-ken advocating in the lower house that the only valid excuse for a leave shall be the death of a parent or grandparent, which motion Mr. Wang Hsieh-chia vigorously opposed, it being his opinion that if a member's mother is ill that is a reasonable justification for a getaway. The matter was left open after a spirited debate; and there are many deaths occurring daily among the female relatives of the statesmen of both the upper and lower chambers—deaths reported, with appropriate expressions of bereavement, by the afflicted ones to the Senate and House; but probably not registered in the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

There are approximately seven hundred members of the Chinese Parliament, divided, approximately also, on the basis of two-thirds for the House and one-third for the Senate. In reality, there isn't much difference between Senate and House, save the titular distinction; for the method of electing senators and representatives is the same, and the bases of representation are not yet worked out. It has been held that a single legislative body would answer the needs of China far better than the cumbersome two-headed affair which is now operating. Whenever anything conclusive is done, it is done in joint session; but the Chinese, desiring a Parliament, desired, also, a bifurcated Parliament; and they have it. Wherefore, the great domestic political question in China is what they are going to do with it, now they have it; and there is tremendous pother over that.

This Parliament has an extraordinary history. It was originally elected, or selected—contrived—under the terms of the Provisional Constitution, after China became a Republic, six years ago. Presently it got on the nerves of the late Yuan Shi Kai, because of the activities of one branch of it, known as the Quomintang. When a thing got on the nerves of Yuan Shi Kai that genial autocrat had but one way of getting it off, and that way was by elimination. Wherefore, on the night of November 4, 1913, Yuan Shi Kai came to bat with three kong mandates, ordering the immediate dissolution of the Quomintang throughout the country, depriving the Quomintang members of Parliament of their election certificates and badges, and chasing them out of the capital. The police spent two days in putting this crude but effective proroguement into effect; and by the end of that time the Quomintang members who desired to keep out of jail or retain their heads had departed from the scene of their former parliamentary labors.

That left Parliament but a mere shell, without a quorum. Yuan Shi Kai, discovering, to his great amazement and righteous indignation, that there was not a quorum possible, indefinitely suspended Parliament on January 10, 1914, and proceeded to fill the gap in the legislative machinery of China with a cute little legislative contrivance of his own, called the Cheng Chih Hui I, or Political Council.

To make sure that this new deliberative forum should be deliberative in exactly the manner he required, Yuan Shi Kai appointed every member of it himself, selecting only tried and true citizens, old friends and retainers. Also, he added a few trimmings in the way of the Yue Fa Hui I, an afterthought that was to be the Constitutional Council; and there were many torturous proceedings.

The developments of this scheme, and the amazing plottings of Yuan Shi Kai for a throne, which resulted in his death, will be told in another article. The tale is one of vast intrigue and interest. It is sufficient to say that some time after Yuan's death, on June 6, 1916, the Parliament that had been practically put in jail by Yuan was reassembled, in the dual capacity of Constitution maker and legislative arm of the government; and that Parliament, with such changes in membership as have come through death and resignation, is the Parliament I went to see and hear in Peking in mid-January.

The Parliament buildings front on a street that runs parallel to the Great Wall, west from the famous Chenmen Gate, which marks the end of the Legation Quarter, and leads to the native city, where the shops and restaurants and tea houses are. The buildings are of modern construction, in modified Chinese style, made of gray bricks, and cover a large space of ground. The two houses are separate, the lower House being nearest the Chenmen Gate. The Chinese never put all of one establishment into one building. They erect many buildings and connect them by paths and corridors. A Chinese yamen spreads all over the place, with separate quarters for the various sections of the Chinese husband's domesticity. This plan was adopted in providing for the various phases of the activities of the two legislative bodies. There is a large central hall, or meeting chamber, for the House and one for the Senate; and each has a court, or garden. Built round this court are numerous smaller houses, all of one story, for committee rooms and secretarial offices. The main halls, of both the Senate and the House, are on the ground floor, with galleries reached by flights of stairs at each corner. The buildings are new and clean, wherein they are not especially Chinese.

Innocent Merriment Rebuked

WE WENT to the House first; but our visit there didn't last long. After we had shown our passes, and presented our personal cards to the police at the gate, we were escorted to the House gallery, where we were the only visitors. The Parliament is heavily policed. A squad of policemen, quite natty and good-looking, is at the gate, with rifles and fixed bayonets. There are policemen, also with rifles and fixed bayonets, at regular intervals along the paths leading to the various buildings, in the doorway of the main building, on the stairways, and two policemen in each section of the gallery—twenty in all in the places allotted to spectators. These gallery police preserve order, dignity and decorum.

Something was said by one of our party that caused a laugh. Instantly the two policemen who were guarding us informed us that pointing, laughing, or anything but the most respectful attention to the proceedings, was not tolerated; and that any further laughter would mean police escort outside. So there was no more innocent merriment.

The gallery police give an odd military aspect to the place. They stand one at each end of every section of seats; and no bomb thrower or suspicious person would have a chance to operate. When visitors come in the police move over and disconcertingly stand behind them—right close, in fact; and they are fully armed for any contingency. The policeman who had me in charge stood squarely behind me, touching my back with his knees most of the time. He was quite garlicky.

Mr. Tang Hua-lung assumed the chair in the House at ten minutes past two o'clock. There were five applications for leaves of absence of more than seven days.

Cause and Effect

The House rejected these en bloc, as John Dalzell used to say. There was a long discussion over this vote, and it was finally suggested by a member that voting was not in order. Whereupon, the Speaker put the question in another way. "Those who oppose the applications, please stand up," he said, and not many rose. Thus, as the House had rejected the applications, it was demonstrated that the House had not opposed the applications; and, having decided this momentous question in this logical manner, it was held that the applications for leave were granted, but not the applications of nine members who applied to have their leaves extended. These were rejected, which brought forth the impassioned oratory of Mr. Li Tsai-ken, urging that the death of the parents of members should be the only valid excuse for leave. It was suggested by another member that all the statesmen should restrict themselves; but our interpreter was not able to gather in just what way restriction was proposed. We couldn't discover whether the members were to restrict themselves as to deaths of parents, or whether it was a prompting to restrict themselves as to death generally. However, the whole matter was rejected, and the members can use the deaths of relatives as justification for asking for leave to remain away from their arduous duties.

Just here Mr. Chin Kuang-li stated that he had read something in the papers concerning the settlement of the Cheng-chia-tun affair between the Chinese and Japanese; and our police informed us that the House was going into secret session. So we left. Later, I discovered that a secret session in the Chinese Parliament isn't much different from an executive session of the United States Senate—that is, a friend who was in the secret session told me all about it after it was over. I have observed that phenomenon in Washington many times.

Also, the Chinese lawmakers who attend secret sessions, and tell about them, get exactly as indignant over the telling, and in the same manner, as Washington lawmakers. On the morning after this secret session the Peking Gazette printed an article telling what had been done therein. That afternoon an indignant member of the House rose at his seat and inquired whether something could not be done to stop the leakage of the secrets of secret sessions into the newspapers.

"Cannot something be done?" he wanted to know.

"There is no effective way of dealing with the situation," the Speaker replied.

"But," shouted the member, "I insist that something shall be done!"

"All right," announced the Speaker; and the House went on to other business.

House and Senate

And that, by the way, is about the same procedure observed in the United States Senate when this question comes up, as it does now and then—only, in our Senate the man who makes the indignant protest is usually the man who has given out the news.

The House chamber is a big rectangular room, rising to the full height of the building, with galleries on three sides. The members sit on benches, with small desks in front of them, and speak from a raised platform in front of the Speaker's desk. The secretaries and clerks flank the Speaker on each side, and half a dozen more sit at a long table in what we call the well in our House of Representatives. There is a row of chairs on each side of and just below the Speaker's desk for representatives of the government. These face the members, one tier above the main floor, and one tier below the Speaker. Most of the members were in Chinese dress; and the surprising feature of the assemblage was the apparent youth of the members. Most of them look to be between thirty and forty, and most of them are, as my Chinese friends told me.

There wasn't much time for observation, for, after Mr. Li Tsai-ken had made his ineffectual appeal for deceased parents as a sole reason for absence, they put us out; and we went to the Senate. We were more fortunate there. The Senate was in full and catarrhal blast, and remained so until ten minutes past five in the afternoon, diligently at its chors.

The Senate chamber is of the same general style as the chamber of the House, and the construction of the entire group of Senate buildings corresponded to the House architecture. In a general way the Senate may be said to have fewer members and more clocks than the House; but those are the only apparent differences, for the men who make up the Senate are exactly the same sort of men as those in the House, in youthful appearance, manner of dress, and appetite for leaves of absence. There are many rickshas parked outside the House entrance, and a great number parked at the Senate entrance; but there seemed to be more carriages at the Senate side, and there was an occasional automobile. It is possible that the House is the more democratic of the two institutions. It is a pretty toppy Chinese who rides in a carriage, and a real Number One who has an automobile.

Our policemen in the Senate were quite as attentive and watchful as those in the House—more so, even. Two took care of three of us in the House. In the Senate gallery we had one each. It is my opinion that the Senate police are a shade less garlicky than the House policemen—six per cent, say—and that helps some in a superheated room, especially as the Senate is more or less garlicky its dignified self.

Inkstands in Debate

There are some senators who do not look youthful. Several Chinese patriarchs sat about the room, with scraggly whiskers, and that expression which is usually described as inscrutable, but really is blank. Most of the senators, though, were apparently between thirty and forty, as most of the members of the House were; and some were even younger than thirty. They were, with two exceptions, in Chinese dress; many wore their fur caps, and one, a big old chap in a blue tunic, had a queue. His was the only queue in the Senate. The rest of the senators had their black hair closely cropped, and the majority of the younger men wore theirs pompadour.

The desks ran in semicircles round the room, joined end to end, with narrow aisles between sections of six. There was an agenda, or day's calendar, printed in red, on each desk, and a tag under a clip, which showed who was entitled to the seat. Also, there was sunk into the top of each desk a brass-topped inkstand about three inches, or four, square. The Chinese statesmen early discovered an adequate use for these inkstands. At one of their meetings, when the Parliament was in joint session to discuss the Constitution, an excited member, aggrieved at something another member said, grabbed his brass-topped inkstand and threw it at the offending statesman.

That started something! The party of the second part in the first throwing would not submit to so great an indignity as that; and he not only threw his own inkstand, but his neighbor's, at the aggressor. Now it is to be recorded that the Chinese are not expert in the art of throwing, save only as a few of them have learned baseball at the missionary colleges. The man who threw the first inkstand didn't hit the man he aimed at, but did hit another astonished statesman who was not in the row. That statesman threw his inkstand. He didn't hit the person he aimed at, either; nor did the man who threw the two in return for the first projectile. Each hit innocent sitters-by.

Whereupon, it began to rain inkstands round that parliamentary chamber. Every statesman hurled his inkstand at some other statesman, and invariably hit a third one, who got himself into the affray. A Chinese newspaper reporter, of a statistical turn of mind, who was outside range, counted the inkstands that were used in this combined offensive and defensive, and says that sixty-seven inkstands were thrown before the engagement ceased. This estimate was subsequently modified by the Chinese authorities, who said that only thirty-two inkstands were thrown; whereupon the Parliament lost only about half as much face as if the original number had stood. Casualties were few, but inkstands were many.

There was mature consideration of this incident. Ordinarily when a Chinese is attacked he lies down on his back, kicks his legs in the air, and squeals. Two points were considered proved: The first was that, by hurling back an inkstand instead of lying down and squealing, the Chinese who resented the affronts with their own inkstands thereby showed that, under the influence of modern civilization and republican methods, they are being drawn away from the doctrine of passivity and nonresistance. The second was that this method of sustaining heated argument is quite in keeping with Western legislative methods; and a report telling of similar occasions in no less august a body than the Congress of the United States was spread upon the records. Thus, all face was regained officially. But the inkstands were screwed down next day.

Mr. C. T. Wang, the presiding officer—who is vice president of the Senate, was in European dress, as was one other member, a trim young statesman who sat in the second row. C. T. Wang is a Yale man, and one of the more important of the younger and foreign-educated Chinese. He is a slim, keen-faced chap, who has a good voice and the patience necessary for holding a chairmanship over Chinese deliberations. That is, he has all the patience there is. He kept his Senate well in hand and progressed business with all possible expedition. He sat at a desk on a platform about six feet above the floor level, with two of the five-barred flags of the Republic crossed on the wall above his head, and with his secretaries and clerks ranged on each side of him.

The first business that afternoon, as on every afternoon, was the hearing of applications for leaves of absence. A dozen senators made their petitions, but only four were granted, causing the remaining eight to absent themselves without the formality of permission. It developed that some of the more acute Chinese statesmen, finding that there is a disposition to force their attendance, have discovered a way to beat the game at a nominal cost. A three-day leave can be obtained by escrow. The penalty for overstaying is a fine of ten dollars. So these senators take three days, pay a ten-dollar fine for the fourth day, and then contend that they can begin a new three-day period, inasmuch as the fine terminated and exculpated the offense of overstaying their original leave. Thus, for about twenty dollars, Mex., a week they can retain their seats and not sit in them. None but a Chinese mind could figure out a plan like that!

After the excited discussion of the question of leaves, which is the invariable preliminary of any business in House, Senate, or in joint session, the Senate took up what is known as the Pao-li Loan Agreement, which is a complicated question concerning the smelting of copper cash, and which has had China by the ears for a long time. Various orators came up to the platform just below and in front of the desk of the presiding officer and presented their views. One thing was most noticeable: All the speeches were short, vigorous and to the point. There was none of the usual discursive flowery Chinese oratory, but each man spoke his mind tersely and effectively. A representative of the government had his say—a man from the ministry of finance—and was heckled by various senators. In the end the agreement went to a third reading and was passed. One or two other matters were disposed of; and the last item brought up was a recommendation concerning the Bank of China, which, owing to the present financial situation in China, and in common with the other Chinese banks, is in difficulties. A committee had been investigating and a report was read.

The Constitution

One of the six clocks stood at five o'clock, the hour for adjourning. Hence, haste was necessary. The reporting Senator mumbled his words, the question was hurriedly put, and at ten minutes past five the Senate adjourned. Haste was necessary, you see, for the official hour for closing was five o'clock, and the Senators were needing their tea.

The first function of this Parliament, which reconvened after its suspension by Yuan Shi Kai, on September 1, 1916, was to adopt a Constitution. It has the dual capacity of a lawmaking body and a constitution-framing body. Naturally the work of constitution making is the more important, for a Parliament cannot be expected to pass many laws that shall be constitutional until there is a Constitution. A preliminary draft of an organic law, based on the former Provisional Constitution, was given to the body, which has been sitting in joint session, and the first reading begun.

The Constitution was taken up, section by section, debated and approved or disapproved. The greatest discussion came over the section providing for the government and setting forth the functions and power of the provinces, or states. This section tore the Parliament wide open, and it was during a discussion of some provincial question when the inkstands were thrown. There came a deadlock that persisted for weeks, and meantime no general laws were passed or attempted in more than a perfunctory manner. It was the old American question of state rights in Chinese form. The ultra radicals in the Parliament wanted the provinces, or states, to elect their own governors and run their own affairs; but this was and is so repellent to the older school of Chinese that it could not be tolerated. It is patent enough that if the central government at Peking should lose control of the provincial governors the central government would cease to be a power, as that would mean loss of control of military, revenues and people.

Finally, early in January the ultras gave up, and a sort of makeshift provincial section was agreed upon, to be discussed again on the second reading. The great political question of China hinges on this Constitution, for there is one group that wants the Parliament to be supreme, to be the sole interpreter of the constitutionality of its own laws, and to supersede President and Cabinet in the actual governing and executive functions of the country. It is apparent, as this is written, that the question of the Constitution and the powers of Parliament are far from being settled by the adoption of this Constitution on its first reading; and it is predicted by those expert in Chinese affairs that the completed Constitution will be a very different document from what its first reading made it.

Leading Political Parties

Political parties in China are shifting and unstable things. In broad terms, the two great political divisions are the Quomintang and the Chinputang, the first being the radical or republican party, and the second the conservative party, both in terms of China. This by no means represents the party division of China, for there were nineteen party signatories to a call for a constitutional conference after the first reading had been completed, in January. And there are many more groups and factions.

However, speaking broadly, the Quomintang and the Chinputang are the two great parties. The Quomintang, with its affiliations and dependencies, has a majority in the joint session of the Parliament. Its chief tenet is opposition to Tuan Chi-jui, the premier, who is more or less supported by the Chinputang

Tuan Chi-jui represents the old school of officials and politics in China, and he, too, is in favor of and with the military autocracy. He held over after the death of Yuan Shi Kai, and seems to be a virile old warrior; for he is not only fighting the President but also is fighting the Quomintang, and has many other smaller battles on.

President Li Yuan-hung is on the side lines, a genial and interested spectator; though he has from time to time been forced to grips with Tuan. Though the Quomintang is opposed to Premier Tuan and President Li has his troubles with the premier, also, the complexities of Chinese politics are so great that this situation does not mean necessarily that the Quomintang is the partisan of President Li. The Quomintang's principal tenet is an anti-Tuan one, with a mild regard for Li Yuan-hung.

There were some jolly fights in the Parliament over the confirmation of various officials proposed by Tuan for posts in the Cabinet; notably over the place of minister for foreign affairs. The Quomintang turned down three nominees for this post, and finally let Dr. Wu Ting-fang get by; and that inquisitive and adroit gentleman is at present in the post, but is not very far in the confidence of Premier Tuan Chi-jui.

The chief fun, however, came in the use of the impeachment power delegated to Parliament by the Provisional Constitution. This power of impeachment pleased the Chinese statesmen. They grabbed at it. If any official was in disfavor with a Senator or Representative, that statesman took steps to impeach the offending official. They used impeachment as an end to forcing measures through—lobbied with it, in fact—and had a high court almost every day. The most serious effort was the attempt to impeach Premier Tuan Chi-jui. The Quomintang did try to do that; but they were not able to muster the votes.

(Concluded on Page 114)

Like Mother makes— only more so

And no trouble whatever for Mother.

You know what delicious vegetable soup Mother makes—when she can give the time and effort to it. And if you happen to be "Mother" you know it *does* take time and effort to produce a good vegetable soup—even with plenty of help.

Why not let us lift this burden off your hands? Let us provide you with vegetable soup which you will say is just as fine in every respect as you could make and yet with no labor nor bother for you. Consider the materials, the care, the skill employed in making

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You buy no better meat for the stock of your vegetable soup than the fine selected beef which we use for *Campbell's*.

You buy no better vegetables. And no one could prepare or cook these materials more carefully and daintily than we do.

The stock, which contains also the nutritious bone-marrow, is especially strong and nourishing.

We use Maine-grown white potatoes—extra-large and firm, choice Jersey sweet potatoes, sweet yellow rutabagas from Canada, and plump tender Chantenay carrots.

We include "baby" lima beans, small peas, okra, tomatoes, celery, barley, rice, macaroni "alphabets" and "Country Gentleman" corn. And you will notice also an agreeable reminder of delicate leek and sweet red peppers.

We are as particular about every detail of preparation as you would be in preparing soup for a captious invalid or a delicate child.

Our kitchen workers are high class help. They are neatly capped and aproned at their work. And our complete system of employe-inspection makes personal neatness compulsory.

The cooking of each ingredient is gauged and timed accurately to insure the best results, and is directed by experienced chefs who are artists in their line.

No home kitchen, nor that of the most palatial hotel, commands such equipment and facilities as we employ in making this favorite soup. And it comes to you all cooked and prepared—*ready to serve on your table in three minutes.*

Isn't it wise economy to keep a supply of this wholesome Campbell "kind" always at hand on your pantry shelf?

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A Crop Failure in Sullivan

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

CLEAR of the little town, Squire Gurney allowed the venerable sorrel he was driving to take its own unstimulated gait while he surveyed the charming rural landscape with evident delight. It was early fall, and the gently undulating fields were in stubble, except where the cornshocks stood in symmetrical rows that merged into tapering lines until they met the wood-crowned hills, or where broad patches and slender strips of newly furrowed brown earth lay naked to sun and sky.

"Can you beat it!" exclaimed Squire enthusiastically. "Nothing like the good old country, Slim, old scout! Nothing like it! Gee! It's good to get back to the soil!"

"I'm certainly glad you like it," replied the man addressed as Slim, yawning.

He was a rather hard-featured person, with an unhealthily pale complexion, but dressed with the particular neatness of the well-salaried traveling salesman. Under his long legs were two heavily

Higher and Higher Climbed the Sun; But Still the Stranger Strolled Back and Forth, Across and Along the Rocky Strip

fashioned suitcases—or sample cases, as might be; and there was a bulge, as of an order book, in the breast of his otherwise perfectly fitting coat.

Squire was stoutly built and bronzed by wind and weather. Though he had an air of prosperity, which was heightened by a good sized diamond in the bosom of his shirt, his pepper-and-salt suit was obviously ready made and showed rough usage. His shrewd, good-natured face was cleanly shaved, except for a short appendage of iron-gray beard on his square chin. He was quite in keeping with the substantial but mud-splashed buggy that he drove along the Sullivan County highway.

"I guess Coney is about as far as you ever got away from the big city in your life," said Squire.

"Guess again, Cull," corrected Slim McKay. "Buffalo, Chicago, Lexington, N'Orleans—but this tracking the Hick to his native lair is a new graft for me, like I told you. I'd sooner take him as he comes. As for scenery, I've seen pictures of it. There're trees and grass in Central Park, at that. Say, give her a little more gas, and let's move on."

Squire dexterously flicked the sorrel with the whip; but, beyond a protesting switch or two of his stumpy tail, the animal made no accelerated motion. Again Squire's blue eyes wandered over the landscape.

"Central Park!" he ejaculated. "Huh!"

In a moment he broke out again:

"Look, you dad-fetched city dude!" he cried rapturously. "Look at the color—or are you color blind? See that field and that stretch of timber, and the pumpkins in among the shocks. Gold, isn't it? Gleaming, yellow gold! That ought to appeal to you. Look at those cows—Holsteins they are, Slim. They've been milked already, but they're not going to make any trouble about being milked again—like the man that owns 'em. Think of that cream separator of ours, Slim, and be joyful."

"That's so!" grinned Slim.

"I wish the wife was along," sighed Squire. "She'd enjoy this. She's like me—loves the country."

"You're married, eh?" Slim asked perfunctorily.

"Didn't I tell you?" demanded the other in a slightly irritated tone. "Married! Well, somewhat! Sometime, maybe, I'll show you the kid that's taking up the little lady's time just now. Married!" He chuckled. "Yes; I'm what you might call a marrying man—more than most. I guess my wife and I have been married—le' me see—well, at a rough estimate, we've been married twenty-five or thirty times. I guess we must have promised to comfort and cherish and love, honor and obey each other eight or nine times this year—and always country weddings."

"I don't get you," said Slim.

Squire Gurney looked at his companion with surprise; but, seeing that he was genuinely puzzled, vouchsafed an explanation.

"At the home of some prosperous farmer, who signs the marriage certificate with his wife as witness. Some claim that marriage certificates aren't negotiable paper; but I've discounted lots of 'em at the bank—only they looked like promissory notes by the time the cashier took a slant at them."

"I get you!" said Slim. "And here we are, ain't we?"

"Gosh-all-fishhooks!" exclaimed Squire, assuming an exaggerated nasal tone. "Ef that ain't so! By heck! Ef time don't fly in the beatin'est way when a feller has entertainin' company!"

They had come to a succession of neat little cottages, the beginnings of board sidewalks, and an avenue of elms above which a church spire of quaint Dutch architecture thrust its weather vane. A short distance before them were the white barriers of a railroad track, and within a few minutes they drove over a cinder-packed road to a little station, where Slim got out and removed his grips.

"Well, good-by, mister," said Squire, shaking Slim's hand cordially. "I hope you'll do well with that there separator. It looks to me like a humdinger. I'll be jogging along. It's harvest time; but I've got a little seed to sow."

"'Oh, what will the harvest be?'" Slim sang in an unmusical voice. "Go to it, sport; and don't linger. I wouldn't be surprised if we met again before long."

Squire skillfully cramped the buggy, turned and, with a farewell wave of his hand, jogged along.

Mr. McKay strolled into the waiting room and, finding the ticket window open, secured his means of transportation to Milliken, fifteen miles distant. In about ten minutes an accommodation train of two cars and a baggage halted in its twenty-mile-an-hour career long enough to take him and his grips aboard, and in due course of time he alighted at his destination.

A nice thriving little town was Milliken, in its easy-going, old-fashioned way. A little time-mellowed main street of stores, including the evidently recent addition of a bank and a garage, an environment of shady streets, irregularly laid out, in conformity with the hilly character of the place, and dotted rather than lined with comfortable old houses, each with its expanse of generally ragged but uniformly green lawn, and its garden patch, and its chicken yard. Just such a half-asleep-but-showing-signs-of-waking little town as a hundred others tucked away in nooks and corners of the Catskills.

An ancient bus, drawn by a disproportionately small horse, carried Slim and his grips to the hotel, which was better than he had expected to find. A sprinkling of lingering summer boarders were on the broad porch awaiting the call to dinner, and through this interested group Slim passed into the office, registered, and inspected the room assigned to him—finding that, also, better than he had expected. Then, after making a quick but careful toilet, Mr. McKay lit a cigar and fared forth.

First, he visited the bank. A little, bald-headed, near-sighted elderly man came to the teller's window and squinted curiously at him. Slim thereupon displayed his great asset—a peculiarly genial and winning smile, which softened his hard features amazingly. He wished the banker a good morning in equally genial tones.

"I'm here to ask a favor," he proceeded; and, as the banker gravely pushed out his under lip and frowned slightly, he hastened to produce a bill book of imposing bulk and flip out a fifty-dollar gold certificate. "The smallest I've got left," he explained. "I'm on my way to the depot to get some freight, and it occurred to me that the agent might have a little trouble in changing it. Can you break it for me?"

The banker took the bill and carried it nearer to the light of the window, where he examined it with candid deliberation. Returning, he carefully thumbed out three ten-dollar and four five-dollar bills, which he passed out to Slim.

"Freight, eh?" he observed.

"One of our cream separators—the McKay," Slim explained. "McKay Manufacturing Company, New Jersey. I'm William P., Junior. Hope to do a little business here. Nice little burg you've got. I may make it headquarters for a few weeks. Well, I'm much obliged to you, Mr.—er ——"

"Loman," supplied the banker. "You are quite welcome, Mr. Pea."

"William P. McKay, Junior," corrected Slim, with another of his genial smiles. "I expect to see you again. Good day!"

He went out and Mr. Loman was curious enough to walk to the window and peer after him. Seeing the winsome stranger enter the hardware store, a block down the street, the banker uttered a reflective "Hm-m!" and then went back and took another look at the fifty-dollar bill. It was a perfectly good one, without doubt.

"If that was his smallest he must have had close on to a thousand dollars," soliloquized Mr. Loman. "The dairy-machine business must be pretty good just now. Hm-m!"

Meantime Slim had introduced himself to the hardware dealer, a round-eyed, fresh-complexioned man of stolid demeanor, who was singularly unresponsive to Slim's cordial manner.

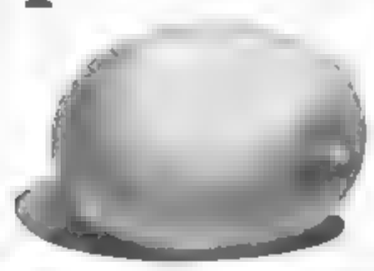
"All stocked up," said he.

Continued on Page 34

What a *Half Dozen* Lemons Will Do

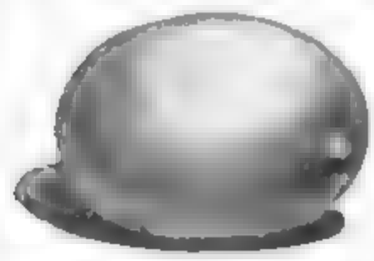
1 One Lemon—Lemon Pie

Sunkist Lemon Pie. 1¼ cups sugar, 1⅓ cups flour, pinch of salt, juice of one Sunkist lemon, grated rind, 3 egg yolks, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon butter. Mix sugar, flour and salt, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook until flour thickens, then add butter, egg yolks, rind and juice of 1 lemon. Turn into a pie plate, or preferably a pan that is perforated or made of wire. Make a meringue of 3 egg whites and add ½ cup powdered sugar, with a teaspoonful lemon juice, cover pie with meringue and bake in a moderate oven until brown. Allow to cool before serving.



2 One Lemon—French Dressing

½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 4 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice. Mix ingredients in order given and stir or shake thoroughly just before serving. A half-pint glass jar, with screw top, or a French Dressing bottle is best for mixing. This dressing is often used to marinate cooked chicken or fish to be used later in salads and also to pour over steaks some hours before cooking, to flavor and enrich them.



3 One Lemon—For Garnishing

One lemon will garnish attractively a fish, a steak, or a game-dish, served for four people.

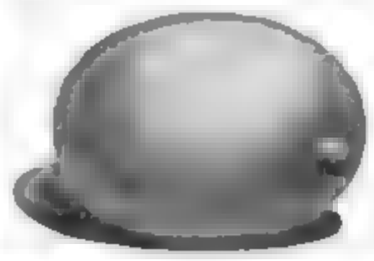
Slice the lemon or cut it in sections—there are many neat designs. The weary business man with jaded appetite often needs more than food to renew him—he needs the added zest that these tempting garnishings supply.

4 One Lemon—For 12 Cups of Tea

One lemon cut in thin slices makes a delicious and healthful addition to as many as twelve cups of tea. One should serve tea with lemon always when entertaining guests. "Tea isn't tea without lemons," so they say abroad. Learn the many ways in which lemons serve to lighten the cares of housekeeping. There is no other fruit that compares with lemons when it comes to usefulness.

5 One Lemon—On Vegetables

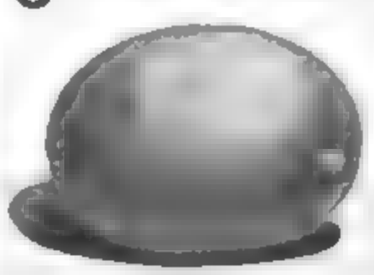
The juice of one Sunkist Lemon will serve four people when used in place of vinegar on hot or cold vegetables. Cut the lemon in quarters and serve one-quarter section with each helping or dish of the vegetable. Let each person flavor his own serving with the juice. Used in place of vinegar lemon juice adds a new, delicious flavor to hot spinach, hot or cold baked beans sliced cucumbers, sliced tomatoes, etc. Lemon juice gives a fresh appetizing quality and makes the dish a more welcome, tasty one. When a recipe calls for vinegar, practically all good cooks now use lemon juice instead.



6 One Lemon—For Lemonade

Juice 1 Sunkist lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ cup water. Put sugar in cup, add ice water; stir until sugar is dissolved, add Sunkist lemon juice, and serve immediately. Soda water, Apollinaris water, or boiling water may be used if desired.

Hot lemonade is valuable as a preventive of colds, and a great aid in relieving a cold. Be sure that water is boiling before adding sugar and lemon juice. Drink lemonade while it is hot. A glass of hot lemonade after exposure to wet weather is a pleasant and healthful precaution.



Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

EVERY Sunkist Lemon has a score of helpful uses. Keep at least a half-dozen always in the house. Some days you will need them all—some days perhaps only one or two. Sunkist Lemons are picked by the thousands daily in California. Now they are particularly plentiful, and therefore cheap, so you can afford to use them freely. Flavor your food with Sunkist Lemons. Make lemon jellies and desserts.

Use Sunkist Lemons in garnishing fish and meat, or serve them sliced or quartered with your tea. Use pure, healthful lemon juice wherever you now use vinegar, as famous chefs do. Sunkist Lemon juice lends a new flavor, an appetizing zest.

These *uniformly good* lemons are mechanically washed before wrapping. They come to you waxy, clean and bright. They are practically seedless, juicy, tart, and cost the same as ordinary kinds.

Miss Alice Bradley's Recipes

We have incorporated 200 lemon and orange recipes by Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., in a valuable illustrated book which will be sent without charge upon request to those who answer this announcement. Mail the coupon today. Be sure to give the name and address of your fruit dealer. Also tell us the largest single use of lemons in your home.

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FIRST -because they LAST

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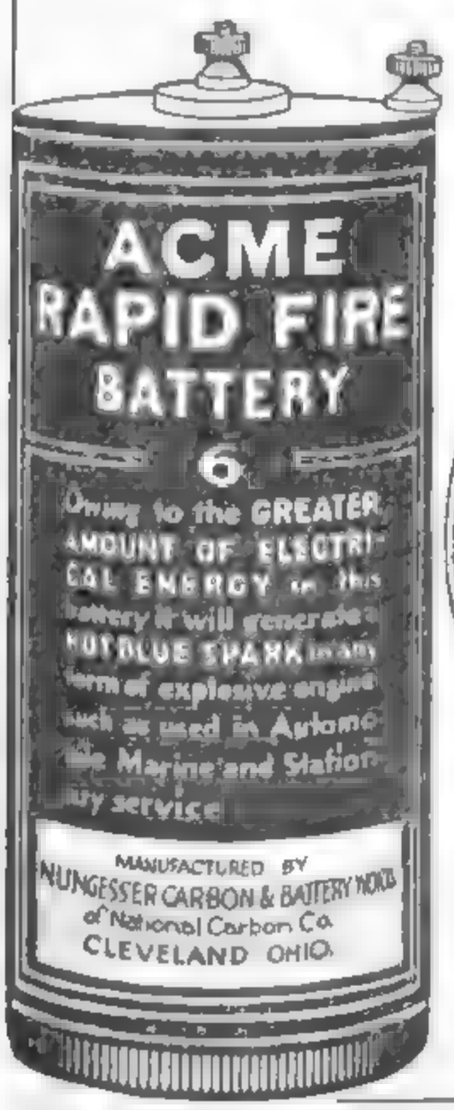

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"WASHINGTON COAST UTILITIES,
"F. D. Nims, Gen'l Mgr., Arlington, Wash."

SUCH testimonials come from all over the country. ACME RAPID FIRE BATTERIES are unexcelled for ignition because they are brimful of "pep." They're specially constructed for ignition service.

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ACME BATTERIES are for sale at leading hardware stores, electric shops and garages. Write us if your dealer doesn't handle them.

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The patented bottle holder and porcelain lined water cooler —are found ONLY in the

Automatic Refrigerator

You get this exclusive combination *in addition* to perfect food-keeping service. Low temperature. Dry air. A safe place for baby's milk.

The water cooler is one-piece. Built just like a modern bath tub. Germ-proof. Sanitary. *Uses no extra ice.* Automatics furnished without water cooler, if desired.

The bottle holder accommodates 2 to 5 gallon bottles of spring water, or regular "city" water. Makes it taste far better.

Automatics are made in all types of sanitary linings—also for outside icing.

SEE THE AUTOMATIC AT YOUR DEALER'S. If he hasn't it, send us his name. We'll see that you are supplied.

Write for latest catalog—learn all about this DOUBLE SERVICE Refrigerator

ILLINOIS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY 203 Wall Street Morrison, Ill.

(Continued from Page 32)

"I should worry!" retorted Slim happily. "You don't get me, Mr. Stoover. I am not going to try to sell you anything. Not now, anyway. What I want from you is the privilege of putting one of my separators into your store; and I'll pay you for the room it takes up, and ——"

"What are you willing to pay?" asked Stoover.

"Whatever you think is right," replied Slim. "I want to demonstrate it after I've taken a look round the country and see how it stacks up—see? You get your bit—a percentage; and after that ——"

"What percentage do I get?" interrupted Stoover.

"Whatever you think is fair," said Slim. "After that, if you want to take the agency ——"

"A dollar a day for keeping it here," proposed Stoover.

"That's all right," agreed Slim hastily. "And we'll make it fifty-fifty on the list price of the separator," he added quickly, seeing the question trembling on Mr. Stoover's lips.

"That seems reasonable enough," said the hardware man mendaciously. "You can bring your contraption up if you like. How long would you figure on keeping it here, s'posing I didn't take the agency?"

"A few days," replied Slim.

"That will be a few dollars, then," calculated Stoover; he coughed meaningly.

Mr. McKay coughed too—in the vernacular. He took one of the five-dollar bills the banker had just given him and gave it to the hardware man, who tucked it into his waistcoat pocket and told him that he could have the separator carted up any time during the afternoon.

From the hardware store Slim went to the post office, which was in the rear part of a small bakery. There a gimlet-eyed old lady surveyed him over the top of spectacles, which seemed to be quite superfluous, and after a prolonged search gave him a buff envelope that inclosed a railroad freight bill. Armed with this he went to the depot and arranged to have his crated machine drayed to Stoover's hardware store. Then he returned to the hotel and ate a dinner somewhat the worse for having to be kept warm.

As soon as the drayman returned from his noonday repast he conveyed the separator to Stoover's. That enterprising merchant examined the crated machine with considerable interest, poking his finger through the inner wrappings until he found a small white metal plate bearing the legend: McKay Manufacturing Company, New Jersey. Then he put on his hat and went over to the bank.

"Loman," said he to the banker, "I wish you'd look up the McKay Manufacturing Company of New Jersey for me. I can't find 'em in any of my trade lists."

"I can't find them, either," said the banker. "I've just been looking."

"He said it was a new concern," Stoover admitted.

"Maybe that's it," the banker conceded. "He spoke about some freight he was expecting. Don't advance him anything on the bill of lading, Clem. He may be all right, but it's best to be on the safe side."

"I guess you can trust me for that," said Stoover; he felt in his waistcoat pocket. "Is this bill good?" he asked. "It looks all right; but then you never can tell."

Loman turned his thick eyeglasses on the currency.

"It's all right," he said. "It's a Middletown issue. Jake Sanders deposited it here last Thursday and I paid it out to this Mr. McKay."

Slim came down to the store late in the afternoon and for half an hour exerted himself to be agreeable to Mr. Stoover—not so much from any necessity that he foresaw as from piqued professional pride. The hardware man, however, maintained his attitude of reserve, tempered only by impertinent curiosity; and Slim eventually gave him up in well-concealed disgust.

"Aren't you going to uncrate her?" asked Stoover as Slim was leaving.

"I'll wait until I get back," replied Slim pleasantly. "I'm going to take a little drive into the country to-morrow, and I've got to see about that and write some letters."

With which he went over to the garage, whose proprietor grudgingly consented to reserve a machine and a driver for him the next day—on payment of a deposit.

"I've only got the two machines and one boy, and I don't want to lose no business if you should happen to change your mind about going," explained the man. "First come, first served, is my motto—unless there's some money put up."

"It's the only way to do business," Slim acquiesced cheerfully as he pulled out his bill book. "I'll go with you to a notary and make an affidavit that I will be on hand if it will make your mind any easier."

"No," said the garage proprietor; "I guess that won't be ne'ss'ry. A feller's got to take some chances."

Slim had intended to seek out a real-estate and renting agency, with a view of renting a cottage for his family, but he decided to postpone that little diversion. He felt discouraged and as if he could hardly bear any more rebuffs just then. His was not a sensitive soul, but he was conscious of an atmosphere of distrust that pained and grieved him.

"Hully chee!" he ejaculated as he left the garage. "I'd hate to try to put anything over in this Indian village. I see myself cashing in on one of Squire's marriage certificates at friend Loman's bank! I used to three-cheer myself on my nerve; but I take my hat off to Gurney."

Leaving Mr. McKay in Milliken's uncongenial surroundings we return to Squire Gurney, jogging along with the reins loose on the ancient sorrel's back and his blue eyes roving ecstatically over the autumn landscape. There were no misgivings in his mind, no oppressions of distrust; those whom he met he saluted with a cheery word, a smile, and a wave of his frayed whip; and one and all seemed to return his greeting in kind.

Now and then he puckered his lips and whistled melodiously scraps of homely old tunes, sentimentally secular ballads, and now and then time-honored and endeared hymns. He drew deep breaths now and again of the fresh air, with its autumn tang of newly stacked hay and clean wood smoke. Now and then he pulled the willing horse to a halt before some farmhouse and, slouching forward in his seat, looked thoughtfully at house, barn, cribs, pens and poultry yard for perhaps a minute or two; then, with a shake of the reins, he jogged onward. He had left the state road some time ago and was winding on byways nearer the hills.

At last he stopped before a house that looked a little less prosperous than its neighbors. The barn, on the opposite side of the road from the house, was badly weather-beaten, and the ridge of its roof sagged disconsolately. Needless to say, the house was in no better condition as regarded paint. Its veranda posts were rotten at their bases, too, and there were gaps in its railings. A bleached hammock dangled under a shade tree in the yard, and a comfortable-looking if dilapidated rocking-chair was set near it.

Squire noted all these details without exception, and he also observed that the cattle in a near-by pasture were in good condition and blooded stock. The stack-yard was well filled, though the mildewed remains of a last year's cropping were considerable in their size as in their condition; the machinery under a lean-to of the barn was modern and looked like money, though its imperfect shelter promised it a short life. Summing up the evidence, Squire nodded to himself.

"Waste at the bung and saving at the spigot—the fault of so many of us farmers," he murmured; and then, getting out of the buggy, he led the sorrel to the fence, tied him, and entered the yard.

At the barking of a dog, a sandy-haired man in faded blue overalls came round the corner of the house and waited expectantly for the visitor.

"Morning, neighbor!" called Squire heartily. "I wonder if I couldn't get a drink of water from your well?"

"I shouldn't wonder a mite but what you could," drawled the sandy-haired man, "unless it's gone dry since I drew the last bucket. Wait, and I'll get you a glass."

"No glass for me!" protested Squire. "I see a dipper by the curb, and water tastes better to me out of a tin dipper than all the glasses you could stack in a ten-acre lot."

"Same here," agreed the sandy-haired man.

He watched Squire curiously as that agriculturist lowered the bucket, flopped it dexterously, and drew it up again, brimming, with a brisk hand-over-hand haul on the rope. Squire was thirsty and took a second dipperful before he was satisfied.

"That's pretty tol'rable good water," he commented.

(Continued on Page 37)

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And "OVERSIZE" 31x4

Two New Sizes
30x3½ and 31x4
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REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY DETROIT MICH. ANDERSON IND.

(Continued from Page 34)

"None better in this neck o' the woods," said the host. "You won't have no more?"

"Enough's always aplenty for me, neighbor," said Squire. "A sightly place you've got here. I was noticing it as I went by yesterday. Ever think of selling it?"

"Cal'late you want to buy it?" countered the other man with a look of great shrewdness.

"It's like this with me," said Squire: "I'll buy anything I can afford if I think it's cheap enough at the price to make it worth my while."

"You and me ought to make some kind of a dicker," grinned the other. "I'll sell anything I've got if I can get what I want for it."

"Would you sell me a meal of vittles and a feed for my horse?" asked Squire, his blue eyes twinkling.

"Nossir; I won't do that," said the sandy-haired man. "That's for the woman to say. But—tell ye—I'll see what I can do to p'suade her; and you might as well be taking your horse over to the barn. We'll feed him, anyway. I've always had a sort of friendly feeling for a sorrel, being sort of a sorrel-top myself."

Squire nodded appreciatively and followed the sandy-haired man's instructions. He was so expeditious that he had his steed unharnessed and munching contentedly on a mangerful of timothy by the time the sandy-haired man had consulted "the woman" and secured her permission to entertain the stranger within their gates.

"You'll have to take us as you find us," apologized the sandy-haired man. "It won't be much; our help has gone to town and we cal'lated just to have a bite this noon. I'm going to give the hogs a snack now. Want to come and take a look at them?"

Gurney was eager to see the hogs—not too eager, but enough so to show interest. And that he knew a hog when he saw one was perfectly evident from his quick and sure appraisement of the Poland-China drove, as they crunched the corn that the sandy-haired man pitched over to them.

"Not that I ever raised any Poland-Chinas," said Squire. "Outside of scrubs, my fancy has mostly been for Berkshires. How much corn did you raise this year? And what will that flint run to the acre in this section?"

The sandy-haired man informed him on these points and others concerning which Gurney questioned him closely. By the time they were called to dinner Squire had a pretty comprehensive idea of the farm, its acreage, soil, crops, yield, equipment and livestock, and his host was regarding him with a high respect for his practical knowledge.

"This here is Mis' Amler," said the sandy-haired man, indicating the angular but not unpleasing woman who was carrying dishes to the table as they entered the large old-fashioned kitchen. "I don't know as you mentioned your name."

"Whitmore—Joe Whitmore," Squire answered, ducking his head with homely courtesy to Mis' Amler.

Mis' Amler, with the natural embarrassment of a countrywoman, to whom introductions are events, mumbled something indistinctly in acknowledgment and retired to the cookstove at the farther end of the room; and the men drew their chairs up to the table and attacked the food before them without further ceremony.

During the meal there was little conversation; but as soon as it was finished, and they were seated in a couple of rocking-chairs on the porch, the sandy-haired man went directly to the point.

"I don't cal'late you're really in the market for a farm?" he inquired with evident assumed carelessness.

Squire took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to him. For his own indulgence he produced a well-seasoned corncob pipe, which he filled from a worn leather tobacco pouch and lit with great deliberation; then he opened a pocketknife and, picking up a split fragment of shingle that had blown from the porch roof, began delicately to whittle it.

"Well, Mr. Amler," he said at last, "it's like I told you a while ago: If the price is right—I don't mind saying that I'm keeping my eye peeled for something that might suit me. I sold out my place a year and a half ago last month and I figured on taking a rest for the balance of my days; but this thing of enjoying life gets to be mighty tejous to a man as young and full of ginger as I am. I feel like I wanted to get milk splashes on my boots and hayseed in my hair again. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, as the feller says—not even if you feed the sow on mulberries. But, as to this particular place—well, it might suit me; and then again it mightn't."

"So you was round here yest'd'y?" said Amler musingly. "You didn't stop to take on water, though?"

"Just whistled and passed right on through," chuckled Squire. "There wasn't no red signals showing."

Amler took off his hat and passed his hand over his head, grinning.

"Quite a few likely looking places in this section," hinted Squire. "Some of them for sale too."

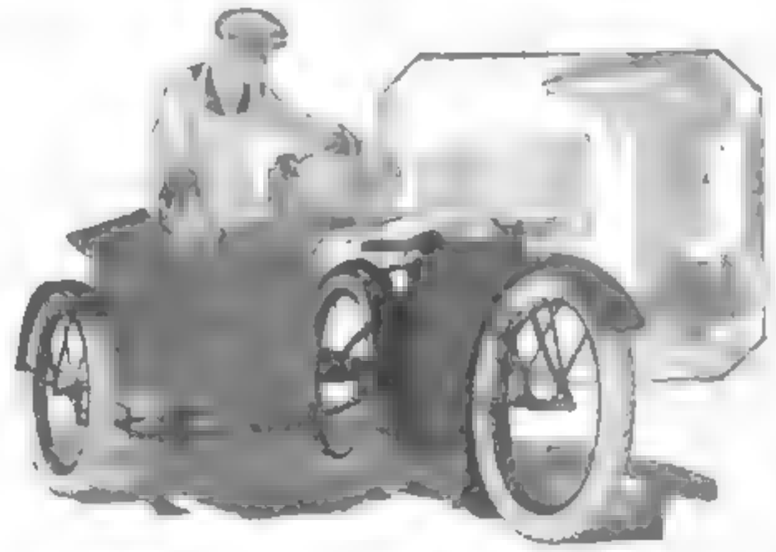
"I wouldn't wonder a particle," said Amler. "There's mebbe one or two fellers that's figuring on buying, for the matter of that. A neighbor of mine has been sort of dickering with me for this here place. Made me an offer too. But I cal'late I'll get more by holding it a spell. I ain't in no hurry."

Squire whittled his piece of shingle to a needle point.

"Would it be a fair question to ask what he offered?" he inquired presently.

"I don't see no objection to satisfying your idle cur'osity," replied the other after a moment's consideration. "There's ninety-four acres and a fraction, and he offered me

With Surprising Agility He Wheeled and Flipped on to the Rear of One of the Cars



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Blue Streaks Deliver: Economy, Mileage, Speed, Service. Everywhere—one standard, one quality, one guaranty.

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LET CICO Paste, the trim, tireless little wonder-worker, have a few square inches of standing room on your desk. See how quickly and efficiently it will tackle every pasting job you have. CICO never splashes water (there is no water well), never gets hard and lumpy. This new liquid paste is one of

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CICO Paste will come to you and demonstrate its usefulness. Just send four cents for our introductory size bottle.

Sticks Best When Spread Thin

Stationers sell CICO in 45c and 25c handy refill desk jars (as shown). Also in spreader tubes and bottles. Tell us who you are, where you live and slip a pair of stamps in the envelope. CICO will be on the job in a jiffy.

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"I've just done my year's shopping—

bought a new car and a couple of MICHAELS-STERN SUITS. $2000 for the car—$25 apiece for the suits. The car is a gamble, but the clothes I know from experience are good for two seasons' service and looks."

You will find the best values in

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—models appropriate for young men and older men, at MICHAELS, STERN & COMPANY's Dealers.

Your 1917 Spring and Summer Style Calendar is ready. Send for it.

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Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothing

ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE
COLT
THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER
THE AUTOMOBILIST'S STORY
You can't forget to make a Colt safe
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fourteen thousand dollars—exclusive of the livestock, of course. He cal'lated that would be a hundred and fifty an acre rough figgering. Not rough on himself, you'll notice; but that's what a feller can expect in this world of sin and sorrer. Anyway, that was his offer."

"Gosh!" ejaculated Squire. "Was he sober?"

"It does seem reediculous, don't it?" said Amler. "He thought I needed money bad, I p'sume likely. I do—just between you and me and the community at large, but not that bad. That's what I told him."

"You counted in that rocky strip running down from the hill as part of the ninety-four acres, I s'pose?" said Squire sarcastically. "There must be twelve or fourteen acres in that. And that slough that calls for almost a thousand dollars' worth of tiling before it would amount to shucks—if it ever did! Gosh-all-fishhooks! Neighbor, is there any insanity in your family?"

"There might be," the sandy-haired man admitted placidly. "We've most always let the tail go with the hide, 'stid of selling the hide on a tail basis. We're sort of queer that way. Well, this here don't buy the baby shoes. I might as well be getting to work if that's the way you size the place up."

He got up. Squire also rose and tossed away his shingle.

"I haven't anything particular to do for an hour or two, myself," said Squire. "If you want to point out them line fences again I'll take another look round and see if there's a gold mine or an oil well or two that you've forgot to mention. There must be some reason for you expecting to get more than fourteen thousand dollars for any such place as this."

Amler chuckled with rustic conceit.

"I wouldn't be a mite s'prised if you found out what reason there was," he said. "Being you're in a more sensible frame o' mind, and no chance of snow on the ground for quite a spell yet, I'll let the baby go barefoot for a while longer and walk round with you."

The succeeding two hours were fully occupied by the two men, and at the end of that time Amler confessed himself about tuckered out. Squire seemed indefatigable. From field to field he strode at a rate that his long-legged host found difficult to keep up with, sampling soil here and there, noting its depth in the gullies, examining such grain as was still standing in sheaf or shock, gauging the flow of the little stream that meandered through the pasture, pacing off the length of fences, and particularly the bounds of the rocky strip, which he went over carefully, failing, as he said, to find anything but rock—a tract without enough soil to raise a perceptible dust. That strip, in fact, was the principal thing which kept Squire from definitely closing with Amler's final offer to accept fifteen thousand dollars for the farm.

As it was, Squire decided he would look round the neighborhood a little more before buying.

"But I will say it's better than I s'posed," Squire conceded. "I thought fourteen thousand was a fancy price. Not knowing you, I even had an idee you might have just imagined you'd been offered that much. If you was to say fourteen to me, though—why, I might take you up. No? Well, then, let's leave it the way it is for about a week or ten days. You give me the refusal of it until then at fifteen and we'll see."

"I'll give you another drink of water if you need it, but that's as fur as I feel like going," said the sandy-haired man. "We will leave it that way; but if the other feller says 'Snip' at fifteen before you get round I'm going to say 'Snap.'"

Squire Gurney seemed troubled. It was easy to see he had, at least, taken a strong fancy to the place; but—he pondered.

"Well," he proposed suddenly, "what will you sell me an option on it for, neighbor?"

"Now you're talking business!" said Amler. "Tell ye: I'll give you a week's option—or I'll make it ten days' option—for five hundred dollars."

It was altogether absurd—crazy! Squire said so and advanced incontrovertible argument to prove it. The sandy-haired man admitted the argument, but pleaded congenital pig-headedness.

"Some folks can see reason and then act according when it's put to 'em as clear as you put it to me," he explained. "I can't. I can see it as clear as daylight; but my actions are always contrary. You ask my wife if that ain't so. I can't help it. It's my disposition way. If you want that option there ain't no way of getting it but planking down five hundred dollars cash. I ain't even got sense enough to take your note for it."

"Well, have it your own way," said Squire resignedly. "I s'pose it's going to end up by me paying you the balance. Still, I want to make sure that I can't do better."

Half an hour later Squire was traveling northward with the option in his pocket; and Amler, with the receiver of a telephone pressed tightly against his ear, was telling a distant friend of his good fortune.

Punctually at the appointed time Slim McKay appeared at the Milliken Garage to take his little jaunt into the country. He had no feeling of joyous anticipation of the trip; in fact, he had seriously considered forfeiting his deposit and remaining at the hotel, where he could, at least, play croquet. He had already played two games; and being, as he modestly explained, a shark at billiards, he had covered himself with unusual glory, for a beginner.

His partner, a youngish woman with eyeglasses, who had some sort of an educational graft in Middletown, found him interesting and unusual; and she was at least unusual for Slim. Still, he felt that a business man, avowedly out for business, would excite adverse criticism by frittering away his time with skirts, even if the skirts wore businesslike khaki.

The dairy interests were awaiting his investigation; so it was up to him to turn his back on the alluring beck of pleasure and investigate.

"Where do you want to go?" inquired his chauffeur, a florid-complexioned youth with white eyebrows, as he cranked the mud-incased antique that was the better half of the garage equipment.

"Take me where the lacteal fluid is extracted in the largest quantities from the internal economy of the benignant bovine," Slim directed. His brief association with the eyeglassed lady had not been for naught.

"Wait, and let me hitch that to this goldarned crank," said the youth, wiping his perspiring brow with his shirt-sleeved forearm.

"Round to the cow ranches," Slim explained; "the milk farms—dairies—anywhere they keep cows for what they can get out of 'em—see? I want to get hep to the lowing herds as they wind 'slowly o'er the lea' get me?"

"Jim Lee's?" inquired the youth.

"He'll do to begin with," said Slim. "Twist his tail again, kid, and let's be moving."

With a desperate jerk the boy started the engine, and so they fared forth.

It can hardly be said that Mr. McKay gathered any dairy statistics of particular interest that afternoon. He did, indeed, stop at several farms and distribute literature in the form of handbills that explained the merits of the McKay Separator; but his questioning of the farmers seemed more or less perfunctory, and he received the information that his driver imparted with a visible effort of attention. After little more than an hour of this progress he suggested turning back; but the driver demurred.

"I've got a plowpoint I cal'lated to leave at Sam Grinel's," he said. "It ain't but a little ways farther, and Sam's got a Jersey bull that you ought to see."

So they went on to Grinel's, which was considerably more than a "little ways farther"; and, as a result, it was nearly dark when the investigator got back to the hotel.

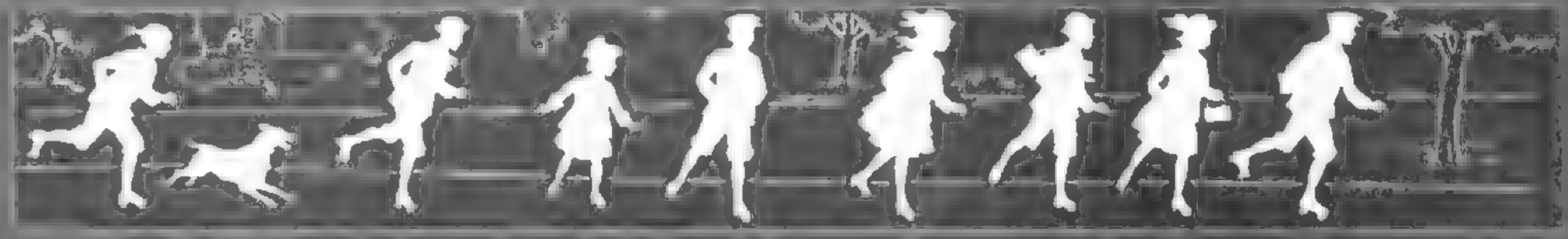
When he entered the office he noticed particularly a heavy-set, middle-aged, blue-eyed man of rustic appearance, who was sitting, tilted back, near the desk, smoking a gorgeously banded cigar with apparent relish as he chatted with the proprietor. This person nodded pleasantly to Slim and wished him a good evening, which greeting Mr. McKay returned quite affably.

After supper he was introduced to Mr. Whitmore, by which name the rustic-appearing gentleman was registered, and they found each other so congenial that they strolled out together for a moonlight walk to the summerhouse on the crest of the hill.

"Well, old scout," said Mr. Whitmore, "what have you been doing for your country since last we met? How do you find the separator business by this time?"

Slim spat over the summerhouse rail in a manner eloquently expressive of disgust.

(Continued on Page 41)



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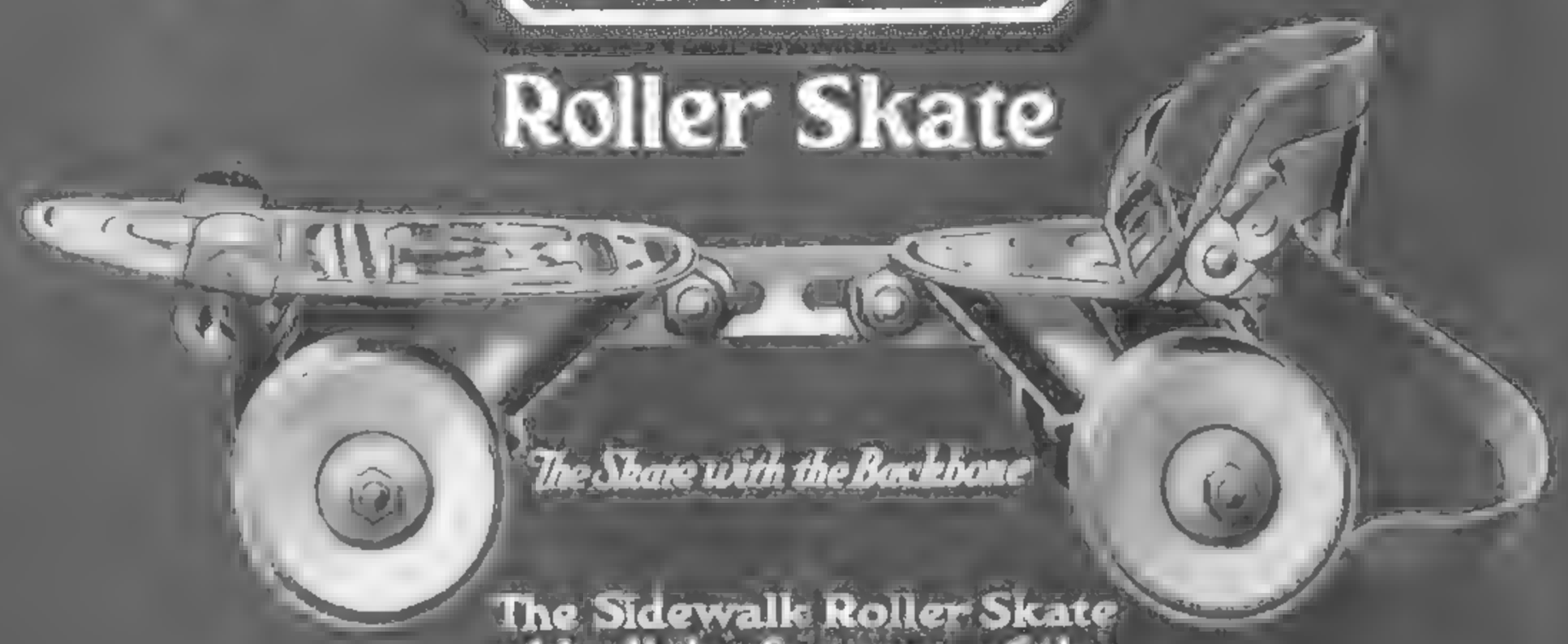

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THE Conron Roller Skate has two large rubber bumpers or cushions which give great resiliency, absorb jars and shocks on rough or uneven sidewalks and permit of the short turning radius of the best rink skate. Rugged strength is assured by the Conron "Back Bone" construction and Conron Trussed Axles. Ball bearings, of course—16 balls in each wheel with bearing surfaces of heat treated high point carbon steel—Price **$2.50**

Before you buy any roller skates, ask the dealer to show you the "CONRON". If he hasn't received his stock, ask him to write us and we will send him a pair for your approval, by parcel post prepaid.

TO DEALERS—This is the first advertisement of the Conron publicity campaign in The Saturday Evening Post, Youth's Companion, American Boy, Boy's Magazine, Boy's World, Girl's Companion and Outing.

Conron-Mc Neal Company, Kokomo, Indiana.

Makers of Conron Extension Ice Skates. The Ice Skate that fits any size shoe

EXECUTIVES whose hours are priceless, the kind of men who travel on excess fare trains, make *riding* time *writing* time with the aid of Corona.

Business "leaks" which can cost millions are prevented by the coronatyping of confidential matters.

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

owing to its portability and its guarantee of privacy—saves your seconds and—your secrets.

This six-pound machine lacks nothing in completeness, because it is compact; its simplicity of design and operation enables anyone able to write, to type and copy—conveniently, easily, legibly and beautifully without instruction.

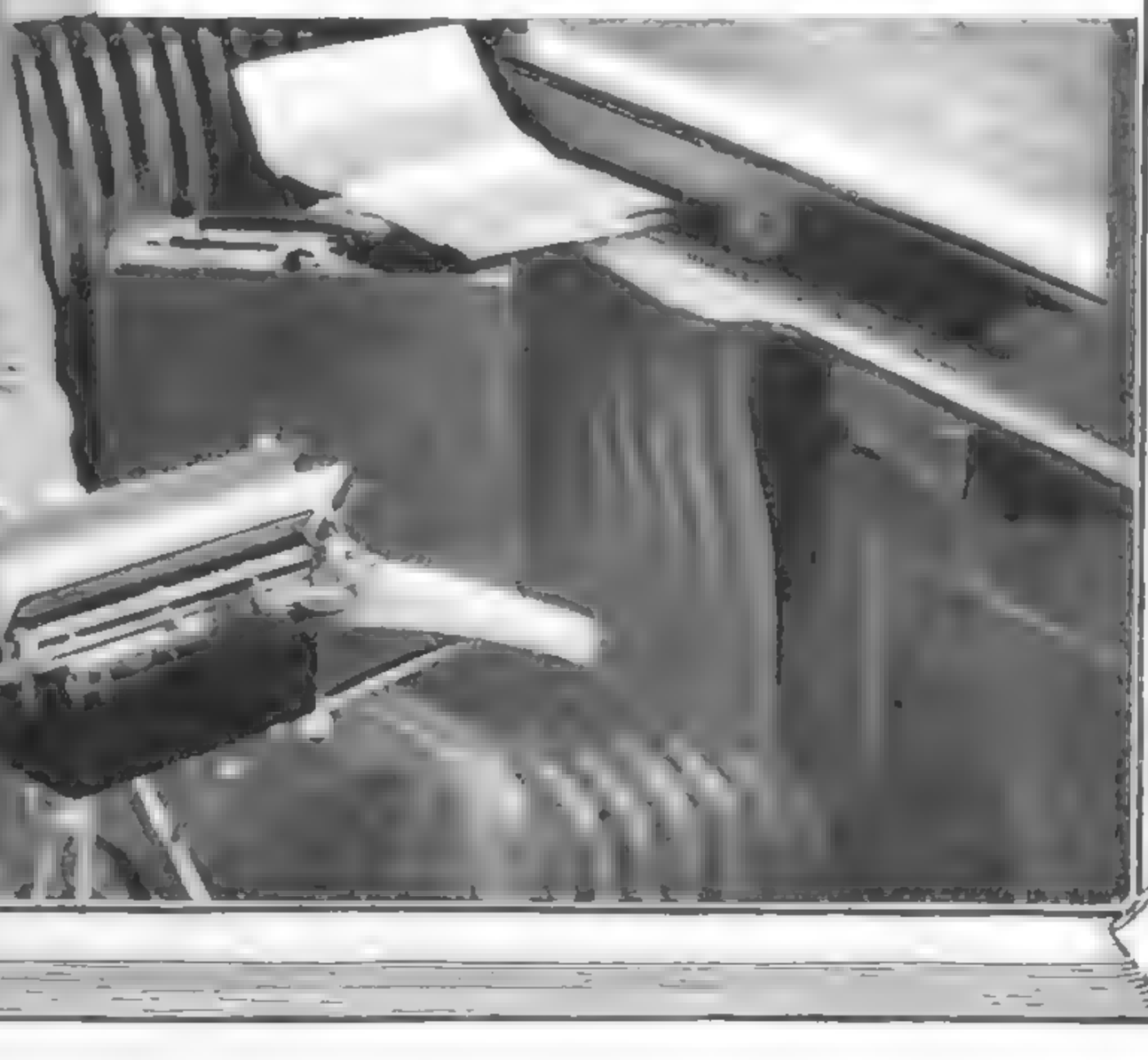
Corona and case cost $50

Necessity for extra baggage is eliminated by the fact that special two-story bags and Gladstones by "Likly" accommodate Corona and a traveling kit.

To get "The Personal Touch in Typing" be sure and ask for Booklet 1

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., Groton, N. Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Agencies in principal cities



(Continued from Page 38)

"Say, that was a peach of an idea of yours!" he said ironically. "You certainly was inspired. Separator! I'd like to know what laundry you got that dope from. Get myself solid in the burg! Listen: The only way you get solid here is to get petri ed, like the rest of the popeyed Yahoos. Anything that shows signs of life ain't natural to them. And what would I want to get solid for? Couldn't I have just come here for a few days' rest from the city's whirl, like anybody else, without having separators tagging me by freight and tangling me up with a population of correspondence-school dicks? But, no; that would be too simple, says you. Squire, I don't make you."

"Tut, tut!" said Squire. "What has peeved my lion-hearted boy? Compose yourself, Slim, and tell me the long, sad story."

Slim complied with his request. He told the story at length and with unabated bitterness. Squire listened to him gravely until he had finished, and then sighed.

"Well," he said, "it's a pity! No great harm done and you'll do better next time; but it's a pity. You made your first mistake flashing your roll at that banker. One of the hardest things to learn in our business, or any other, is just when it's advisable to dazzle all beholders with a display of wealth. Then you were too liberal and damn-the-expensive in your dealing with the Stoover person. When you negotiate transactions involving dollars and cents with a small-town merchant prince, fight him for every cent like a bobcat robbed of her young. Then ——"

"Cut it out!" Slim interrupted, with some show of temper.

"Don't get sore at your uncle," said Squire soothingly. "It's only because you're a little out of your element here. I know you're a classy operator on your native heath, or—well, we'll let that slide. But, as to my dope, I'd like to have you take these to your friend Loman before you leave town—just before you leave—and realize on them."

He handed two slips of paper to his companion, who examined them by the light of a match and then returned them.

"I'll see you somewhere, first," said Slim with great emphasis, and definitely mentioning the locality.

"I thought that was how you would feel about it," remarked Squire composedly. "If you had won Loman's confidence in that interview, though, you'd have had a good chance of paying for that separator and the freight charges. That was my idea in shipping the thing—as I thought I explained to you—to have you on good terms with the banker and the community, so that, without neglecting the main graft, we could cash in on any little side line I happened to work. Now it's poor policy to buy a mess of farms too close together; but there's no harm in taking a few fruit-tree orders in between. That's what I did, and here are the perfectly good notes to show for it; but, owing to your bone-head—I suppose I'll have to brace Loman myself."

"Don't you do it, Squire!" begged Slim. "You're right, and I eat dirt; but don't you tackle that fishy-eyed geezer. He's wise—believe me! I'd sooner pay the notes myself. That's a straight tip, Squire."

"Well, we'll let the dead past bury its dead, and consider the rosy future," said Squire magnanimously as he restored the notes to his vest pocket. "Here's a full account of my activities."

Thereupon he related his adventures with a good deal of humor.

"And now, if you won't get on your sensitive ear about it, I'll make a few little deferential suggestions as to the way you are to conduct yourself as a mining expert," he went on; and for the next half hour he tactfully suggested.

"I get you, Steve," said Slim goodnaturedly "If I fall down after that you've got a license to give me three swift kicks. Mitt me on it, Cull!"

And they solemnly shook hands.

Mrs. Amler, casually looking out of her kitchen window as she was piling her breakfast dishes into a pan, was considerably surprised to see a stranger wandering in an apparently aimless manner over the rocky strip that split the south forty of her husband's land. She was sure he was a stranger because Mr. Amler was at that moment feeding the calves and there was nobody else in the neighborhood—with the possible exception of her husband's brother, Jake—who was as long-legged as this man. And Jake wore blue overalls on week days, while the wanderer seemed to be attired in a hunting costume of a sort of brown. Not a hunter, though. No gun; no dog; and any possible game would be down in the stubble.

She heard her husband's heavy footsteps on the porch and called him.

"Well, he don't seem to be doing no particular harm," said Mr. Amler. "Sort of poking round, ain't he?" He rubbed the sandy bristle on his chin.

"Looks like that might be his buggy down by the pasture gate," his wife surmised.

"I shouldn't wonder a mite," said Mr. Amler as he turned away. "Well, this ain't buying the baby shoes."

"Ain't you a-going to go and see what he's doing?" Mrs. Amler called after him.

"I ain't noways nosey myself," returned the farmer dryly. "Mebbe he's dropped a dime round there somewhere and can't afford to lose it."

"Don't you s'pose, mebbe "

"Yes; mebbe it's a quarter," grinned Amler; and with that he returned to his chores, leaving his wife in a state of unusual exasperation.

"Drat that man!" she exclaimed. "Well, he can act that way if he wants to; but I betcher 'tis!"

She made very slow work of her dishes that morning, and, indeed, of all her household tasks, going again and again to the kitchen window to watch the mysterious man on the hillside.

Higher and higher climbed the sun; but still the stranger strolled back and forth, across and along the rocky strip, his head bent forward, stooping often to pick something from the ground, and sometimes seating himself on a bowlder and busying himself for minutes at a time, tapping something with a hammer, as nearly as Mrs. Amler could guess. She could hear a faint metallic clinking at such times; she was certain of that. It was the most irritating thing imaginable to watch—and to watch by the hour.

At last—but it was not until she had got her cabbage on to boil—she saw her husband approach the trespasser and enter

"A Sightly Place You've Got Here. Ever Think of Selling It?"

Quality Retailers Sell PEARL
—the Quality Screen

YOU'LL find genuine G & B PEARL Wire Cloth on sale at the best retail stores in America. No other screen material made offers so many distinct advantages for door, window and porch screening as G & B PEARL Wire Cloth. That's why merchants whose policy is "quality first" sell and endorse it.

The first requirement of wire cloth is—durability. Rust, not wear, ruins screens. G & B PEARL resists rust and outwears painted and galvanized cloths so far that there is no ground for comparison. The process which makes PEARL so durable is a secret of the Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co., consequently no similar cloth *can* be "just the same" in wear or manufacture. Make sure you get the genuine by looking for the marks of identification. Two Copper Wires in the Selvage and a Round Tag on each roll of real G & B PEARL Wire Cloth. Insist on seeing them.

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Pearl is made in two weights—regular and extra heavy.

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"Hooked"

—and now for the real sport—a merry fight with plenty of thrill before he is "played out" and finally landed.

The best "holes"—where the big fellows lurk—are within easy reach of the man who owns an

EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTOR

For reaching the fishing grounds quickly, or for trolling, it's mighty handy. Over 80,000 sportsmen and outdoor people find the Evinrude a necessary part of their pleasure equipment.

Portable, easily attached, simple to operate. Equipment includes Evinrude Magneto—Built-In Flywheel Type, Automatic Reverse and new refinements for 1917. More speed and power.

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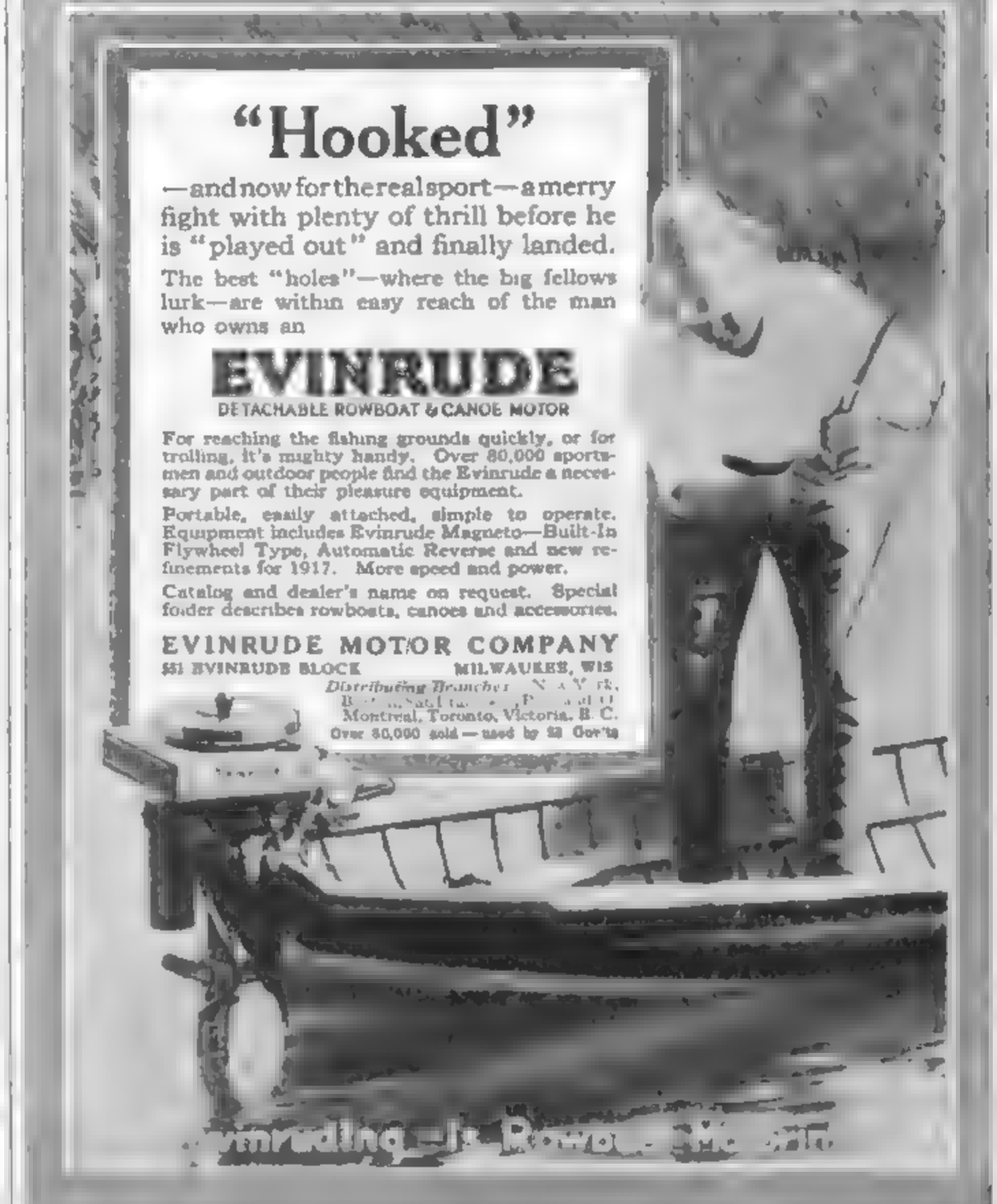

Frantz Premier

ELECTRIC CLEANER

SPRING house-cleanings are not what they used to be. Ten minutes each day with the Frantz Premier keeps the home wholesomely clean the year-'round. A quarter million modern housewives have discovered the Frantz Premier way.

Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!

We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request.

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The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., 28 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ontario, Can.

The Blade of Blades Sealed

The Sign of "The Best Safety"

7 for 35¢

It is the steel in the **Gem Damaskeene Blade,** and the treatment of it, that keeps the edge *right*—and this keen edged Blade, with the properly set Gem frame, makes the **GEM** outfit the greatest shaving combination in the world today.

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Gem Blades are sold only in sealed, wax paper wrapped packages—moisture and dust-proof—each blade in a separate envelope and each blade edge protected. **Seven blades to the set, 35c.**

The **GEM** means speed—ease—comfort—economy. Don't miss it! Outfit includes razor complete, with seven **Gem Damaskeene Blades,** shaving and stropping handle, in handsome, durable case **$1.00**

Dealers Everywhere

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into conversation with him. After a short colloquy the two walked down the hill to where a horse and buggy were standing. The stranger climbed into the vehicle and her husband followed him. They drove, as she saw by changing her window, up to the barnyard; but there they merely removed the horse's bridle and threw him a forkful of hay without taking him from the shafts.

"That's one blessing!" said the good woman. "He ain't going to stay to dinner. Now what?"

She heard the well wheel creak and, soon after, the sound of chairs dragged along the porch floor. Unable to contain her curiosity any longer, she twisted a stray wisp of hair into place, whipped off her apron, and went out on the porch.

The mysterious stranger rose politely from his chair at her appearance. He was a tall, slender man, dressed in a worn corduroy hunting suit and high-laced boots, badly scuffed. He wore blue-tinted spectacles that bridged a bony aquiline nose; and his mouth, barely shaded by a short black mustache, was set in a hard, thin line—until he smiled. When he smiled Mrs. Amler quite took to him.

Once more the shades of night descended on Milliken. Squire Gurney had put in a pleasant day, talking fruit trees and making acquaintances in the town; among them Banker Loman. Now, feeling the need of a little exercise after a hearty supper, he strolled down to the depot to see the seven-forty-five come in. He found the station deserted, as yet, except for the agent, who was drowsing over a pipe, undisturbed by the clatter of the telegraph key at his elbow; but, being a sociable man, he found some entertainment conversing with the agent. Presently the hotel bus came trundling up; and some few of the villagers, with the train-reception habit, trickled in. From the distance came the sound of a whistle.

"So the one freight's all that goes through to-night?" queried Squire as the agent struggled painfully to his feet.

"Just the one down; and she don't stop," replied the agent. "She'll be along inside of fifteen minutes, just as soon as the seven-forty-five gets apast the siding. Then me for the feathers."

Squire nodded and, as the train whistle sounded again, went out on the platform. In another minute the train itself came in, stopped long enough to allow Slim McKay to alight, and then puffed on. Squire advanced to greet his friend, a genial smile on his face; but Slim, ignoring the smile, strode rapidly to meet the bus and threw in the suitcase he was carrying.

"Take that on up. I'll be along later," he said to the driver. Then he turned to Squire with a particularly ugly look. "Let's walk," he said shortly from a corner of his mouth.

Without a word the two paced side by side to the end of the platform. There, well out of the light from the station, Squire stopped.

"I guess you've balled things up again, by the way you act," he said coldly.

Slim uttered a queer, croaking sound, something between a laugh and a snarl, and crouched slightly, with his chin thrust aggressively forward.

"Guessed it the very first time—Farmer!" he said. "You're a wizard—or somethin', you are! I balled it up! *I* balled it up!" His voice broke and turned to a half-strangled squeal.

"Well," said Squire with the same cold composure, "get it off your chest, Slim. It seems to be hurting you. How bad is it?"

Slim struggled with his emotion for a moment.

"Oh, it ain't what you'd call bad, I guess!" he said in low, tense tones. "We ain't out no more than the roll. A smooth guy like you, that's hep to Reuben, can easy make that up. You might get Loman to discount those fruit-tree notes. Say, lemons is your fruit! That's what you bought when you bought them options."

"Go on!" said Squire. "You interest me strangely—and I ain't interested in post mortems as a general thing."

"Thanks!" said Slim, choking a little. "I'll tell you, then. And don't you tell me I balled it up again or I'll smash your face! See? Well, I goes up to this guy Amler's dump and I break rock there by the hour until he comes up and wants to know what I'm doing. I told him about the copper that was in that porphyry rock—got off all the patter; and he just et it up. Oh, he's a fine dry kidder, that guy! Well, we go up to the house and finally I own up that I'm representing a mining syndicate and offer him twenty-five thousand for the place—like I was instructed by Mr. Slick Gurney.

"'I'll take you up on that,' says Amler, without batting an eye.

"'No liens or mortgages, or anything in the way of an incumbrance on it, is there?' I asks.

"'You wouldn't call an option an incumbrance, would you?' says he. 'Reason I ask,' he says, "is because my Brother Jake sold an option on the land for five hundred dollars to a stranger, name of Whitmore,' he says. 'I was at Bloomingburg that day,' he said; 'and, of course, this Whitmore couldn't hold me to no option. He might sue Jake; but probably he won't.'

"'What makes you think so?' I asks.

"'Well,' says the guy, laughing like a hyena, 'it's like this: Last year Cornelius Van Opdam sold a feller a ten-day option on his farm for ten dollars. The very next day another feller comes along and offers Corny twice what the first feller offered. Of course Corny couldn't sell on account of the option he'd give the first feller. The second feller cal'lated he was mighty sorry, because he thought there was oil on the land, which was why he'd offered such big money; but if Corny could get the option canceled he'd stand to his bargain. Well, Corny paid the first feller five hundred dollars to cancel the option and then waited for the second feller to come back, like he'd agreed to. He's waiting yet—Corny is; but he figgers he's out five hundred dollars. That's why us Hicks have been keeping our eyes peeled for option buyers and farm buyers. I guess that's why Brother Jake sold the option on this here place to this here Whitmore—and raised the ante. But that don't hender us from doing business,' he says."

The down freight tooted faintly from afar and Squire turned his head for a moment. Slim swallowed twice and resumed:

"I told him that we only did business with square guys. Then I beat it; but as I was driving off he hollered out that I'd be wasting time if I had any notion of buying copper claims from Hoskins or Smith, because they'd sold options to Whitmore too."

"I see," said Squire, moving back from the track as the humming rails announced the coming freight.

"Oh, you see, do you?" jeered Slim. "You see how them Hicks was stringing you along all the time and milking you—you, the guy that knew how to work 'em! Farmer Gurney! Farmer is right! But you didn't get your seed back. You, roasting me for my bone-head plays! Say, don't you think for a holy minute that I ain't going to choke what I put into your moldy graft right out of you! That's why I am here, you ——"

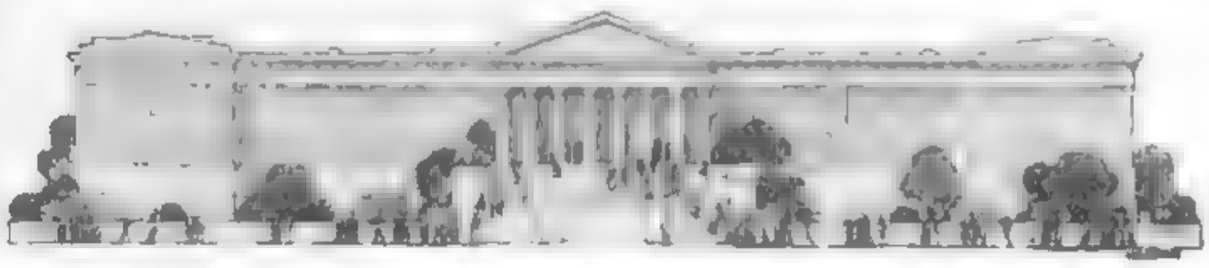
He moved back a pace as the freight engine chugged and whiffed by, dragging its long line of empties.

"You poor fish!" he shouted above the roar. "You boob! You ——"

Squire Gurney turned with a lightning movement, struck him under the chin, and knocked him down. Then, with surprising agility for a man of his bulk, he wheeled and flipped on to the rear of one of the cars.

Slim, for all the violence of his fall, scrambled to his feet almost instantly—in time to catch sight of Gurney's outswung body and waving hand. Shaken as he was, he made a tiger leap and caught the handrail of the caboose.

The station agent, setting the signal, saw him flung back, but without breaking the desperate clutch he had on the rail; saw him draw himself up and squirm round to the steps; then saw only the ruby gleam of the tail light as the train pounded along into the beauty of the night and toward the luminous haze of the Big City.



The tire that "stands up"

There is one word that the average motorist associates entirely too frequently with his tire experience. That word is luck. Not puncture luck, but service luck. We realized this when The General Tire was still an idea. That realization has shaped the entire course of manufacture of our tire.

We were determined from the start to build such unvarying quality into *every* General Tire that the name alone would be a guarantee of the satisfactory service of *each* General Tire. In other words, we made up our minds that car owners should not look upon satisfaction with one General Tire as a matter of luck, but as a thing to be expected from all General Tires.

The tire that doesn't need its guarantee

The actual mileage is greater than the 5,000 mile guarantee—and even at that The General costs less per *guaranteed* mile. Double protection for distributors, dealers and users by guarantee given and quality built in.

In Akron we put up the factory, equipped it with the machinery, surrounded ourselves with the men, determined on the materials and established ideals that make it possible to build this unvarying quality into The General Tire. That's why The General Tire stands up.

There is no such word as luck in our tire-building vocabulary. We leave nothing to chance in design, materials, measurements or process. *Every* tire is built to stand up—built by methods as scientifically exact as the very finest of motors.

What's the result? That the first General Tire you buy will live up to the promises of this advertisement. That the second one you buy will justify the expectations the first one gave you. That every General Tire you buy will live up to the reputation established by every one you've owned.

That's what standing up means—not a one-tire performance, but an every tire certainty.

We didn't invent the phrase, "It stands up." We adopted the phrase because everyone who has been identified with the sale or use of The General Tire has sooner or later just naturally described its service by those words. Our files are full of letters from distributors, dealers and users, containing just those words—"It stands up."

Yet, in spite of this absolute certainty that you're going to put The General Tire on your car and be able to forget about all but the satisfaction it gives, we give you double protection by covering the tire with a 5,000-mile guarantee. You'll never need it.

It is this dependable, built-in quality that, in a year's time, has established The General Tire as a real national success—the tire that stands out because it stands up.

You want just the kind of tire that The General is. Ask The General Tire dealer in your city. You will be surprised at the moderate price.

The General Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

THE GENERAL TIRE

Pour this oil on the troubled sea of motoring

—and watch your car perform as it never performed before. The smooth, powerful body of Havoline Oil keeps all rubbing surfaces safely apart. This means longer engine life, less internal wear and tear, longer mileage on gas, easier control, less depreciation.

Insist that Havoline Oil comes to you in the original, sealed Havoline container—your guarantee of supreme and uniform quality, highest purity, no waste, no dirt, full quantity, and all Havoline.

Havoline is easy to identify. It comes to you in sealed cans, dark blue with white lettering, containing full measure of this correct lubricant for automobiles and tractors.

Indian Refining Company, New York
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Producers and Refiners of Petroleum

NE COCO DOMO

By Frank Condon

They Just Sat There
in the Broiling Sun for Ten Mortal Hours

AT THIS particular moment the happiest man in North America is Sam Gordon; and I announce the fact while it is one, because it won't last. Sam's just married. Naturally his joyous condition is not permanent, but he don't suspect it; and while he's going round pitying the rest of the human race and feeling sorry for men who marry just ordinary girls, I may as well skim over the details of how he came to put on the velvet shackles.

Sam and I have always been as close as the dots on a golf ball, and we are still boon companions, though his new wife has spoken a warning word to him about me, which she would do, anyhow, no matter how lilylike my conduct. She regards me as a Sonoma City offshoot, whereas Sam is a college-educated gent and can use hard words if driven to it. Like most brand-new brides, Barbara thinks I'm liable to corrupt her precious husband, which is a funny thought when you glance along Sam's past.

To go back to those peaceful days before Sam lost his mind, the Fulton family shook themselves free from Chicago and came West in search of sunshine; and among their stops was Sonoma City. They were accompanied by a large purple limousine and a chauffeur of the same color; and, being in the garage business, I met the family first. The old gentleman leaned out through some plate glass and asked me if he could put up the car, and would I tell him the right hotel for particular people.

Politely I told him, figuring on cash trade; and meantime I looked on by him to where this Barbara person was sitting. The minute I laid eyes on her I knew I was gazing at a high-grade sample of female progeny.

She was just about right, whichever way you looked. Her eyes were large and bright, with long lashes that curved into a swift upshoot; and when you looked at her long enough you began to forget what day it was, and how long since you ate, and your mother's first name. There was old-rose color in her cheeks; and when you stake me to a free view of that particular shade of old rose in a lady's cheek, I know if she wants anything done I'm going to do it for her or bust both axles.

The Fulton family drove away, leaving me in the door trying to remember what the girl looked like; and I spent the rest of the afternoon making mistakes. I tried to drive a roadster into the telephone booth, and one victim got engine oil instead of gasoline. Among my employees it was stated freely that I'd have to cut out this drinking at lunch.

About five o'clock Sam Gordon's car stopped outside. You can always tell when Sam's car stops, the same as you know when the sheet-iron mill knocks off for the day. Sam came in, wearing a look I've come to recognize. It generally means that he's done something and is going to ask me whether to stick it out or leave town.

"Say," he began, trying to act casual, "do you suppose you can string some electric lights in that garage of mine?"

"Sure!" I answered, wondering what made him look that way.

"Soon?" he insisted, sort of feverishly.

"Yeah," I said. "What's the matter? Has somebody dug up a body you buried?"

"Why?" he asked.

"You look rattled."

He walked slowly over to my desk and sat down, taking a firm grip on the chair.

"Henry," he said, "the great event in my life has come."

"The insurance people let you in, after all," I said. "Shows what they know about livers, don't it?"

"It's a girl, Henry," Sam went on. "She's just arrived. They're all here."

"You ain't all there, though," I replied, watching him fidget in my plush chair.

"This girl," he resumed, paying no attention to me, "is going to live in Sonoma City. Her father came to see me about renting my Casa Buena Vista, and they are to inspect it in the morning. That's why I want the garage fixed up with lights. It's nothing but the hand of Fate, Henry. I thought I never was going to marry; but it just shows you."

"It don't show me a thing," I answered; "and I'll bet you her name is Fulton."

"It is."

"If you don't rent them your Casa they'll store their automobiles with me. Looks like I lose out."

"Man," he said, "I care nothing about the money."

"You mean you don't care nothing about my money," I agreed. "Anyhow, I'll wire your garage before morning. . . . And you go slow about this Fulton girl. She sure is restful scenery for the eye to linger among; but no girl that good-looking is entirely free. You'll find her married or engaged."

"No," said Sam. "Providence did this."

Then he walked out and climbed into his large benzine barouche.

I heard nothing more about what Providence was doing for a few days, and then I learned that Sam had rented his Casa to the "Benjamin Fultons, of Chicago," as the morning paper had it, the same authority admitting further that Mr. Fulton was an "Eastern capitalist and retired merchant prince, who has come to the Sunny Southland for a long rest." Any time a stranger wearing a collar gets off the train the morning paper says about the same thing.

The Gordon Casa is a squat stucco house that would look like a railroad station if it had a gum machine on the porch. I suppose it's as comfortable as a stucco house ever is, stucco coming from the quaint old Latin word stuccum, meaning to stick the tenant. In the case of Mr. Fulton, Sam stuck him for two hundred a month, which was funny, because if Old Man Fulton knew what I did he could have had the place rent free. In addition, Sam would have given him the First Baptist Church and the Grange Hall just to live in the Casa and adorn it with his daughter.

Following this real-estate deal came news that Sam Gordon might need a strong uniformed attendant at any moment. George Cole came in and told me, and George ought to know, seeing he's Sam's general manager.

"There are things that ought to be tended to," George said complainingly. "I can't get him into the office; and if he does

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BATTERY INSURANCE
FOR A DOLLAR BILL

If your dealer can't supply you—mail us a dollar bill and we'll send you—postpaid—this "battery insurance" called

Break-Not Battery Tester

Tells at a glance if your battery is dead, sick or O. K.

SHOULD BE IN EVERY CAR

Most batteries are abused because they are out of sight—*forgotten*, until they play out, just quit or "go dead." It's a funny thing—but most of us will scrape the points to save a 40c spark plug—and *forget* a $40 battery until the lights or starter "just won't work." Even then—a "dead" battery *looks* as good as a live one because its energy or power is electricity—like the "spark of life," you can't see it, smell it, or hear it. Therefore—*you must TEST for it.*

The BREAK-NOT Battery Tester—in "high brow" language called a Hydrometer Syringe—is the one sure insurance against battery starvation. A starved battery is a sick one—if it isn't cured it will soon be "dead."

The BREAK-NOT lives up to its name because so much of it is made of acid proof rubber, glass used only where necessary to "read" it. You can almost drop it on a cement floor—an exclusive BREAK-NOT feature—so do not confuse a BREAK-NOT with a cheaply constructed breakable so-called hydrometer. Comes with complete, simple instructions—in a strong carrier—and takes up less space than a 12-in. monkey wrench. If your dealer can't supply you mail your check, money order or a dollar bill—with your name and address to

To Dealers and Garage Men

Always keep a few BREAK-NOT Battery Testers in stock—because more and more drivers will gladly pay you a dollar for this unlimited battery insurance. The only autoists who do not now own BREAK-NOT Battery Testers are those who haven't thought about their batteries. And they'll buy them from you when they do.

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"Makers of Automobile Accessories of Quality" 355 EAST OHIO ST.

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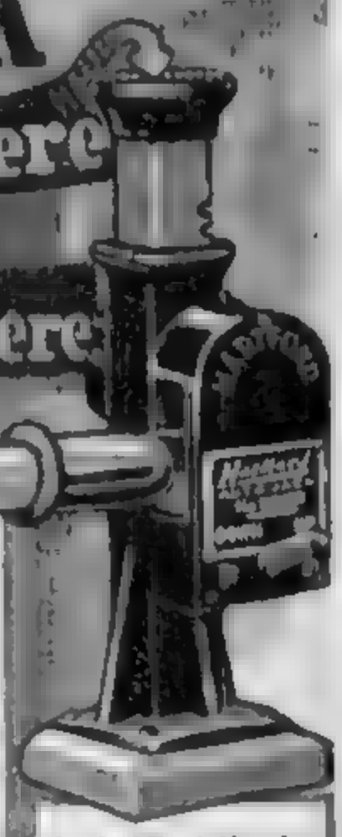

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Drive up to your dealer's. Ask to try a

Hartford AUTO JACK

Slip it under the axle of your car. Note the remarkable ease with which it lifts it

This will be enough to convince you that here's *the* easiest working auto jack. Then consider its construction—solid, machine-turned, accurately fitted steel gears, tough malleable-iron casing, handy reversing lever, long handle, short stroke; beautiful design and finish. Compare it with any other auto jack you ever saw or heard of and you'll chug away with one in your tool box.

Positively *the best jack money can buy.* With reasonable care, will outlast two automobiles.

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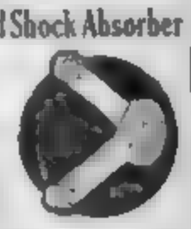


Hartford Bump Absorber
More Than a Bumper

Said the Man Who Knows to the Man Who Pays the Bills:

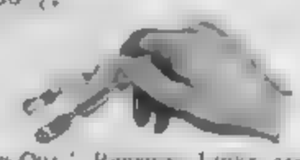
"Here's the type of link that renews this fuse over and over again. It cost us about four hundred dollars a year for fuse protection when we used 'one-time' fuses—the kind that are discarded after they operate—now it costs less than one hundred dollars and we are getting better protection, because all of our electrical circuits are safeguarded by

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

Sectional View, Ferrule Type Economy renewable Fuse, showing "Drop-Out" Renewal Link in place.

You know that wherever electricity is used, fuses must be employed to protect lives, apparatus and buildings against overloads, short circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.

To secure the greatest degree of safety at the lowest cost, use Economy Fuses. An inexpensive "Drop-Out" Renewal Link, inserted by anyone in a moment or two, instantly restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. The saving effected cuts yearly fuse maintenance expense a full 80 %.



"Drop-Out" Renewal Links are accurately rated inexpensive, and their use renews an Economy Fuse over and over again. A quantity always on hand represents only a small investment

When you buy fuses for your plant or for your home, ask for Economy Fuses and feel secure that you are buying safety at least cost. All capacities and all types may be had from most electrical jobbers and dealers.

Write for Booklet E and take advantage of the sample offer as it appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of March 10.

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
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Also made in Canada at Montreal

Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the United States Government Bureau of Standards.

come he sits there telephoning this dame. I don't like to see any woman make a jody out of Sam."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, you see his car in front of the Ville de Paris, and pretty soon she comes out and says 'Home, Sam!' And he homes. When I ask him what about those New York bonds, he tells me to go on away."

"Maybe I'd better speak to him," I suggested. "Sam'll always listen to me."

"See if you can't get him to quit this Don Lothario stuff and come back to work," George begged me, and I promised I'd look Sam up; when I did I found him so far gone that good advice only bounced off him.

"People are talking about you," I said, when he got me mad. "You ain't the first man ever felt this way about a female. Why don't you be sensible?"

"Let 'em talk," Sam said. "What do I care? The thing that sets me wild is that she won't listen to me."

"Maybe if you acted normal she would," I said.

"You can't understand some things, Henry," Sam said, as though I was six years old. "I want to marry this girl; and when I argue with her she laughs at me. She has her ideals and I am extensively not them."

"What might be the lady's ideal?"

"Don't you suppose I've tried to find out? She says there's no use in even talking to me about such matters."

"Well, what are you going to do? You can't blow off your head, because you probably couldn't hit such a head," I contended.

"I am going to chase this ideal stuff to its lair," he resumed. "I am going to find out what the ideal is and be it, if I have to rub myself with tiger's fat and dye my hair. I want this girl and I'm going to have her."

He looked so forlorn and pitiful that I made a suggestion.

"You introduce me," I said. "Maybe I can find out what sort of a bug bit her."

"Would it do any good?" he asked, brightening.

"It might," I admitted. "You bring me and this lady together; and, first, be careful to explain that I'm an eccentric young person who runs a garage largely for the wild life of adventure it offers. If she thinks I'm a plain garage keeper I'll have to come in the back door with the vegetables."

II

THERE is no getting away from the fact that Barbara Fulton was worth a large personal effort on the part of a gent determined to give up his liberty of action and be a husband. She was amiable in her manner, just as she was soothing to the eye; and when Sam introduced me as his friend I was her friend too. Not that the Benjamin Fultons broke out and gave a ball in my honor, but I was allowed a sort of friendly footing and I began standing round on it right away.

Once I went to the theater with Barbara and Sam, and once we had dinner together at the Uhl House, with me so darned polite before the waiter that the check just naturally came and whinnied at me. We took a joy ride in one of my cars, and I got Barbara a bunch of Arizona orchids, which she wore graciously. I was escorted up to the Casa Buena Vista by Sam, to be entertained at dinner, all dressed up in my evening clothes and looking like the Sisters' Hospital on a wet night. These details are unimportant, but I am putting them in so you will know I was not a common outsider, like the rest of Sonoma City. When I called at the Casa I went right in the front door, like the mail.

Then I began to see why Sam Gordon wasn't getting anywhere with Barbara. Sam is a high-grade citizen, honest and upright, and gets his hair cut twice a month; but he's a good deal like the rest of us—a trifle careless about his costume. He wears whatever hat he finds after breakfast. Sometimes his pants are creased, but in the muddy season you'll see him wandering round in rubber boots.

I don't mean that Sam was sloppy in his manner of dress, but he took things easy. He didn't have to doll up. Everybody knew he was Sam Gordon, with enough money to go and buy him a new town if he didn't happen to like this one.

At least, that was the old system before Barbara sailed in and shot it full of holes. In the very first place, I decided that Sam had failed to touch some hidden spring in her nature.

She was full of Romance and she used to talk to Sam about her thoughts. When she'd get through he would fix his collar and pretend he had a cold, because it was all vague and hazy to Sam. She expected her lover to dash upon the scene on a milk-white steed harnessed in silks and shining armor, carrying a spear down the street, like the front part of a parade. Sam's idea of approaching wedlock was to walk out into the residential section and inquire about the rent, and whether the cellar was dry, and would his bride like the view from the back stoop.

So you can see where Sam wasn't sparking right. He was missing on several cylinders, which results in a jerky sort of progress. There was Barbara talking about Narcissus and Sir Galahad and the knights and ladies of the Round Table, which she had got out of books written by old-timers who wouldn't know a trolley car from a flannel nightie. And there, likewise, was Sam, coming to the surface just long enough to take a short look round. It was a most difficult matrimonial situation.

Barbara was at that age when a young girl expects her swain to order round steak in poetry, and maybe sing to her under a vine-clad window; or rush out and bring her enough golden fleece for a muffler; or prong a few wild lions down in the arena while she sits up beside the royal family, waiting to press the laurel upon his pale brow, in case there is any brow left.

There are loads of young girls with these notions. They know how lovers ought to talk, because they have read love speeches in books, written by fat old stemwinders who drank too much, and had nothing more sentimental about them personally than approaching apoplexy and the back rent; and these girls expect similar conversation from men who get paid on Saturday and use safety razors.

That's what ailed Barbara Fulton. She yearned for the intangible; and when she endeavored to explain her ideas to Sam he had to lean his head on something cold. So things drifted on, with Sam getting bluer and bluer. Barbara admitted she liked him and that he was a good friend; but she couldn't marry him, because he wasn't her type of man. He couldn't recite a sonnet any more than he could shave his own neck, and he didn't play the violin or wear a flowing tie or discuss his ego.

Along came one of these summer nights when the stars glistened and you could have stumbled over rosy Romance down any side street if you happened to be under thirty. Sam wanted to carry Barbara away for a ride over the mountain trail and argue with her some more about marriage.

"Let's go to a movie show instead," she said, and they went.

It seems they wandered into a performance where the hero of the hour was a gent named Archibald Romaine, who has been luring the fair sex away from the dishes for some time. Barbara sat there in the darkness looking thoughtfully at the noble male, and Sam spent the time watching a small boy trying to break open a candy machine. When they came out Sam noticed a slight smile on Barbara's face.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I am glad we went there," she said, "because of what I have tried to explain to you. Did you see the way Romaine acted toward that girl?"

"I did," said Sam; "and if he acted that way in Sonoma City they'd hang a bell on him."

"It is a matter of viewpoint," Barbara answered, somewhat coldly too.

Then they walked home, with Sam wondering about women.

"You see," he said to me next morning, "according to Barbara, this Archibald is the goods. If you want a laugh, go and see him."

I'll say one thing for Mr. Romaine: He was a bear of a love-maker. He was a delicate and skilled worker, and I noticed married women in the audience looking at him when he warmed up to his wooing and comparing his method with the fat democrats they had married, and who made love like a man loading coal.

"Well," I said to Sam, "if he's her ideal you might as well throw your hand into the deck. You're through!"

"No," replied Sam; "it seems to me I see a line of conduct."

"What is it?"

"If Archibald stands ace-high with Barbara and her ideals, why don't I imitate him?"

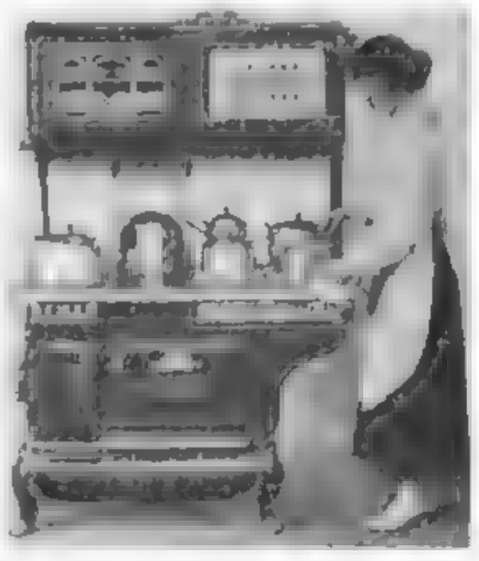
"Why don't you? You saw him, didn't you?" I asked in surprise.

"I did."

(Continued on Page 49)

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

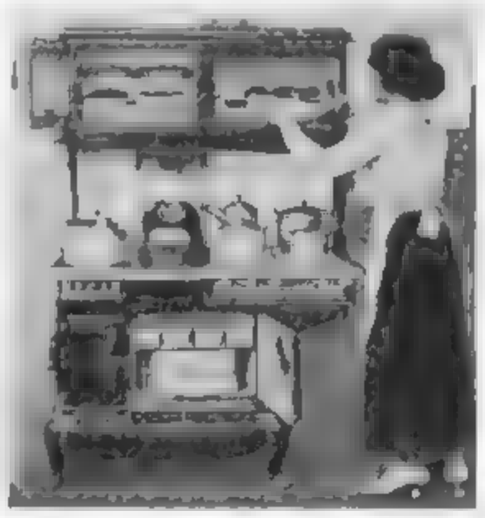


There is absolutely no danger in this combination, as the gas section is as entirely separate from the coal section as if placed in another part of the kitchen.

Gold Medal
Glenwood
Two Gold Medals—Highest Award at San Francisco Exposition, 1915.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled, and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Glenwood Patent Oven Indicator, and is heated by coal or wood.



See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

The entire range is always available as both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry. It's the range that

"Makes Cooking Easy"

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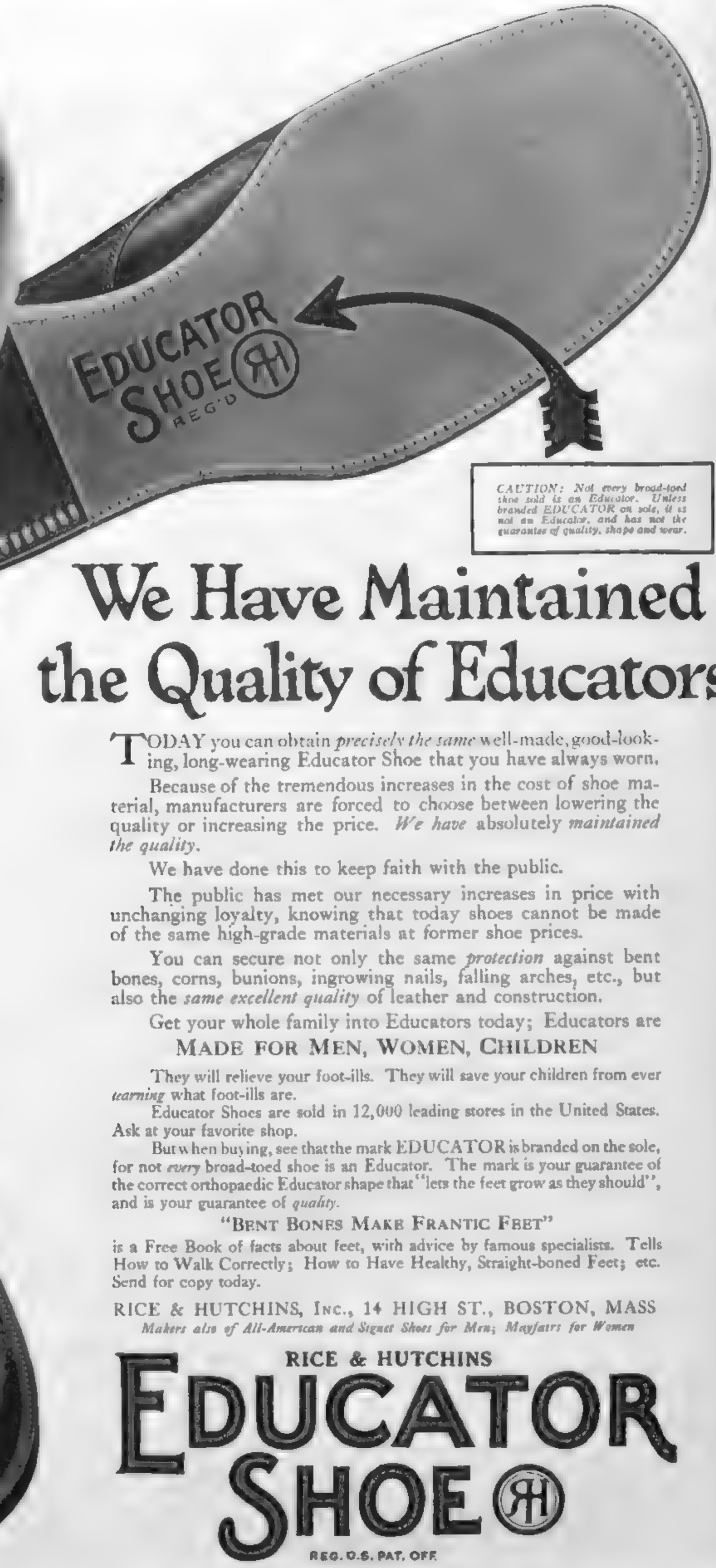

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The Hands of the Artist

The AMPICO *Reproducing Piano*

SENSITIVE, powerful, beautifully muscled—they are indeed marvelous instruments. So skilled have they become by long practice that they seem almost to possess a brain and a will of their own.

Is it possible to endow a mere machine with the subtle intelligence of those wonderfully trained hands?

Science answers with an audacious "yes!" and in evidence offers—the Ampico Reproducing Piano

Here is an instrument which its makers have not hesitated to subject to an unheard of test—a public comparison with the playing of the artist himself. Godowsky, Ornstein, Buhlig, Volavý, Adler and others in the front rank of living pianists have endorsed the Ampico not only in print, but by appearing in public "comparison concerts" at which the Ampico has reproduced tone for tone and phrase for phrase all the individual characteristics of the artist's style. These extraordinary joint recitals are being held in practically every important musical center throughout the country.

WHAT THE AMPICO MEANS TO THE ARTIST

It means that hereafter every great interpreter of pianoforte music will play not merely to the audience of his day, but to the music lovers of all ages. And it means that the contemporary audience of the pianist will overflow the narrow limits of the metropolitan concert hall and extend to every home which has an Ampico.

WHAT THE AMPICO MEANS TO YOU

It means that the great musical literature of all ages is as accessible to you as the books in your library. It means that at any time and without leaving your home you can command the services of the greatest living pianists. In addition, the Ampico may be used as a player piano, playing any standard roll to which you may impart your own interpretation. And the tone and touch of the instrument are entirely unimpaired for hand playing. The Ampico may be had in the world's oldest and best pianos: the Chickering (1823), Haines Bros. (1853), Marshall & Wendell (1836) and the celebrated Knabe (1837).

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To purchase or even consider a player instrument of any kind before hearing the Ampico is to ignore the greatest advance yet made in the science of tone reproduction. Hear the Ampico at your dealer's. Meanwhile our catalogue and a schedule of "comparison concerts" will be sent on request.

THE AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY.
437 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK.

(Continued from Page 46)

"And he's about half your size."

"What difference does that make?" Sam continued. "I might get somewhere if I tried it. Anyhow, you watch me from now on."

I did watch him, and I began to observe certain well-defined changes. Next time I laid eyes on him he was wearing a new hair-cut, and it wasn't the orthodox Sonoma City hair-cut, either. A Sonoma shearing is a shameful thing to happen to a man, because it demonstrates that the barber has the stronger will of the two. He begins it with a horse clipper, and when he finishes, it takes a patient wife to love what he pushes out into the clear light of day.

From then on, Sam advanced in several ways. He changed his collar from low to high gear; and it hurt him, because Sam has the rolling style of neck and had always worn soft collars until Archibald began to change his life. He appeared in an Archibald hat, which looked all right on Archibald, but on Sam it made you feel that he had lost a bet with a heartless friend; and he crashed upon a numb public in a sleight-of-hand coat with a belt on it.

"How does she take all this?" I asked him.

"She admits I'm improving," he said glumly; "but she won't marry me."

"Not after that hair-cut?" I demanded.

"She says I might make a good husband for some girls, but not her. She declares she will not marry any man who can't make her heart flutter."

"Let's go in and have a drink," I suggested, because Sam looked droopy; and we moved in out of the sun.

Leaning up against the wood in the Uhl House, we reflected in unison; and sometimes one can reflect best under such circumstances.

"There's another one of them coming," Sam complained bitterly, referring to Archibald. "Barbara wants me to take her; and you better come with us, for I can't stand it alone."

I agreed to lend my presence to another Romaine triumph; and when it appeared it was called The Silent Prayer or something similar.

I remember that I decorated my person with the only silk shirt of its character west of Chicago, and also sprinkled myself with a few drops of Angel's Breath, feeling that I ought to stand right with Barbara when possible. I may say here that Angel's Breath is a perfume with a kick like a mule's.

The picture was nothing to speak of, being just another one of those things. Archibald again led the large doings, capturing the heart of the prince's daughter, and so on, in the usual sane manner of the movies. Along about four thousand feet from the start he came to his good scene, where he jumps over the palace wall, pummels the guards, and climbs the balcony, where the royal dame is waiting. There he slipped her a rose and a kiss, and jumped off into a tree. I heard young girls sighing contentedly round me; and when I looked at Barbara she seemed strongly interested. Sam also looked at her.

He Began Talking About Himself Immediately; and He Never Changed the Topic

When we came out she walked on air a few minutes and finally recognized Sam and me. Her first remark had nothing to do with Romance.

"Some low wretch nearly spoiled the evening for me," she declared.

"How?" Sam asked.

"I nearly suffocated from the odor of perfume, and a kind that always drives me frantic! I think it was on the man next to me; and if there is a disgusting object in the world it is a perfumed man."

Fine! It was the man next to her, but not on the side she thought. Seeing I had beflowered myself in her honor, I was the least mite hurt; but I tore myself away to avoid discovery and went home. Sam Gordon must have spent the night thinking, because he hunted me up early next morning, all feverish with what he claimed was an idea.

The Casa Buena Vista is far from being a royal palace; but it's stucco, and that's more sentimental than steam heat. We used to drive by on the road, and occasionally we could see Barbara up in her room on the second floor.

I suppose it was the French window and the iron railing that put the notion into Sam's mind, coupled, of course, with the big scene in the picture. Sam insisted that if she was searching for Romance we ought to do something about it; and then he outlined his stunt. I looked at him in astonishment.

"So far," I said, "it hasn't been your custom to go busting into young ladies' rooms."

"No; and that's where I've made a mistake," he retorted warmly. "That's the spirit of medieval chivalry Barbara finds lacking in me. I'm too practical; and right here is where I go mad."

I put down my paper and listened. I don't mind a friend going mad, if he goes alone; but Sam had sort of included me.

"You mean you want to climb the wall of the Casa and hand her a rose?" I said, refusing to believe him.

"That and nothing else," he admitted. "I dash up to her balcony, slip her a rose, and maybe kiss her if she'll let me—which will make a record if she does. Then, with a low bow, I take her in my arms and whisper something tender. After that I jump off, like Archibald does in the picture. There isn't any tree, but I can jump into that California palm."

"It ought to get good where you saunter up the wall," I said thoughtfully. "And even better where you leap into the palm."

"I'm going to take a chance," he insisted stubbornly. "Columbus did. I want to show this little girl that there is a well of Romance concealed in me."

"Yeah; and there's going to be some building material concealed in you too," I remarked.

"When I come up over the edge of that balcony she'll have to admit that I'm a real lover, after all," he went on, cheering himself. "You saw how spellbound she looked during that scene. Her dream will have come true, and then—church bells!"

"Sure," I agreed—"for your funeral."

Well, he stuck to it. We went out that afternoon and took a look at the Casa; and it was a good thing we did, because the nearer we got to that job of committing Romance, the harder it looked. It was an easy fifteen feet from the ground to Barbara's window.

"You think you can climb up there?" I demanded.

"No, I can't," he agreed. "It's higher than I thought. We'll have to fix up something."

So he hired a couple of carpenters to come and repair a broken cornice; only, instead of that, he had them leave a projecting scantling, with a pulley at one end, and through this a rope. With the aid of the block and tackle I was expected to haul Sam into the harbor of matrimony. We left the rope where we could find it and then began hanging round the Casa like a couple of porch-climbers, waiting for Barbara to occupy her room some clear, calm night, and be a Juliet.

On a starless evening we pulled off the only balcony scene in Sam's life; and I am here to admit that it wasn't what you would call a rousing success. The light came on in Barbara's window, and I tied an end of the rope round Sam; then I

"If He Does Come Into the Office He Sits There Telephoning This Dame"

stood by the other end and hauled away. He went up like a bale of cotton, clutching at projections and swaying gently in the evening breeze. When he made the top he was too winded for speech; but, on the other hand, no speech was needed. I suppose, in a way, it looked like Archibald's romantic endeavor, if you leave out me and the rope and Sam's panting for breath. I coiled the extra cable at my feet and waited for a triumphant finish; but none came.

We had given up the idea of Sam's jumping off into the tree, because any such jump would have been his last. About the time he got ready for his opening speech, and had pulled out the rose, somebody in the Casa came to the conclusion that there were robbers abroad, though no real robbers would have made so much noise.

It turned out that we had made several important mistakes. First, Barbara was attending a dance on the other side of town; and, second, she had moved over to the other end of the Casa. Old Man Fulton came to life with a gun and took one shot for luck on his way out. In the excitement that followed, Sam beat Archibald's best film effort by falling off the balcony with a loud yell. Even then the night wasn't complete, because the other end of the rope tangled itself up in my person, and as Sam came down I went up and hung there like a sausage until rescued.

The misunderstanding smoothed itself out, seeing Sam was landlord of the place; and when the servants captured us we explained that the whole thing was a boyish prank dating back to other days, and Old Man Fulton put up his artillery. After that we said "Good evening," and went down the road to where we had hid the car. Barbara didn't even learn of the romantic exploit until next morning, and they say she regarded it as humorous.

"Well," I demanded of Sam as we rode in, "are you finished with Romance, or do you go on imitating Archibald some more?"

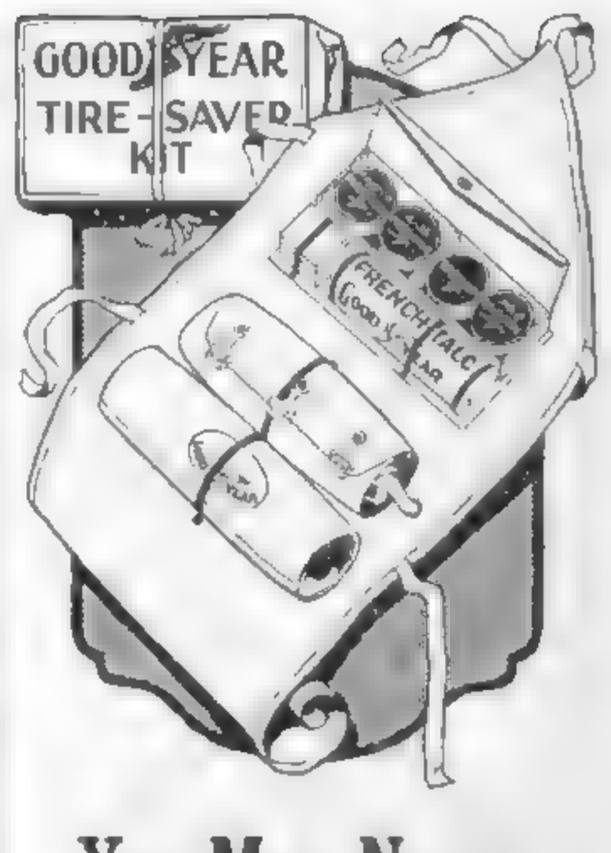
"It looks like I'm through," he answered. "There's no use killing yourself to prove you're sentimental."

His spirit was gone and so was some of his skin, but I hated to see the match broken up after all he'd done. He quit wearing the Archibald necktie, and when I saw him again he was back in the loose gray sack suit and a pair of baggy pants. Furthermore, to indicate his melancholy, he was on the outside of several hookers and heading due south.

And it shows you how accidentally some things happen in this world. . . . That very afternoon, sitting there in my garage, I watched a party of soiled-looking strangers coming down the street and aiming for my place. They were in from a fishing expedition and were covered with equal parts of sand, alkali and whiskers. There were six of them in two automobiles; and when I heard the name of their leader I stuck on my chair by an effort. It was Archibald Romaine.

Underneath the mural decorations were the features of the celebrated film star. There he stood in the flesh and bone; and, after he talked to me a while, I decided it was mostly bone.

He had taken a short vacation from his lucrative film duties over on the Coast and



You May Never Need It

If you carried a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit in your car for a year, or five years, and *never used it*, it still would have paid its keep.

For the Kit's great virtue is not so much in the trouble it remedies, as in the *fear of trouble* it banishes—its biggest value to you is in the peace of mind it brings.

With it in your car, you know that whatever happens to your tires, you are prepared against the emergency—the means for temporary repair are at your disposal; you can get home.

In less critical instances, it may be the means of saving you many dollars through timely attention to trifling troubles.

It is a handy, compact package, complete and dependable, containing tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on—all essential first-aids-to-tires.

Many times, you will be glad you have it along.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

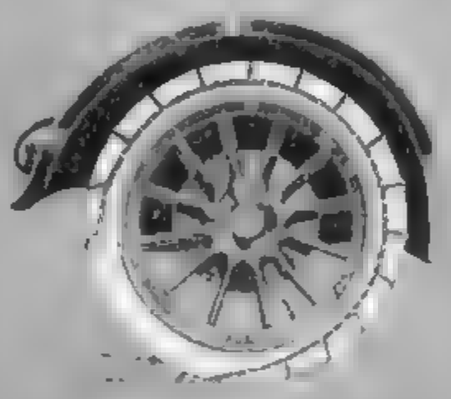
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR

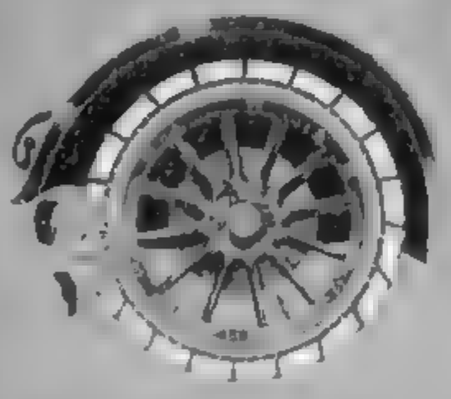
WEED TIRE CHAINS

Attached without the Use of a Jack or Other Tools

Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

Chains must be free to "creep" to shift their position on the tires continually — or they will injure tires.

Weed Chains do "creep" — a patented principle.

AMERICAN CHAIN CO., Inc.

Bridgeport Connecticut

In Canada
DOMINION CHAIN CO. Ltd
Niagara Falls Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

leaped into Sonoma County, with his servants and friends, for a little light sport.

It took me all of seven minutes' acquaintance with Mr. Romaine to decide two things: First, he didn't have one brain to rub against another; and, second, he was unanimously and vocally of the opinion that there was only one important person in the world, and that was Archibald Romaine. He began talking about himself immediately; and, so long as I listened, he never changed the topic. The more I heard, the more astonished I got, because, though I had read of these birds who are more than fairly well pleased with themselves, this was my first meeting with one. It was all good stuff if you like to laugh.

When the town heard the news, naturally it began to ferment, and the society ladies got violent immediately about Archibald, who had shaved and manicured himself for the honors to come. I suppose it's nothing new for him, because wherever and whenever he shows himself in a new locality the fair sex whips itself into a froth. Sonoma City began to have a high temperature at once.

The Ladies' Club sent up to his hotel and begged him to come and take a look at them; and the Sonoma City Club, mostly women, arranged a dance at the Uhl House, asking Mr. Romaine would he kindly lead the cotillon, or whatever you lead at a large dance.

He said graciously that he would do so. The College Society organized a grand picnic of our best people. It was an automobile picnic, to take place next day over at Eagle Rock, which is forty miles north of Sonoma and very picturesque. One of the first persons to meet Archibald was Barbara Fulton—and naturally she would.

They held a brief conversation, surrounded by admiring young women.

Going on down through the list of prominent Sonoma people, I discovered one who did not rush forward to shake the great actor by the hand. This was a morose guy named Sam Gordon. Sam had dropped himself into the center of a pool of gloom and was going round town ignoring everybody but the gentlemen in white aprons. I figured accurately that if Sam kept on as he was going he was more or less certain to collect unto himself a genteel bun; and I didn't blame him. However, I looked him up and spoke to him about it.

"And stick round where I can lay my hands on you," I told him.

Meantime Archibald was having a good time in his own innocent fashion, telling the lowly inhabitants about himself. You knew after you listened a while that he was the best actor in the world, and got the largest salary ever paid anyone for anything, and had raised the picture business up to where it was.

And maybe Archibald didn't appreciate Barbara's girlish beauty! From the minute he met her he indicated his approval; and the first thing he did, after the picnic was announced, was to select Barbara for his companion, thereby irritating some others. He had a large red automobile in my garage and he invited Barbara to ride with him, which invitation she accepted with a glad smile.

Meantime Sam was walking aimlessly in and out of places.

At eight o'clock the following morning the automobile picnic started for Eagle Rock. All the chivalry and beauty of Sonoma City was included and, having a few minutes alone with Archibald before the start, I slipped him a word of advice.

I knew that he would like to be alone with Barbara, because he acted that way; so I told him of a longer and more lonely route than the main caravan would take. His machine left Sonoma with Barbara sitting beside the film star; and before he was out of town he had turned off through the River Pass road, which will certainly take you to Eagle Rock if you keep on going. The road runs through a sandy and trackless desert, which at that time of year gets very hot about the middle of the day, and Archibald's machine had no top.

Well, that picnic at Eagle Rock was a sort of success; but it lacked some features, and a few of them belonged to Mr. Romaine. The star and guest of honor failed to show up, and Barbara Fulton was also among those who got no chili sandwiches and pickles. The reason was that Archibald's red racer had gone bust out there amid the desert.

Halfway between Eagle Rock and Sonoma, and twenty warm miles from either place, his car had curled up and died beside a Joshua tree; and that's the way the two young people spent the day. They just sat there in the broiling sun, with Archibald as helpless as a newborn apricot, but still able to tell Barbara what a complete actor he was.

For ten mortal hours Sam's girl had to stay there and hear her hero explain that he was all there was to American art; so she had a chance to learn his true inwardness, and I should say she came to know him well before dusk.

About six that evening, feeling that I could find the lost ones, I unleashed a comfortable machine and started a private rescue party of my own; and when I hove in sight of the stranded racer the first object I saw was Barbara. She was walking slowly in the direction of Sonoma City and had about nineteen miles to go when discovered.

I opined that she had had enough of Archibald, because she was weeping. The star was sprawled out in his machine, unable to do anything that would classify him as a human being.

"Oh!" Barbara said, when I drove up. "This has been a terrible experience!"

"I thought it would be," I said. "Get in."

I examined Mr. Romaine's car, while Barbara looked on in silence, and discovered a gas leak, which I repaired for him; and after I supplied him with fuel we started for town. Barbara rode in my car. Archibald went on ahead, full of dignity and disinclined to talk. Barbara sat up stiffly and looked ahead; and I figured she had made a discovery.

The grand ball was to begin at nine o'clock that evening, and toward eight I began rounding up Sam Gordon, feeling that if he ever was going to have a night, this was it. I found him in a place downtown, talking to a stranger, clad in his old gray suit and looking sort of round-eyed and calm.

"This is your last chance," I said sternly. "I've just about laid the track into the matrimonial roundhouse and it's up to you to run your engine. You come on and see if we can find Barbara."

"I don't want to find her," Sam stated. "I'm going to leave this state."

"Any state is better than the one you're in now," I said; and then we went on out, with Sam protesting and trying to introduce his friend.

We drifted up toward the Uhl House, where the doings were on; and when we arrived we were the only guests not in evening clothes. The attendants eyed us; but Sam can go anywhere, and I leaned him carefully against a pillar and went prowling round. Society was present in its good clothes; and pretty soon people began saying what a fine chap Sam was and wasn't it too bad! Which it wasn't, at all.

About first cotillon time I found Barbara and Archibald. Barbara was wearing a stony look, like Joan of Arc about to be led to the halter; and Archibald didn't look particularly happy.

Just as I got there he clutched his courage and went over to the heroine of the evening, informing her that the ladies and gentlemen were waiting for them to sashay at the head of the line. And, likewise, about that instant, I busted upon the social world and spoke to Barbara.

"Pardon me," I said, getting between her and Archibald, "but I thought you might like to know where Sam is. He's over there behind a pillar; and unless you take him in charge he's liable to ruin his health."

Barbara looked at me a minute, and then regarded Archibald, who was gracefully holding out his arm. He had struck a genteel attitude, just as he did in the movies, and the ladies spoke of it; but somehow Barbara seemed to have lost her taste for such things.

"I'm sorry," she said in clear tones, which everybody could hear—"I'm sorry, but I fear you will have to get another partner. Good evening!"

Archibald stared, and so did Sonoma City. Seizing this opportunity before it melted, I led the way across that large room, followed by Barbara in her pink ball gown, and we approached the spot where Sam was reposing. The whole town watched that proceeding; and I want to say that the walk across that slippery floor was the longest stroll I ever took.

Barbara slipped her arm through Sam's and said something brief to him, and he straightened up. The dull look went out of his eyes and the sucker began to look like a human being.

"Come!" she said to him, and they walked out together, with Sam as straight as a soldier.

I ducked behind a sheltering palm and left through a side door.

From then on the grand ball in Archibald's honor seemed to lose its pep. Something seemed the matter, although the people went through the usual motions. Sam took Barbara for a long ride in one of my cars, which I had thoughtfully provided, together with a competent driver. Next morning Sam came into my office in a new suit of clothes, barbered to a crisp and looking like a two-year-old.

"Say," he began, "Barbara's going to marry me!"

"Go on!" I said, affecting astonishment. "Maybe you know some more fresh news, such as how Pharaoh is dead."

Sam laughed.

"Boy," he said, hitting me in the chest, "if you ever want anything I've got, you mention it."

So, in a manner of speaking, Sam Gordon won the lady who is now his bride. The morning of the wedding, and just before they started East, Sam was walking up and down the platform, and Barbara was kissing her mother good-by.

"Henry," Sam said, his face glowing with contentment, "I'm a lucky man!"

"You sure are!" I agreed.

"It puzzles me, even yet," he went on, "to understand how she got over both Romance and Romaine so quick. It was lucky that car of his broke down."

"Luck! No!" I returned. "That was brains, boy! I punched a hole in the bottom of his gas tank before he took her out."

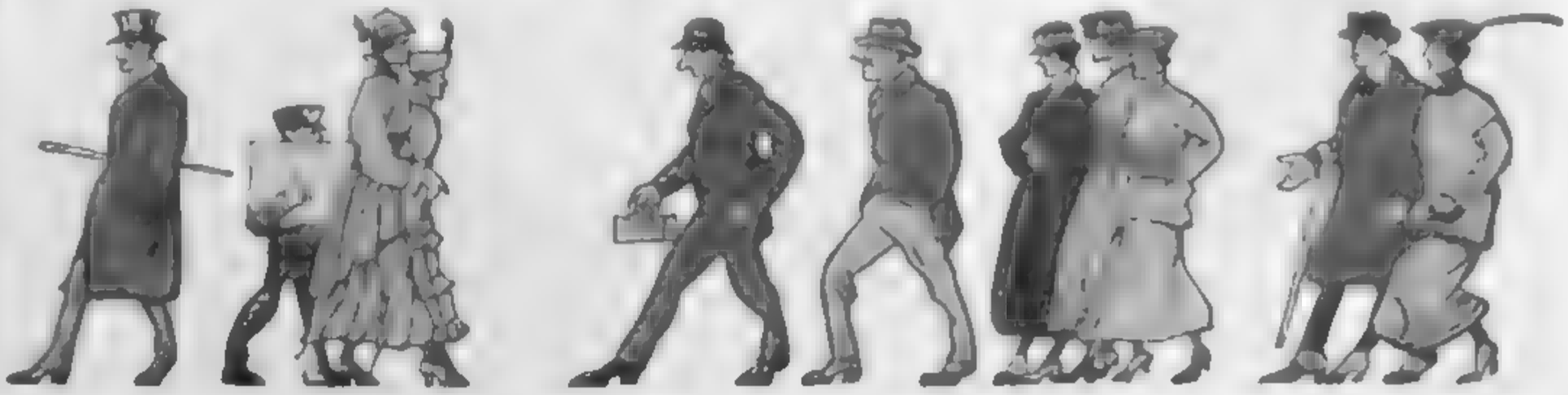
Sam looked at me and began to chuckle. "You did?"

"Yeah; and you don't need to tell her, either," I replied, grinning. "I thought a large ten-hour dose of Archibald might cure her permanently; which it did. Furthermore, the poor beetle smelled pretty strong of perfume that day, and you know how she hates an odorized gent."

"Perfume?" said Sam, picking up his bags and waving to Barbara.

"Uh-huh!" I said. "I told Archibald before they started that she was crazy about Angel's Breath. . . . Didn't I say I'd win this girl for you? Now go on and be a bridegroom, because I can't go any farther with you."

Then I helped them on to the Express.



For That Old Complaint — "No Hot Water"

If a hot bath is a gamble at your house, if you've been up in the morning for a quick shave and found the faucets "running cold," if your home is one of those that are still depending upon old-fashioned ways of heating water—you'll appreciate the instant service of a

RUUD
AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

The Ruud joins gas and water pipes in the basement or some other convenient place and responds to the turn of any hot-water faucet in the house just as a bell responds when you push a button.

Open a hot-water faucet and the flow of water automatically turns on the gas, which ignites from a tiny pilot light in the heater. Instantly the water is heated—almost to the boiling point—and kept at that temperature, no matter how much water is used. Turning off the faucet shuts off the gas.

That is all there is to it. There's no bother of any kind—no waiting for a tank to heat, no running downstairs to light the heater nothing, save *turn the faucet.*

And Ruud Hot Water service—this service that puts clear, fresh hot water for cooking, for dishes, for every purpose at the turn of your hand—is *economical.* The Ruud is in operation *only* when you are drawing water. And then you burn *only* enough gas to heat the exact amount of water you use—no more. A patented temperature regulator keeps the gas supply down to just what is needed.

Certainly, Ruud Service is the ideal for every community where gas is available. Ruud Heaters are made in sizes to fit every home, from the bungalow to the mansion. They operate on artificial or natural gas.

Any gas company, plumber or gas-appliance store can give you information regarding the Ruud. If you are near one of our branch offices, listed below, come in and let us show you a model for your home.

Goes in the Basement or Some Other Convenient Place; Answers the Turn of Every Hot Water Faucet.

The Ruud booklet and descriptive matter, telling all about the Ruud Heater and Instant Hot Water Service, mailed free on request. Address home office or branch nearest you.

See the Ruud at any one of these branch offices

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Louisville, 309 Third Street
Los Angeles, 745 South Broadway
[illegible]kee, 89 B. Idle Street
Minneapolis, 16 South Seventh St[illegible]
New Orleans, 922 Common Street
New York, 115 Broadway
[illegible]delphia, 1938 Market Street
[illegible] 1010 [illegible]
[illegible] 34 N. [illegible] Street
[illegible] 431 [illegible] Street
[illegible] 1032 [illegible] Street
St. Paul, 1441 [illegible] Sixth Street
[illegible] 240 [illegible] Street
[illegible] 616 Twelfth Street

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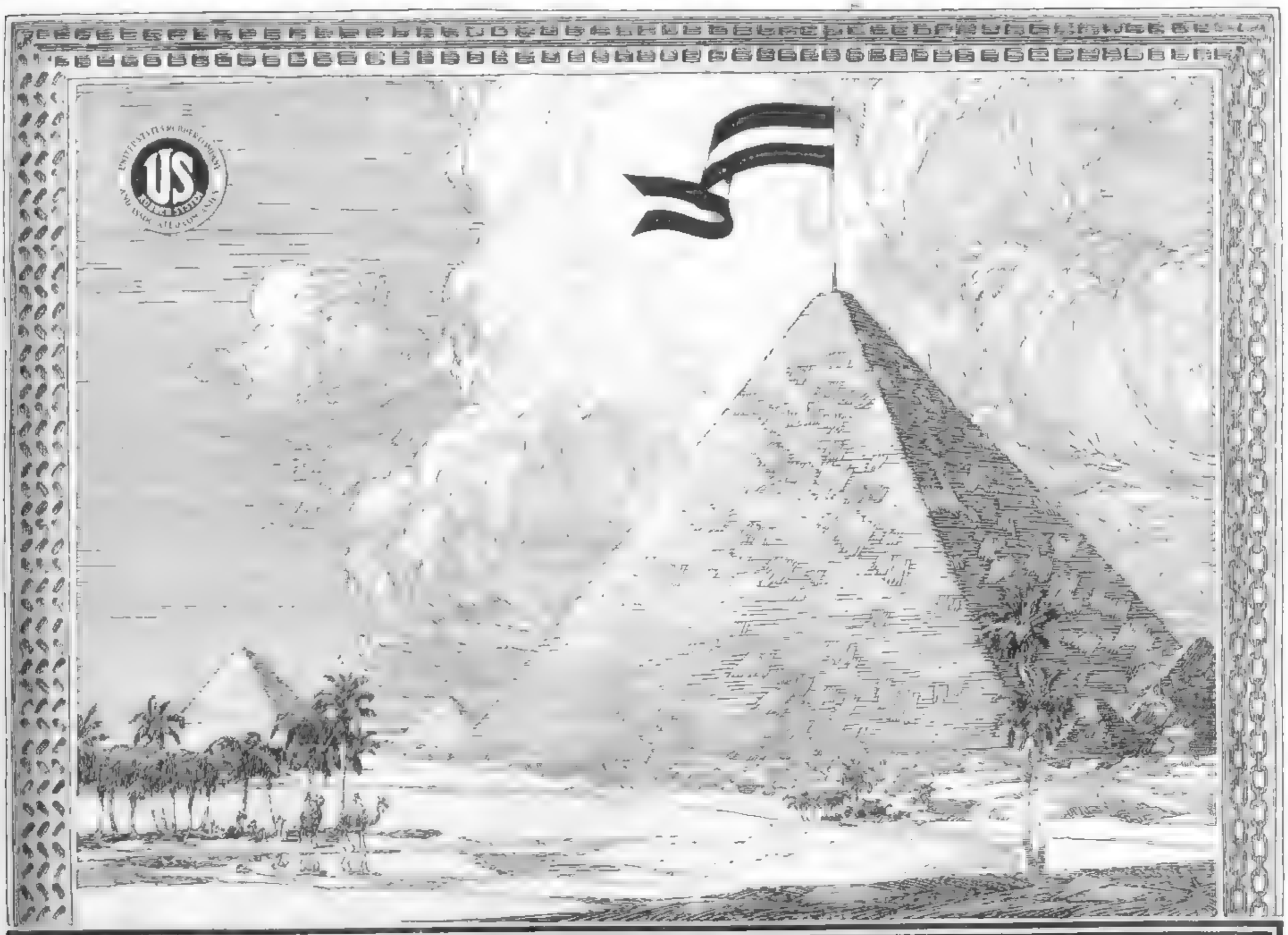
371 Adelaide St., W., Toronto

The Ruud Heater is a thoroughly tested and proved device. Over 100,000 are in use. Once you install a Ruud Heater, your hot water question is settled permanently. Sturdy, durable Ruud construction insures long service and the greatest possible fuel economy. Consider this when you buy and be sure you

Get a RUUD —Not an Imitation

There are other water heating devices on the market which operate by the "turn the faucet" method. You may be offered one for a little less than the Ruud costs. But the sturdy construction of the Ruud and its exclusive gas-saving features make it far more economical and satisfactory. The Ruud in greater economy of gas alone soon makes up for the small difference in price. Be sure that the water heater you get bears the name "Ruud." In no other appliance is it quite so true that the best is cheapest.

EFFICIENCY · DURABILITY · ECONOMY · GET A RUUD



One Peak to the Tire Pyramid

One—and only one.

That's a self-evident fact—more than fifty centuries old.

And like the Pyramid of Khufu, the automobile tire business has but one peak

—one make of tire that gives lowest-mileage-cost.

* * *

There can be absolutely only one such.

But which tire holds that peak?

Which is entitled to fly its pennon from the highest eminence?

Whatever its name—that tire is *your* tire.

You can't try out all the tires which claim the place.

But if you could get the judgments of any considerable number of tire users—*that* would help you decide.

* * *

You *can* get those judgments.

And here is a consensus of them in two essential facts:

—(1) the steady, persistent, month-after-month, year-after-year sales increases of United States Tires;

—(2) last year's sales increases were proportionately far larger than the tremendous increase in the number of automobiles during the same time.

Sales increases come from satisfied users.

Satisfied tire users come from supreme quality—mileage—efficiency—low-mileage-cost.

United States Tire users are telling the story of United States Tire Service in the strongest language known:

—by buying United States Tires for the first time, and then continuing to buy more United States Tires.

* * *

There can be but one peak to the Pyramid—any pyramid—

—and United States Tires are at the peak—all five types.

The five types

'Nobby' 'Chain'

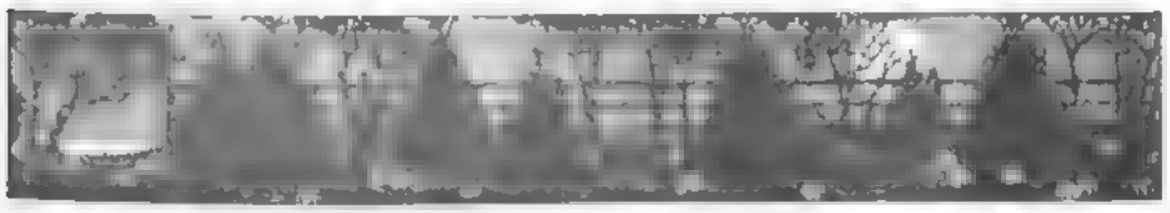
'Royal Cord'

'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

The Poets' Corner



Ole Pardner

HIS beard was gold and his heart was gold,
and he opened his heart to me;
So I walked right in, and I liked the place,
for it suited me famously.
Then the years came on and the years went
by; and with every year I knew
That the farther down in his heart you went,
the wider the pay streak grew.

■

I've tried my Pardner a heap since then, when
all of the world was black;
I've cussed my Pardner a lot of times—but
never behind his back;
And always a hail came back to meet my
worrying soul halfway,
Like the "Cheer up!" note of a robin's song
in the gloom of a rainy day.

III

Time knows no friend; the long, long years
have over my Pardner passed;
And into his beard that was yellow once the
silver has come at last.
Time silvers all, and my Pardner, too, while
the days of his years grow old;
But down in the depths of his loyal heart the
color is still all gold.

IV

And so I think, when the day is done and the
long gray twilight falls,
When the shining sentries watch the skies
from the outflung jasper walls,
They'll sight my Pardner miles away and
open the big gate wide,
And yell: "Hey! Where have you been so
long? Old Pardner—come inside!"

V

Then, after a while, they'll look below and see
me sitting round,
With never a hope of getting in, far down on
the common ground;
Just sitting round with a wistful hope that,
maybe, before I go,
The jasper gate to the heavenly land will open
an inch or so—

VI

Will give me a peep at the golden street that I
never had hoped to tread,
A glimpse of my Pardner strolling there, with
a crown on his old bald head;
Will let me hear when his glad harp notes
high over the others swell—
And then I'll pack up my old jackass and
quietly go to hell.

VII

But, just when my spirit is deepest down in
the night of its cold despair,
The hopeless tears in my lonesome eyes and
the rain in my tangled hair,
I'll hear my Pardner say: "Aw, shucks! He
didn't intend to sin—
Let's open the gate just a little crack and let
poor Bill come in!"

VIII

Then I'll go in; but I'll be ashamed as I
travel the golden street
With the candle grease on my overalls and the
mud on my hobnailed feet;
And they'll scratch their heads and say:
"Well, now, his croppings ain't none the
best;
But maybe he'll show us a better grade when
we give him a mill-run test."

IX

But I'll be in! And, side by side, Ole Pardner
and I will tramp
All over the Evergreen Hills; and there we'll
make our eternal camp,
Still side by side! Ah, Heaven then will be
Heaven to him and me,
Washing the sands of the River of Life plumb
on through Eternity!

—Lowell Otus Reese.

A Plea for Mollie Jane

DEAR Lord, please bless the Robbinses
across the street from me.
I'm sure that you would like them, for they're
nice as they can be;
And Billy Robbins is my chum; and Mollie
Jane's a girl
Who's big enough to cook their meals and
keep their hair in curl,
And put their shoes and stockings on and
send them off to school;
She knows the hymns and how to sew and
keep the Golden Rule,
And fix her father's lunch for him, because
he goes away
And takes it with him in a pail, to work out
by the day.

Their home is just a little house and right
across the street,
And Billy's sister, Mollie Jane, she keeps
it nice and neat;
She darns the children's stockings, too, and
makes their faces shine,
And combs their hair, and washes clothes
and hangs them on the line;
She makes hot soup for all of them when they
come home at noon;
And sets the kitchen table, too, and clears
it off as soon
As they are gone to school again; and she
can knead and stir
And bake a dozen loaves of bread almost as
big as her.

I wish you'd bless the Robbinses—there's
five of them in all,
With Mollie Jane and Billy, and three others
who're quite small;
Their mother's gone to heaven, Lord—she's
right up there with you,
And she'd be glad—I'm sure she would—
for anything you'd do.
And Billy wants to tell her not to worry any
more,
For he helps do the washing now and scrubs
the kitchen floor,
And chops the wood and does the chores.
And please, Lord, make it plain
That Bill and I are going to take good care
of Mollie Jane.

And sometimes Bill and I keep house when
I go there to play,
And Mollie Jane goes out a while and has
a holiday;
We sweep the steps and rake the yard and
light the fire for her
To get the children's supper on; and dust
the furniture;
And then she puts six places on and listens
out to see
If she can hear her father coming home in
time for tea.
And when I have to go back home she says
to come again;
And I take off my cap and say Good night!
to Mollie Jane.

Dear Lord, please, won't you bless them all
and tell their mother so?
Tell her they're getting on quite well, and
Bill wants her to know
He makes the beds for Mollie Jane and
washes dishes, too,
And comes home early afternoons if there is
much to do.
They're just across the street from us, and
nice as they can be.
And maybe you could tell some friends of
yours to go and see
What they can do for Mollie Jane, who needs
help now and then.
And Bill and I will do the best we can.
Dear Lord—Amen!

—James W. Foley.

AUTOMATIC IGNITION
CONNECTICUT
Makes the Motor
Master of Every Situation
The Connecticut spark grows hotter as the going gets harder.
In this way can real flexible power be produced.
The Automatic Switch makes such efficiency possible.
The device shown here identifies this switch and marks the cars that are equipped with Connecticut Automatic Ignition.
This is the "Device of Efficiency."
CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY
Meriden, Conn.

Have *you* tried Blasting?

Do you know that in the last year the farmers of the United States used *more than 10,000,000 pounds* of explosives for removing stumps?

That they are using greater quantities every year?

That they do the work themselves?

If you have done no stump blasting it must be because you do not know how easy it is to use

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Our book, "Better Farming with Atlas Farm Powder," tells you all you need to know about all kinds of farm blasting. It shows how to prepare the charges. It tells how to load them under the stumps. It explains how to fire them. Anyone can use Atlas Farm Powder. Mark the coupon, get the book. Then you will be ready to go out and blast stumps without trouble or risk.

Dealers everywhere can get Atlas Farm Powder for you. Insist upon having Atlas, The Original Farm Powder. It is made especially so it will be safe. It does its work cheaper and better than ordinary explosives.

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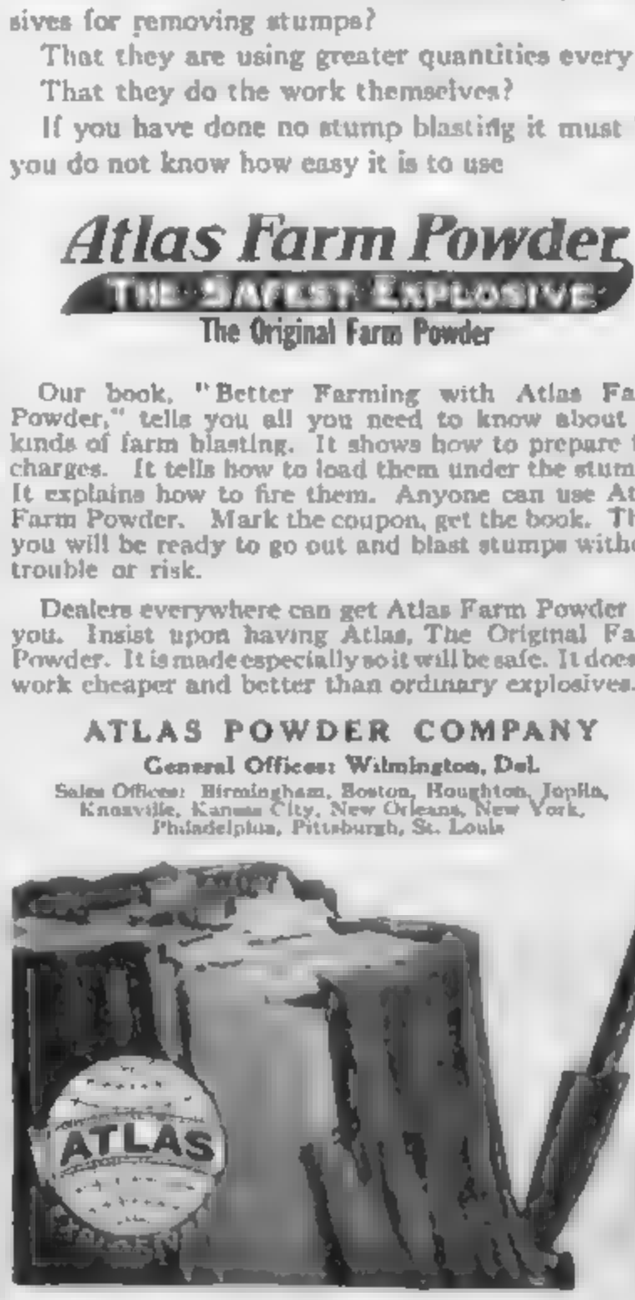

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Address

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The Whitest Enamel in the world
Enamolin
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A sample can of either Enamolin or Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10c
Address Consumers Dept

Not Every Kitchen Can Be Tiled—

But *every* kitchen can be finished in Enamolin—*the tile-like enamel.*

Walls, woodwork, furniture, when finished with Enamolin, take on the whiteness, the hard, lustrous, sanitary surface of tiling, which can be scrubbed with soap and water or Sapolio, with never a chance of cracking or peeling.

Dust, smoke, grease, are wiped from Enamolin's surface with a damp rag, and your kitchen is easily kept as immaculate as a white china bowl.

As for your kitchen floor—whether natural finish, painted or covered with linoleum—trust that to Namlac Floor Finish. Namlac beautifies and protects floors, just as Enamolin does walls and woodwork. Hot water, grease—the tramp of feet, the dragging of furniture, cannot injure its hard, elastic surface.

Enamolin and Namlac are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write to us.

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1870
100 William St. New York

Proof against sparks and fumes

Any roof should be *waterproof.*

RU-BER-OID is more: It is

SPARKPROOF	ROTPROOF
WATERPROOF	HEATPROOF
RUSTPROOF	COLDPROOF

The Wheeling Iron and Steel Company, Wheeling, W. Va., states:

"On our new tinning department, warehouse and machine shop buildings, having more than 60,000 square feet of roof area, we used RU-BER-OID roofing exclusively. Experience has proved to us that RU-BER-OID is not injured by fumes, gases or smoke, that it resists fire, and extremes of heat and cold, and that it gives longer service without repairs."

Though RU-BER-OID costs a trifle more than other prepared roofing, it will save you money in the end.

Made in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green. Your dealer will show you samples and quote you prices.

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
568 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO

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The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco, (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS

Any items you check on this list will be sent you free. Write your name and address in the margin and state what kind of building you are planning.

- Roofing a Home
- Building a Poultry House
- Building a Bungalow
- Building a Barn
- Building Your Own Garage
- Covering Your Factory
- Asphalt Roofs
- Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

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COSTS MORE WEARS LONGER
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Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ruberoid

LEAVES OF GRAFT

By IDA M. EVANS

Raimond Had Graduated With Honors From the Cedar City High School

THE morning Mrs. Reverend Norlin, of Cedar City, Iowa, brought her son Raimond into the Consolidated Wholesale Dry Goods House, Juliet Solby, passing them in the corridor leading to the office of Schultz, general manager, instantly arched her sleek, young, blackened eyebrows till they nearly disappeared completely under the low rococo front arrangement of her sleek black hair, and giggled to her friend Myrtle Meisbein: "Oh, my! Look who's here! Mumsey and her own darling boy!"

Juliet was not a well-educated young person. She had left school along about the fifth grade, and of Iowa she knew only that it was a place out near Omaha, where the Consolidated had a branch house. But she could tell type, and her small red tongue was as pert as the pointed toes of her high-laced, tawdry, soiled, pale-fawn shoes. Myrtle, too, was perspicacious, and she giggled appreciatively:

"I see. An' I bet she kept Little Lord Fauntleroy lace collars and curls on him till he was ten!"

Mother and son did not hear the comments. And if little Mrs. Norlin—gentle, blue-eyed, gently wrinkled of cheek—had heard she would not have listened. She belonged to a bygone generation, a generation that did not listen to snatches of conversation not intended for its ears. Besides, she and Raimond had their minds intent only on meeting Schultz.

Schultz had his mind intent on a hundred or more things. Business at the Consolidated was stacked so high that it was falling over from February into July. Telegrams, letterheads and cablegrams cluttered his desk; and his three telephones were jangling imperiously. So he shot a curt glance of query at the small black-garbed woman and the tall young fellow—her neat crape widow's bonnet hardly came to the middle button of Raimond's neat, worn blue-serge coat—and Schultz listened curtly while she explained, in a neat canary-trill voice, that Raimond's father, the Reverend Henry Norlin, used to go to college with Yates Hassel, a first cousin of old Benjamin Hassel, and therefore she had come to see what sort of an opening the house held for Henry's boy.

Old Benjamin Hassel put the solid into the Consolidated some forty years ago, and he is still keeping it there. Mostly by long distance the last ten years or so; he seems to be sentenced for life to one of those sanitariums where they try their best to put new walls in old arteries.

But he is still Benjamin Hassel, in spite of his brittle blood vessels and his distance, and Schultz is mighty careful to jump fast to the long-distance telephone whenever it rings.

So Schultz made a note of the college cousin's first name, and listened, with what patience he could pull over his chronic impatience, while she told him how sad it was for her and Raimond to leave Cedar City after Raimond's father had died suddenly of pneumonia—contracted one cold day while visiting an ailing member of his congregation. Here the canarylike voice quavered and she put a black-edged handkerchief to her eyes. Her tones grew firmer as she went on to tell about selling the parsonage and twelve Cedar City lots that she'd lived on for fourteen years—she didn't get at all what they were really worth—and coming to Chicago to make her and Raimond's home with her only sister, Laura, who was married real well, though, to a physician, and had no children of her own and loved Raimond better than if he were her own. Raimond was nearly nineteen years old. Eighteen years, eleven months and ten days, she meticulously added. And all he asked of Mr. Yates Hassel's cousin's manager was a chance to prove his worth and make good. He had graduated with honors from the Cedar City high school.

It was a long speech. About the longest—so Miss Pipher, Schultz' personal stenographer, later amusedly commented—that anyone had ever succeeded in unloading on Samuel Schultz! Miss Pipher, waiting for dictation, had been compelled to sit at her typewriter with her steady fingers idly folded while the speech was being unloaded.

But finally the busy general manager of the Consolidated would not listen any longer. He said that he'd bear her son in mind when the first opening occurred; then he swung his wide, heavy back round to talk to Metcalfe, the silk buyer, who had just entered the office. Schultz' back, according to Bertha Pipher, can be a whole college of elocution and say "Get out; don't you see I'm busy?" in every mixture of custom-made tweed.

Raimond Norlin, whose clean complexion had turned pink while his mother was talking about him, reddened and murmured "Thank you," and started to back out of the room.

His eyes widened at the bellicose attitude of Metcalfe—a big bony man with eyes like granite and a voice like a Friday retail silk sale—who had stamped in, with thunder in his footsteps and lightning in his glance, to find out why Schultz was kicking behind his back about the quality of the carload of taffetas that he had dug up in New Jersey on his last trip East.

Schultz yowled instantly:

"Because it ain't up to last year's grade—not by a long shot!"

Metcalfe roared in reply that, with a world war on, the Consolidated had better be on its danged knees, saying grace for any grade of silk at all, and Schultz' wide face was purpling as he began to shout that, war or no war, or a dozen wars, the Consolidated had a reputation to maintain

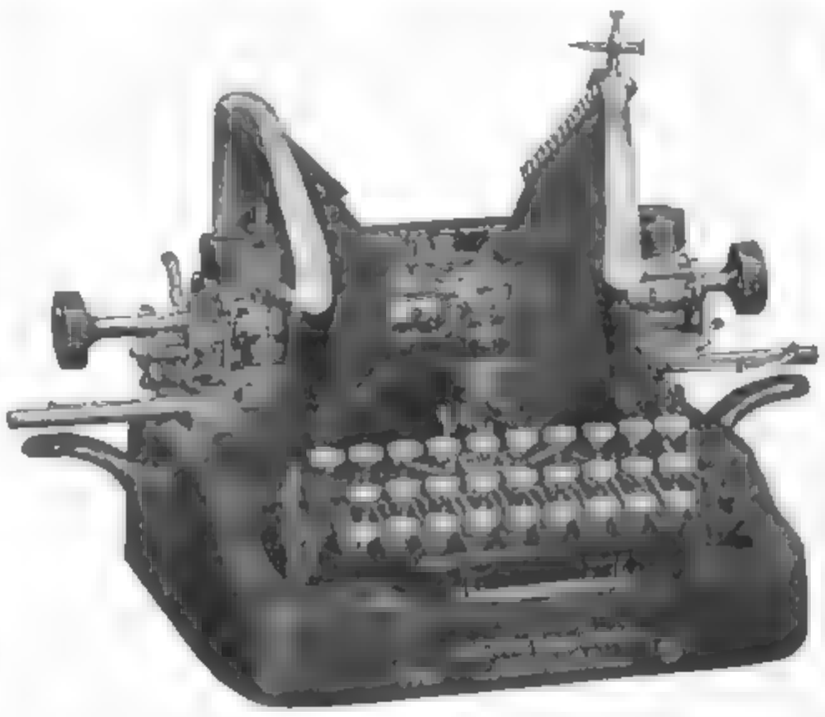
But he never finished what he began, for Mrs. Reverend Norlin, with a gentle gesture at Raimond, had deliberately walked round the stamping, angry Metcalfe, so that she stood right in front of Schultz. And now her gentle, thin, canarylike voice cut in between the two men, like a thin rawhide whip between two pawing steers.

"And when will this opening for my son occur, Mr. Schultz?" she gently but firmly wanted to know.

Bertha Pipher, telling about it later, said that there were volumes of biography in the way the little woman in black said those two words—my son! You knew right away that she had kept a Bright Sayings of Baby book of him every year since he was born. And, added Bertha with a chuckle, you knew right away by the small but sharp point of her chin that she was used to having the Ladies' Aid members listen to her at length!

Schultz, startled at the interruption, jumped, cut his shouted sentence in two

(Continued on Page 57)



Oliver Typewriters

Now $49—Were $100

Brand New—Never Used

Latest Model No. 9—Standard Visible. Free Trial. No Money Down. Over a Year to Pay. You Save $51. Over 600,000 sold.

NOTE TWO COUPONS BELOW. "A" BRINGS YOU AN AMAZING FREE BOOK "B" BRINGS AN OLIVER FOR FREE TRIAL

NATION-WIDE APPLAUSE GREETS PRICE REDUCTION

People in all parts of the country—yes, thousands—have responded to the amazing announcement that henceforth the price for the famous Oliver Nine is $49—instead of $100.

Orders have poured in. Other thousands have read our startling book and say: "You are right!" While this advertisement is being written—one week after the announcement—all concede that the Oliver plan is the biggest commercial sensation of the day.

Few can resist this appealing offer. Of course it was so daring that some failed to answer the first advertisement. Many people found it hard to believe such good news. But we knew that no one would prefer to pay $100 for any typewriter when one can own a new Oliver Nine for $49. This advertisement tells the story again. Read it—then act!

WHY PEOPLE APPROVE

You and other typewriter buyers have long objected to paying $100 for a new machine. You wondered why the price never was reduced. You knew production was large and resources great.

The truth of it was—as we announced—that it has been costing $51 of the $100 for expensive sales forces, high office rents in many cities, tradeouts, subsidies and other costly policies.

We called a halt to all this. "Henceforth, we will ship direct from the factory to the user," we announced. That let us set a new price, $49.

This radical departure created a profound sensation. Every mail brings proof. Never before has a new standard typewriter been offered at such a price. Remember, this is not a second-hand or rebuilt machine.

So now high prices for new machines are unnecessary. It is needless now to ever pay more than $49 for a new standard typewriter like the Oliver.

Present day demands for economic readjustments prohibit taxing the buyer for useless and wasteful ways. For $49—half price—people can't help considering the Oliver first.

We offer the latest model—the finest, most successful Oliver ever built. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this easy-running, speedy Oliver Nine. But are you willing to pay $51 to have a salesman call to sell you a typewriter?

THEN POCKET $51

That's what it means. Be your own salesman—let the Oliver speak for itself. We do not offer a special model—cheaper nor different.

It is the SAME commercial model used by the United States Steel Corporation, The Standard Oil Company, National City Bank of New York City, Montgomery Ward & Company, National Biscuit Company, The Pennsylvania Railroad and a host of others. Over 600,000 have been sold.

But never before has anyone been offered a never-used Oliver Nine for $49. This means that now big business will unite in making the Oliver Nine the universal typewriter.

FREE TRIAL

We ship the famous Oliver Nine direct to you for free trial. Merely mail the "B" coupon below. No money down. No C. O. D. No red tape. No salesman to influence you.

Try it for five days at our expense. Test it out in your own office or at home. The decision is entirely up to you.

This trial does not place you under the slightest obligation. To make our plan a success we want all to know the Oliver Nine and talk about it.

Remember, the value of the Oliver Nine is not altered one penny. It is the identical machine formerly priced at $100—until March 1st.

And do not think that this is a philanthropic offer—that the saving of $51 for you is the only one. We, too, save. And our output is three times as great.

Join the thousands who have revolted with us. Only the Oliver offers you freedom from old methods.

WHICH FOR YOU?

This page presents two ways. Choose. The coupon at the right, marked "B," brings an Oliver Nine to you for free trial. Fill it out—as thousands of others are doing. You'll save $51 by being your own salesman.

Or, mail today the coupon on the left, marked "A," for our startling book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." It reveals the inside history of the typewriter world. It tells of the Oliver Rebellion. One copy is free to each inquirer.

After reading it, you may then have an Oliver for free trial, if you wish.

Don't lay aside this advertisement until you have clipped out ONE of the coupons. And then mail it at once.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1014 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A THIS BRINGS YOU OUR AMAZING BOOK—FREE

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1014 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail me your book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.
But do not ship a machine until I order it.

*Name*____

Address

City

State

B THIS SAVES YOU $51

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1014 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free trial. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is____

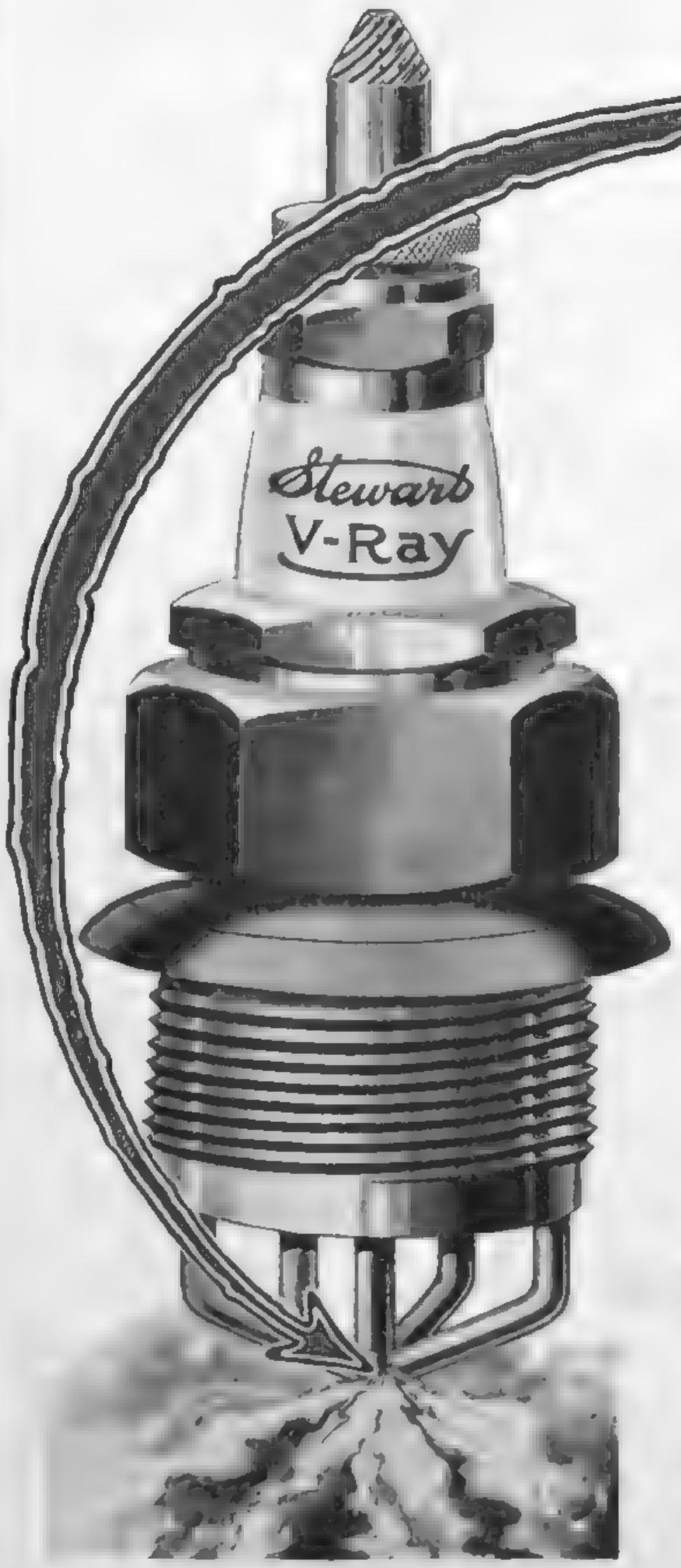
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Name

Street Address

*City*_____ *State*_____

That Intense Violet Flame V-Ray



The Famous Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug
Price $1

Stewart Products are carried by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere

Snapping, sizzling, scorching sparks.

—the kind you must have to get the best your motor can give.

You get them at their hottest with the four point Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug.

Four points means four times the dependability—four times longer life.

The four points assure that intense violet flame from which this spark plug gets its name—the Stewart V-Ray.

The petriflint core is oil-proof, heat-proof and fracture-proof. Also it is self cleaning.

The Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug will tone up your power plant to its highest possible notch of efficiency.

The Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug is produced in the enormous Stewart-Warner factories by the same manufacturing methods that are responsible for the wonderful success of all the famous Stewart products.

Get a set next time you replace your plugs.

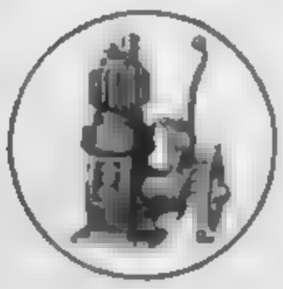
Stewart Products

—Stewart Tire Pump—regular equipment on many of the best cars—saves your back, tires and disposition.

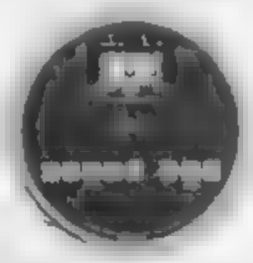
—Warner Auto-Meter—the highest priced speed indicator built. It is selected by practically every builder of de luxe cars.

—Stewart Speedometer—used on 95% of all equipped cars.

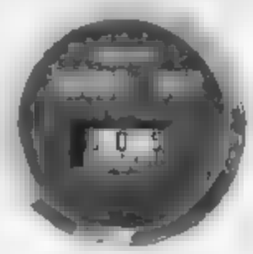
—Stewart Vacuum System—*the* system insuring a positive flow of gas to the carburetor. Used as standard equipment on 75% of all makes of cars.



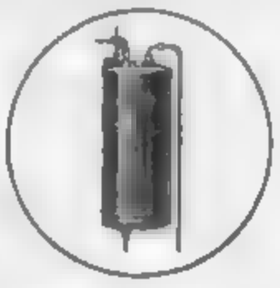
Stewart Tire Pump $12



Warner Auto-Meter $50 to $200



Stewart Speedometer $25



Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System $10

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp., Chicago, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 54)

and glared at her ominously—only Metcalfe, Hucks, Appleby and the other big buyers dared to interrupt Schultz—but his eyes happened to fall on the note he'd made of the college cousin's first name, so he restrained himself. He did not know how fond of that particular cousin old Benjamin Hassel might happen to be.

At that moment Harry Henschke, road salesman for the southern territory, bounced into the office, wanting to know if anyone had yet dug up for him a cub for a packer.

"For I'm ready to start in two days if my ladies' coats and suits samples are ready," he stated briskly. "And if they're not ready when I'm ready to start, there'll be Billy Sunday's favorite locality to pay round here. And please remember, Schultz, that I don't want any gentle Johnny saddled onto me this trip, but a muscular young chap who isn't skirt dippy and who knows a trunk till from the roadbed of the Southern Pacific."

Schultz at once turned to Raimond Norlin and asked him sternly:

"Are you dippy over the skirts?"

Raimond turned pink. His mother answered before he had a chance, her small pointed chin upraised.

"I fear I do not precisely understand the question, but I assure you Raimond is very industrious and respectful."

Harry Henschke grinned, but, after sharply inspecting Raimond's broad young shoulders and open, if embarrassed, blue eyes, nodded at Schultz.

"He'll do, I guess. No hide-and-go-seek chin on him, or pretty polished finger nails."

Mrs. Norlin looked at Harry disapprovingly.

Miss Pipher, still idle at her typewriter, looked amusedly at Mrs. Norlin, knowing that, though middle-aged Harry Henschke was sleek and carried a frivolous cane and dressed like George Cohan in the fourth act, he had a wife and three children out on the North Side, to whom he sent post cards from every town before he opened his trunks, and that he cut his most important trips short to get back to them. His wife used to be plump Sadie Bownes, of the Consolidated's bookkeeping department.

Schultz, getting Harry's nod, curtly gave Raimond the job at five dollars a week and expenses. "And several of our best buyers were packers once," he said encouragingly if impatiently, at the same time turning a grim eye back to the truculent Metcalfe. Harry Henschke winked at Raimond, who flushed with pleasure. Harry—even steady, oldish Miss Pipher admits—has an engaging wink. Raimond's eyes began to shine, but his mother said sharply:

"Packer? Oh, dear me! I really wouldn't care for Raimond to do such rough work!"

Schultz, jerking a grim eye back from Metcalfe, stared at her, and his lower jaw dropped. It is a bilious, squarely chiseled jaw, and it doesn't look pretty lying far down on a wilted collar.

"Rough work, madam!" he ejaculated. "What d'ye mean?"

"I'd like it," broke in Raimond eagerly. "I've always wanted to travel!"

"Raimond! Sonny!"

Bertha Pipher said afterward that from the horror of the little woman's voice anyone would have guessed that her boy had expressed a desire to go alone to Verdun.

"Of course packing coats and suits isn't as dainty as tying ribbon round Christmas sachet bags, but there's rougher work in the world, even so," laughed Harry Henschke, rather surprised. Most of the stock boys of the house waylaid him to beg to go out as his packer; he had a reputation for being rather strict with them in regard to their habits, but a prince in allowing for expenses and swelling the five per.

Raimond began eagerly:

"I'd like it!"

"I'd never sleep a night while you were gone!" declared his mother. "And the temptations you'd meet ——"

"My dear lady," reassuringly began Harry Henschke, but Mrs. Reverend Norlin gave him a cold silencing look. Then she gave his cravat a colder look. It was noisy—black, barred widely with cream satin. But Miss Pipher, knowing that his wife had given it to him, was amused.

"I desire my son to remain in the city with me," said Mrs. Norlin coldly and firmly.

"But, mother," said her son eagerly, "I'd like awfully well ——"

"My sister's home, which is ours," said his mother, "is too comfortable for a boy to be asked to leave it for railways and hotels!"

Bertha Pipher said afterward that it was a good thing no sensative railways or touchy hotels were round in the vicinity to hear the flaming accent that was laid on their names. Harry Henschke shrugged his wide sleek shoulders and grinned sidewise at Metcalfe, who forgot his truculency long enough to grin in return. Miss Pipher stared. Raimond reddened. Schultz eyed Mrs. Norlin disgustedly.

"You'd prefer him to start in the house as stock boy at seven dollars a week, madam?" he asked.

Raimond broke in earnestly:

"But, Mr. Schultz, I'd rather go—mother, I'd rather ——"

She did not listen.

"Certainly," she said to Schultz. "Raimond is perfectly willing to start at small wages. Aren't you, sonny? He merely wants to prove his ability. Don't you, dear?"

"Yes, mother, of course"—uncomfortably—"but I'm sure ——"

"And I assure you," she graciously promised Schultz—as graciously, Bertha Pipher amusedly commented later, as though in her own parsonage parlor she were promising a favor to a vestryman—"that Raimond will be on time every morning of every week. Eight o'clock I believe wholesale mercantile establishments of the city open their doors?"

Schultz impatiently said "Yes," and in two seconds forgot both mother and son. So did Harry Henschke, Miss Pipher and Metcalfe. The Consolidated was a busy and nervous place those days. Money was gurgling through it like an overflowing river, and its factories were working harder than cannon on the banks of the Somme. As Harry Henschke said, the big war certainly put America on the jump, like a Louisiana pickaninny when someone was throwing pennies. And someone reported that old Benjamin Hassel in his sanitarium broke down and sobbed like a baby, and had no more appetite for his whole-wheat bread and patent breakfast food, because England, Germany and the others didn't fly at each other's throat when he was younger and could have taken more advantage of it.

Miss Pipher said that the whole United States' nervous system would be shattered—judging from Benjamin Hassel—over the goods that couldn't be got over here from there and the goods that couldn't get over there from here.

"Schultz has got so he trembles as with ague," she complained irritably to Metcalfe, "whenever the long-distance rings and he has to report to the sanitarium that some more orders can't be filled because we can't get the goods to fill 'em. And he's got so he throws his dictation at me as though it were scraps of paper and I the waste-basket."

Metcalfe replied irrelevantly that his new twelve-cylindered car outgloried anything on Jackson Boulevard, and he wished he had it over in one of those evacuated towns, where he could try it out unhampered by traffic regulations and speed laws.

"Where did you get it?" asked Miss Pipher curiously.

"Back East, my last trip."

And so no one paid much attention to Raimond Norlin for a week or so after Jim Paige—the round-shouldered, preoccupied head of the sixth floor, which has the men's furnishings—received him, per orders, and assigned little Benny Halen to show him the stock shelves. Stock boys at the Consolidated are as thick as shrapnel round Lorraine: the aisles and corridors are dotted with all shapes and sizes, from pumpkins to near-Apollos, and shrimps to embryonic prize fighters.

But one morning Miss Pipher absently half smiled to herself as, from her ascending elevator, she glimpsed Raimond pushing a hand truck of overalls from the stock shelves at the rear to the job-lot counters way up in front. There was about a half ton of overalls on the truck. Benny Halen, who was one of the shrimps, complained bitterly that the Consolidated bought the largest make of hand truck on the market for its stock boys to use. Raimond was dust-streaked to his elbows, shirt sleeves rolled up. Remembering what his mother had said about not caring for him to do such rough work as packing, Miss Pipher reflected that she should have been round that morning if she fancied that as stock boy her son would chiefly sit on a high easy stool and jot items in a little red memoranda book. But Raimond was taking his

THREE UNIVERSAL APPLIANCES THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

Not only eliminate much of the drudgery of home cooking, but improve the quality of the food and materially reduce the average cost of living—saving their original cost in "no time." They are known as the

Universal Bread Maker by the aid of which, light, delicious, wholesome homemade bread is easily obtainable with a few minutes turning of the crank instead of the customary half hour's tedious kneading.

Universal Food Chopper which from left-overs make many dainty, delectable dishes such as Salads, Hash, Croquettes, Etc., and the

Universal Percolator which insures clear, sparkling, aromatic coffee uniformly good every day in the year with one-third less coffee than the ordinary coffee pot.

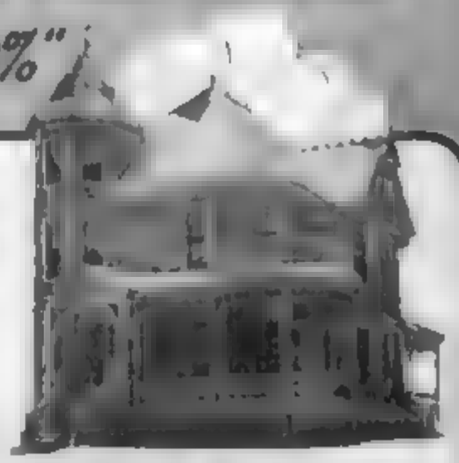
Always look for the brand UNIVERSAL

Universal Kitchen Efficiency Contest

Dealers Everywhere. April 9th to 14th
Watch for window displays. Write Dept. No. 703
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, New Britain, Conn.

How Much to Heat This House?

"I have Saved at least 50%"



And So Can You—Guaranteed With the Williamson UNDERFEED

YES—how much to heat a big ten-room house like this? Make a guess—based on your own coal bills. Now cut that figure in half and you have the real cost, because the Williamson UNDERFEED has reduced this man's coal bill fully fifty per cent.!

Read his letter to the right. Money talks—especially when you save it. And the Williamson UNDERFEED is saving ½ to ⅔ coal expense for over forty thousand UNDERFEED users.

And you can join them, for this saving is guaranteed!

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED
Furnaces and Boilers
Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed

Doesn't matter where you live, or how big or how small your house, or whether you heat with warm air, hot water, steam, or vapor, the UNDERFEED will effect this saving for you—guaranteed.

In the UNDERFEED, fresh coal is fed from below. Hot, clean fire always on top. Smoke, gas or soot—valuable heat elements—are consumed as they pass *up through* the flame.

And the UNDERFEED burns the cheaper grades of coal—a first great saving. No clinkers—no partly burned coals—ashes clean and white.

Here's the Letter

"For the past four years I have been using a Williamson UNDERFEED. The longer I use it the better I like it. I am heating ten rooms. It has fulfilled all the claims you make for it, and I am sure has saved me at least 50% of what it would cost to operate a heater of the ordinary type."

(Signed) Newton Ellis,
310 W Elm St., Canton, Ill.

The UNDERFEED burns coal on the scientific principle of a lighted "candle". The fuel supply is always below the flame. No smoke—no dirt—no waste. Uniform combustion—healthful heat. Ask us to explain thoroughly.

Get This Free Book

It is called "From Overfed to UNDERFEED." Tells all about it. Profusely illustrated. It will save you many a dollar when you come to install that new heating system. Get it now and be prepared. The attached coupon brings it without cost or obligation to you. Learn how each of a boy of 12 can feed the UNDERFEED and save ½ to ⅔ coal cost. *Guaranteed.* Send coupon NOW!

The Williamson Heater Co.
421 Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

The Williamson Heater Co.
421 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____
(Mark X after System interested in)

Name

Address

My Heating Contractor's Name is

HEATING CONTRACTORS: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.

THE COMPLIMENT OF
SECOND AND THIRD GLANCES

At any gathering of good form and good fellowship, a Stein-Bloch Suit stamps you as a citizen of the world, correctly turned out in harmony with the occasion and the code.

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

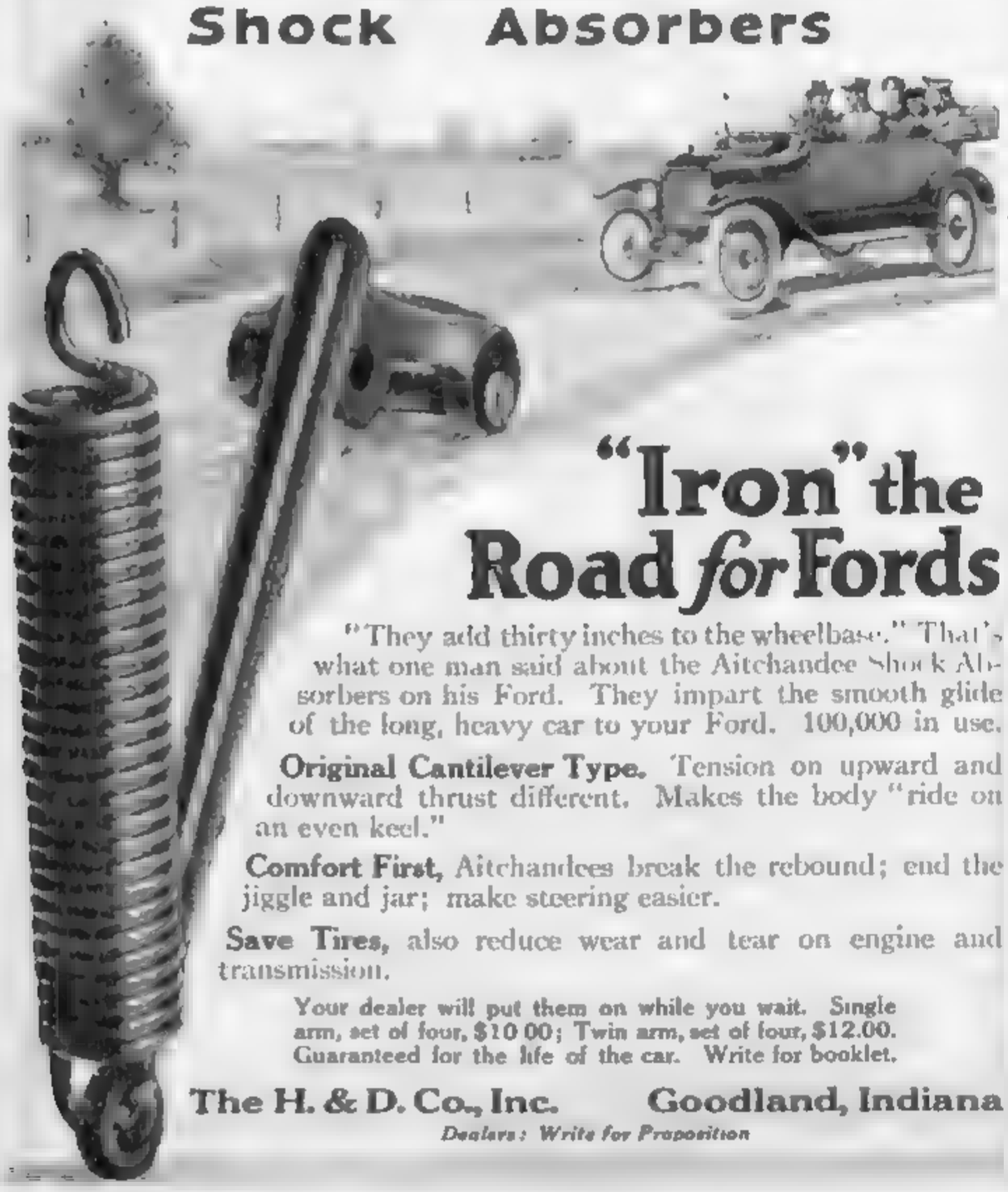
never obtrude their style—they receive, without seeking, the compliment of second and third glances.

When you say STEIN-BLOCH,
you've said STYLE

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

TAILOR SHOPS AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

AITCHANDEE
"TRADE-MARK REGISTERED"
Shock Absorbers



"Iron" the Road *for* Fords

"They add thirty inches to the wheelbase." That's what one man said about the Aitchandee Shock Absorbers on his Ford. They impart the smooth glide of the long, heavy car to your Ford. 100,000 in use.

Original Cantilever Type. Tension on upward and downward thrust different. Makes the body "ride on an even keel."

Comfort First, Aitchandees break the rebound; end the jiggle and jar; make steering easier.

Save Tires, also reduce wear and tear on engine and transmission.

Your dealer will put them on while you wait. Single arm, set of four, $10 00; Twin arm, set of four, $12.00. Guaranteed for the life of the car. Write for booklet.

The H. & D. Co., Inc. Goodland, Indiana

Dealers: Write for Proposition

lot cheerfully enough. He was pushing with energy, grinning cheerfully the while at the overseeing Jim Paige.

It was almost two weeks later that Miss Pipher, again glimpsing him as she passed the sixth floor in a descending elevator, half frowned absently to herself. For a hand truck of work shirts was at a standstill while Raimond, his eyes shining somewhat as they did when Harry Henschke genially winked at him, was talking to Juliet Solby.

Juliet Solby affected Miss Pipher and many others of the sedate steady workers at the Consolidated precisely as a red rag affects a bull. They wanted to lower their horns and charge, knowing that she pouted and muttered under her breath if she was asked to work overtime; that she kept a novel hidden in her stock book; and that mostly she was aggrieved and sullen because Fate had not set her skinny little legs, incased usually in sleazy thread-silk stockings, on the floor of a drafty, ribald cabaret instead of under the stock shelves, against which she usually leaned like a bird in an ungilded cage. It was plain that pretty Juliet so regarded herself! She was about sixteen years old; small, flat hipped, with skinny but graceful arms; small fingers, grimy at the knuckles but glazed like pink glass at the nails; big impertinent sloe eyes; a discontented, full, red underlip; and a sleek slovenly heap of black hair which she wore far out over each cheek bone, like a misplaced ear muff.

But, as Jim Paige resignedly said—for a year or two in his youth he had been a collegian, and still retained a smattering of some required knowledge—a poor manager can't fill a pay roll entirely with Marthas, Marys, Portias and Mirandas; he's bound to acquire at least a few Juliets with their sleazy bargain-counter chiffon blouses, cut so low in front as to show their immature chests.

Remembering the cold disapproval of the look that Raimond's mother bestowed on Harry Henschke and her expressed fear of the temptations to be met on the road in his company, Miss Pipher could not help a small grim smile replacing her frown, as she wondered what Mrs. Norlin would say could she walk in and see Raimond staring down admiringly at the young lady's apricot cheeks. Temptation! Juliet was temptation personified, from her high-laced, tawdry, soiled fawn shoes to her impertinent sloe eyes with their half-inch silky lashes.

The elevator shot past before Miss Pipher could know that a moment later Mrs. Norlin walked in—which was somewhat surprising. The Consolidated is no African rubber company and it does not inhumanly forbid, on pain of death by torture, any communication with relatives during working hours. But it doesn't hang out any welcome sign to them either, and it is a brave and determined wife, sister or mother who can push or plead a way past grumpy old Welkins, front doorkeeper for a quarter of a century, when he testily demands your business, color, nationality and degree of blood relationship, and then wants to know if it's a death or an accident, and, whichever it is, can't it be postponed till son or husband or father returns home at his regular time that evening? Old Welkins eyes an employee's relative as dourly as Noah must have eyed a third rhinoceros.

However, somehow, little, gentle, blue-eyed Mrs. Reverend Norlin got past him.

As she greeted Raimond she gazed hard at Juliet Solby, who was sauntering back to the stock shelves.

"Raimond, what scandalous clothes for a girl to wear!"

Raimond grinned, though he flushed too. Juliet was almost within earshot.

"Chicago isn't Cedar City, mother," he said hastily and rather pleadingly. "Lots of girls here dress like that."

"So I have noticed," said his mother disapprovingly. "But I believe, Raimond, dear, that a skirt is still a skirt whether the wearer lives in a city of one hundred population or one million. That young woman"—gentle blue eyes coldly following the sauntering Juliet—"has on hardly half a one!"

Over his mother's neat crape bonnet Raimond avoided Benny Halen's grin. As Jim Paige passed he asked for permission to show her over the establishment. Before she went home Mrs. Norlin told Paige that though she didn't altogether approve of the rough work that Raimond had to do part of the time, she appreciated the lunch, reading, rest and recreation rooms and the gymnasium provided by the Consolidated for its employees, and she was quite satisfied that after all Raimond was in a place where he would be well cared for.

Thereafter she came down to the place often to chat with Raimond at his work, or to take lunch with him, or to ride home at night with him. Nearly everyone became familiar with her neat black bonnet and gentle inquiring blue eyes. And more than one of the older men used to pause and watch kindly the two going out together, her small neat black arm reaching up to take her tall young son's—especially round-shouldered, preoccupied Jim Paige. Jim's own mother had died when he was only sixteen years old.

It was Paige in whom she confided that Raimond every week handed her his pay envelope unopened. Not because she needed the money, she added with a gentle deprecatory little laugh. She had a double pension—from Washington and from the church board too; and her sister Laura's husband would be mightily incensed did either she or Raimond proffer him money for their keep. But Raimond, when they were leaving Cedar City, promised to let her save his money for him. She told Paige, with a firm inflection to her canarylike voice, that she thought it best for a boy, especially in a large city, not to have money to handle; like as not he would spend it foolishly.

Jim Paige, though preoccupiedly noticing that, while his mother chatted, Raimond was putting a bundle of work shirts on a shelf reserved for cotton hose, assented heartily to this.

He had just heard that little Benny Halen had lost half his last week's pay shooting craps in the rear of the packing room the noon before.

Later, Paige congratulated Raimond on that promise and advised him not to break it. Raimond listened to him respectfully, even gratefully, his clean young skin turning pink over the interest vouchsafed him by his round-shouldered, preoccupied superior—which pleased that busy man.

As insolent little Juliet Solby, with her carmined cheeks, her tawdry, high, light shoes and scandalously short skirts, affected Jim Paige much as she affected steady, old-ish Miss Pipher and others, he might not have been so pleased had he heard, just twenty minutes later, Raimond Norlin use precisely that same respectful tone, accompanied by exactly the same bashful pink flush, to that undesirable young person. He was telling her, with a diffident courtesy acquired in his father's Cedar City parsonage, that he would like to see her some evening after work. Could he call on her?

Juliet's black eyes, their long silky lashes demurely rising, traveled over his broad young shoulders and pink diffident face. She replied pleasantly:

"Yes, why not?"

And it was all of six weeks later that Raimond, after a series of postponements, learned that Juliet's careless "Yes, why not?" meant nothing at all. She half explained regretfully that she lived with an aunt, whose parlor, alcove, dining room and even kitchen were rented. She really had no place to put a caller, had Juliet. She sighed over her lot.

Benny Halen, city born, city wise, sneered at Juliet's statement of the case. A cynical grin illumined his weazened face.

"Aw, quit hanging round her, you boob," he advised Raimond. "Don't you tumble, you ninny, that she ain't got any use for a fellow unless he's got a wad to blow on her evenings at some café? Say, Al Bauer, of the packing room, spends his whole salary on her some Saturday nights. And Al gets thirty-five dollars a week," enviously, "ever since the strike when he fought his way through the pickets and got some freight orders out on time for the Consolidated."

"Is that so?" said Raimond soberly.

"Yep, and what thanks does he get from her?" cynically shrugged Benny. "Say, she giggles at him behind his back, because he ain't got any more sense. And I heard Myrtle Meisbein once call him Beefy Bauer!" Benny was hot over the ingratitude shown a member of his sex.

Raimond Norlin soberly stared across the room. At a stock shelf Juliet was indolently sorting madras samples on cards. A little black tendril was curling down from its hairpin to her slim white neck. Raimond's eyes followed the tendril. A kiss couldn't have followed it much closer. Benny, cynical but sympathetic, watched him, not regretting that he had opened Raimond's eyes.

(Continued on Page 61)

Standard Howe Searchlight No. 7
$7.50
In Canada $11.00

Howe Searchlight No. 8 with 4 inch rear view mirror attached over door
$8.00
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Howe Searchlight No. 9 with rear view 4-inch mirror—
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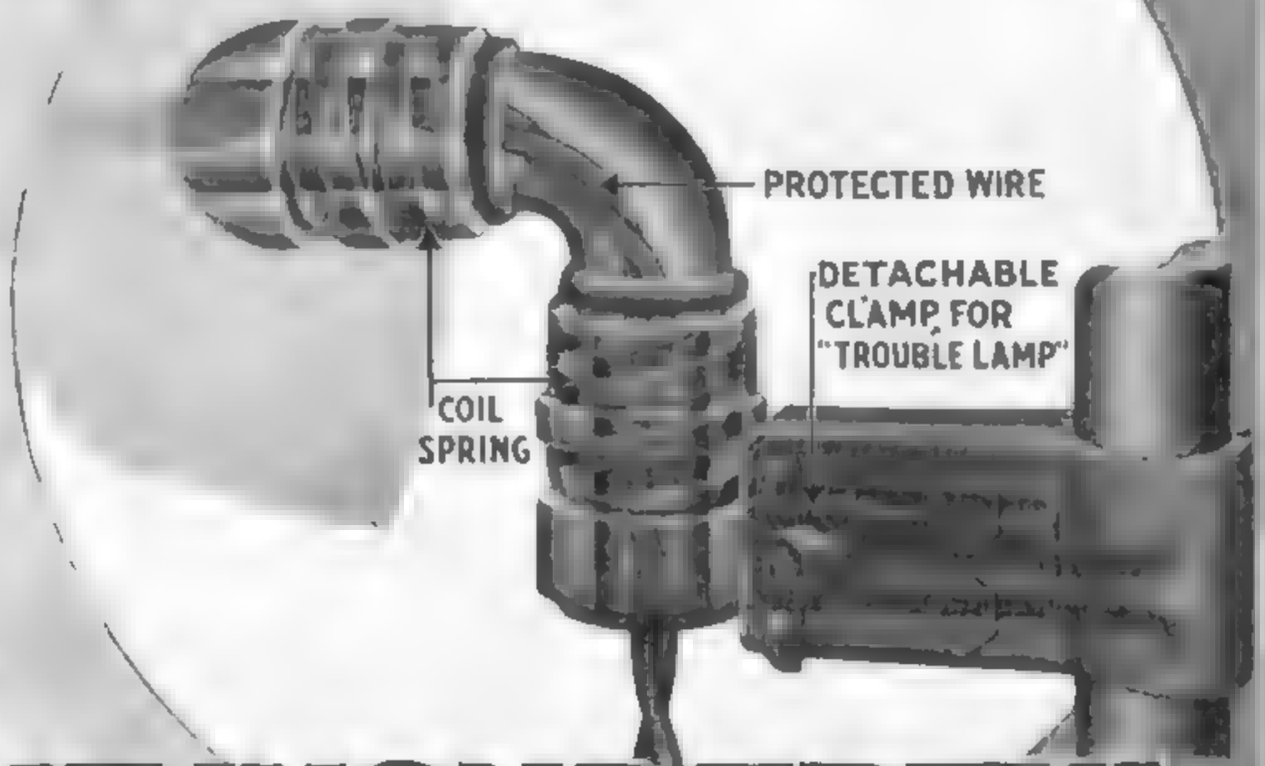

THAT WONDERFUL SPRING CONTROLLED BRACKET

Light instantly on the spot you want to see!

The Howe Searchlight turns as easily as you point your finger —not up or down, then to right or left, as with right-angle joints —but a direct, one-way-turn, both joints moving at the same time.

This free, easy turning at any angle is made possible by the exclusive Howe Universal Joint Bracket, a radical improvement over taper joints, swivel or friction disc brackets. This wonderful bracket is controlled by two coil springs that take up wear and hold the lamp in a firm unyielding grip.

The Howe Searchlight never works loose, never wobbles, flops around or rattles, no matter how long you use it. It hits the spot in a single turn without sticking or locking, and wherever you direct it, it "stays put."

The hollow bracket also contains and protects the wire. Prevents twisting, wearing, broken strands, short circuits.

HOWE Searchlight

"The Searchlight With the Wonderful Bracket"

The Howe Searchlight is always in focus. The true parabolic reflector gives a perfect spotlight at all distances. No attachments to fuss with at crucial instants—or get out of order.

The "on-and-off" water-proof switch is right in the neck of the lamp. Switch pressed on and lamp turned in one easy, quick operation, no matter how heavily the hand is gloved.

Because windshield posts vary in size and are oval, square or round, the Howe two-piece clamp is made in seven styles—*a perfect and permanent fit for every windshield post.*

Loosen a set screw, without disturbing the clamp, attach an extension cord, and you have a powerful trouble light

The Howe Junior No. 11 is a single shell, embodying all features except the protected cord. $4.50. With mirror $4.75. In Canada, $6.00 and $7.50.

12 of 100 Reasons Why Your Spotlight Should Be a Howe.

1—The Wonderful "Spring-Controlled" Exclusive Howe Bracket
2—A [illegible] Joint that turns instantly [illegible]
3—A [illegible] never loosens or [illegible]
4—Never sticks—never hard to turn.
5—On-and-off switch in knob works easy while turning lamp
6—Reflector gives perfect spotlight at all distances
7—A special clamp to fit each different style of windshield post
8—Hollow bracket conceals and protects wire. Prevents wear and [illegible]
9—Quickly detached for trouble lamp
10—Light weight [illegible] —finish equal to [illegible]
11—National Mazda Nitrogen [illegible]
12—The [illegible] will not [illegible] of gas

Ask Your Dealer for the Howe Searchlight

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Howe Manufacturing Co.
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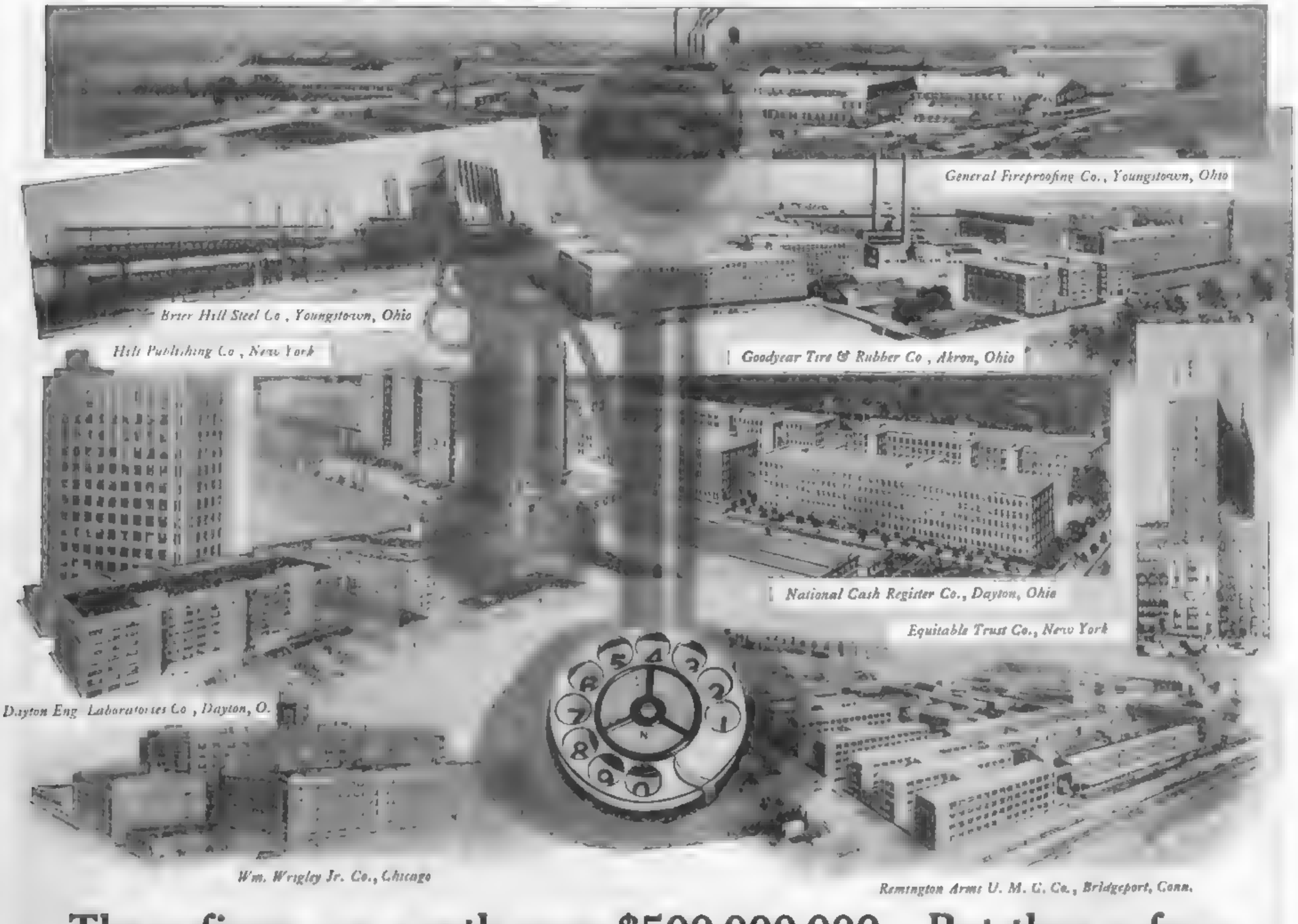
Be sure to get your [illegible] this year, for Howe Searchlights, to insure protection on deliveries. Pin this to your letterhead for Special Free Display Stand Offer.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These firms are worth over $500,000,000. But they refuse to afford the waste of inefficient telephone service

THE great industrial and commercial organizations pictured above, rank with the world's leaders in their various businesses. Their resources are huge, their methods of production and service are setting a pace which all ultimately will have to follow.

Institutions such as these, many hundreds of them in this country and abroad, refuse to afford the waste of money and time and effort that inefficient telephone service means today.

Far-extended manufacturing plants, using 500 or 1,000 telephones, and compact, close-knit offices, needing a dozen instruments or less, alike have turned from old-fashioned telephone methods and are now using the most modern and complete system available—the Automatic Telephone.

Why, these firms asked, should the general manager spend an average of 22 seconds trying to telephone to the auditor when turning the Automatic Dial would connect him in four seconds?

Why must the president summon the sales manager to his office for a confidential talk? The Automatic Telephone would carry that message safe from all possibility of being overheard.

Why must a dozen important officials gather about a desk to hold a conference when each man could remain at his post and hold that conference over the Automatic Telephone?

Why must busy men be delayed and annoyed by an over-rushed operator connecting to Mr. Thompson, although Mr. Johnson is wanted? The Automatic Telephone always connects with the number dialled.

Why must the whole organization waste time walking hither and thither to discuss matters face to face when the quick, accurate, convenient Automatic Telephone at his elbow would invite each man to *talk* instead of *walk!*

Why need the entire telephone system be "dead" and out of use whenever the operator leaves the switchboard? The Automatic Telephone has no operator and is on duty every minute of the day and night.

Why should city and long distance telephone service be hindered and delayed by interior calling when the Automatic Telephone could handle these calls more quickly, more accurately, more conveniently—in most cases with an actual saving of money and in every case with a large economy of effort and time?

The best and most conclusive answer to these questions is the fact that more than 1,000,000 Automatic Telephones are in service today.

Can your firm afford a waste the pace-setting organizations of America refuse to tolerate?

We have studied and solved the interior telephone problem for hundreds of business houses engaged in every line of activity. A request from you will place our experience at your disposal.

The Automatic Telephone
—no operators
—absolutely secret
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—single circuit to each telephone
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Automatic Electric Co.

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New York, Toledo, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney, Winnipeg

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(Continued from Page 58)

Finally, drawing a long breath, Raimond said meditatively, slowly:

"Gee, I wish I was making thirty-five dollars a week. I'd—I'd like to spend it all—on her." There was no mistaking the absolute sincerity of his voice.

"Well—you are a nut!" There was no mistaking the absolute disgust of Benny Halen's voice!

During the next few weeks the Consolidated was busier than it had been ever before in all its rampantly busy life. The buyers were in, and the salesmen, for excellent reasons, were delaying their going out—troublesome reasons.

To those who knew the secrets of the Consolidated, there was trouble, trouble, everywhere.

Metcalfe reported that he couldn't find any green satin this side of Dublin, between which far spot and the stock rooms of his firm lots of submarines were lifting ugly snouts. Miss Pipher reported that consequently Metcalfe strode in and out of Schultz' office like a spy that had failed in his mission and was about to be shot, and every time Schultz met him he glared at Metcalfe like the general about to give the order: "Stand forth, *canaille*, and meet your just deserts!"

Then Simon Bolt announced that most of the ginghams had gone off from his routes, and refused to play. They were in sympathy with the Entente, Simon resentfully assumed, though he said bitterly he didn't know any real reason why the turmoil in Alsace should deprive the American housewife of her kitchen aprons, since most of the cotton of the world anyway is raised in our own chivalrous South. But the war had this result, nevertheless, and what ginghams stayed in the game were weird undesirable colors that drew tears from both Simon and Schultz. As for blue serge—Jim Hucks, whose habit it was to stroll biyearly across the ocean and bring back shipholds of that tailors' delight, was said to spend his days moaning and groaning "Oh, what shall we do to be saved?"

"Still," pertly said Juliet Solby one day to Raimond Norlin, "I guess there's still a few men's neckties on sale in this country." Her sloe eyes derisively were fixed on his worn blue, half-cotton, half-silk scarf. It must be admitted Juliet was impudent to rudeness. "Say, is that the kind they wear in Cedar City?"

Raimond was not offended—to the great disgust of Benny Halen, standing near.

"If I had the price of a new tie, I'd rather put it in a bunch of violets for you," he said. Juliet, at that, had the grace to look a trifle abashed.

"I s'pose!" she jeered lightly but not altogether rudely.

"I'd certainly like to see you some night," said Raimond wistfully.

"I'm going to the Bal Tabarin to-night," yawned Juliet, adjusting the muff of black hair that lay out on one cheek bone, "with Al Bauer. Al ain't much on looks, but he certainly shows a girl a swell time when he takes her out evenings." Juliet's eyelashes lowered demurely, but not so as to cut off her vision.

Raimond Norlin stared soberly over her small, pretty, black head. Presently he absently put his hands into his pockets without jingling anything. The silky lashes seemed to be waiting patiently. He said nothing. Suddenly he turned abruptly, walked over to a truck and began filling it with hose.

Juliet's silky lashes went up pertly. Her wide sloe eyes patently snapped after him. Then she shrugged her small thin shoulders so angrily that the sleazy pink silk of one seam of her blouse gave a smart ripping sound. Benny Halen, still standing by, snickered. But he dodged quickly as Juliet's open hand shot for his face. Then Juliet's high, soiled fawn heels went clickety-clack, viciously clackety-click, toward the packing room.

As Raimond and his mother made their way lunchward the following noon, Juliet, and Al Bauer, big boned and brawny, pushed gayly past them. Juliet's lashes were demurely lowered, and she was saying coquettishly:

"Aw, Al, don't be silly! Wouldn't I tell you if I didn't like you?"

Mrs. Norlin sighed in genuine pity and great horror.

"Dear me, there is another of those scandalous-dressing girls! I hope, Raimond, that you don't have to come in close contact with them."

"I don't have to," said her son soberly. An astute hearer might have claimed that he said it almost bitterly. But it was hardly possible to associate bitterness with Raimond Norlin's open blue eyes.

That afternoon, after his mother had gone home, a collection for a birthday present for some head or other was taken. Raimond flushed as the hat was passed to him, awkwardly put his hand into his pocket, drew it out and murmured, red faced: "Sorry, I'm—I find I'm short to-day."

Now, collections for such purposes had come to be considered a decided nuisance round the Consolidated, and orders had been sent down from Schultz' office that the boys should come right out and refuse to contribute, on the ground that you can have too much of a good thing. But Benny Halen, addicted to toadying to the heads, was passing the hat, and he chose to sneer at Raimond:

"Oh, don't, if you don't feel like it."

Raimond's face got redder, brick red, as he saw that Juliet had sauntered past in time to hear.

Juliet's small nose crinkled in a small smile. She hummed:

"Save a penny here and save a penny there."

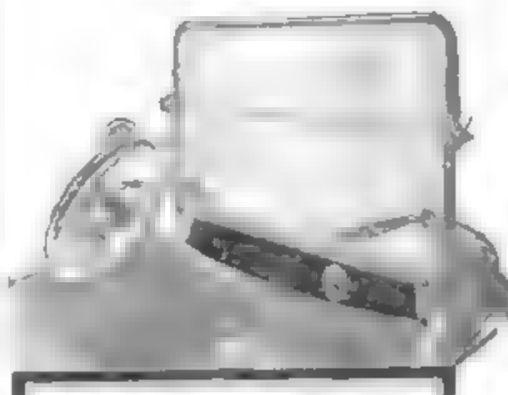
Raimond walked away.

The next week Jim Paige made him city buyer for the sixth floor.

Jim explained briefly but plainly to Raimond that the promotion was nothing to get a fat head over. The increase of pay accompanying it was small—not more than a dollar and a half. There was a long, long road between the city buyers and the buyers—Simon Bolt, Hucks, Metcalfe, and that ilk, who know uncannily every fabric field across the Atlantic or the Pacific. They are treated tenderly by the Consolidated, by Pullman porters, by jobbers and market reports, so that they walk round like field marshals and are at times almost insufferable, even to Schultz, with their lordly air of implying that the Consolidated's profits and the earth's market rest in the hollow of their palms, though Schultz dare do nothing louder than sulk over their expense accounts and have a nervous chill if he catches a rumor that one of 'em is going to take himself and his uncanny knowledge of lace or serge or linen to another firm. But the city buyers are different. They are usually the brightest stock boys. They buy in the city—only the city.

Raimond knew by the end of the week what it meant. When an order for twenty dozen overalls or a gross of madras shirts came in, and stock in those particular items happened to be low, it was his

"Hucks Never Wore That Diamond in His Scarf Till He Switched the Consolidated's Orders"



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Complete with instrument board

This board and speedometer combination is easily attachable, with a wrench and screw driver, to any open Ford body.

You can mount other accessories on this Instrument Board easily and readily because it is wood—selected wood, finished in ebony black.

You get it from your dealer—complete, ready to apply

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Johns-Manville Speedometer *for Ford Cars*

THE adjustable bracket is a special feature. Slots in each end of the board permit lengthening or shortening the device and by adjusting the movable steel brackets and lugs you fasten it to the windshield strip bolt and to windshield brace casting bolt. You can do it yourself in a few minutes.

The Board—Selected wood beautifully finished in ebony black. Affords a fine surface that permits ready mounting of other accessories.

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10 Factories *Branches in 55 Large Cities*

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For Cooking Convenience No Range Beats This!

Burns Gas, Coal or Wood

Just *think* of being able to use the fuel that's *handiest*—that's best suited to the food you are cooking—and to be able to change from one fuel to another by merely *turning a key!*

Unheard of *simplicity*—unrivaled *convenience*—and in addition a real saving of dollars, materials and worry—and an end to *cooking drudgery!*

UNIVERSAL Combination RANGE

Has no Parts to Shift or Change When Changing Fuels

When you want to use gas in the oven, all you do is turn the key!

Throw away or sell that old, worn-out, *one-fuel* cook stove or range and get this *modern convenience*—this 20th Century wonder!

[illegible] And it keeps your kitchen

Warm in Winter—Cool in Summer

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[illegible] Easily cleaned. Handsomely trimmed in [illegible] proof, silver nickel. Every modern refinement

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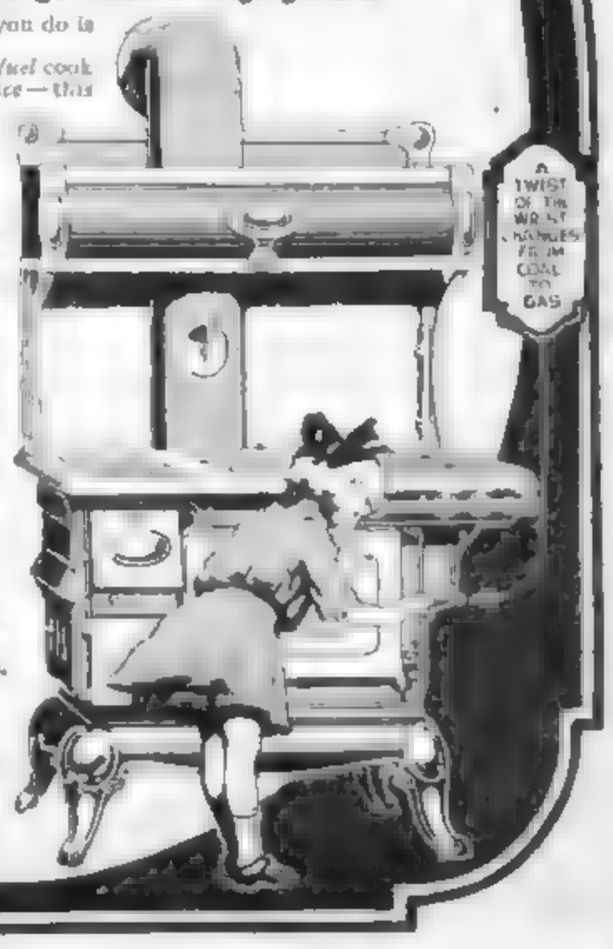

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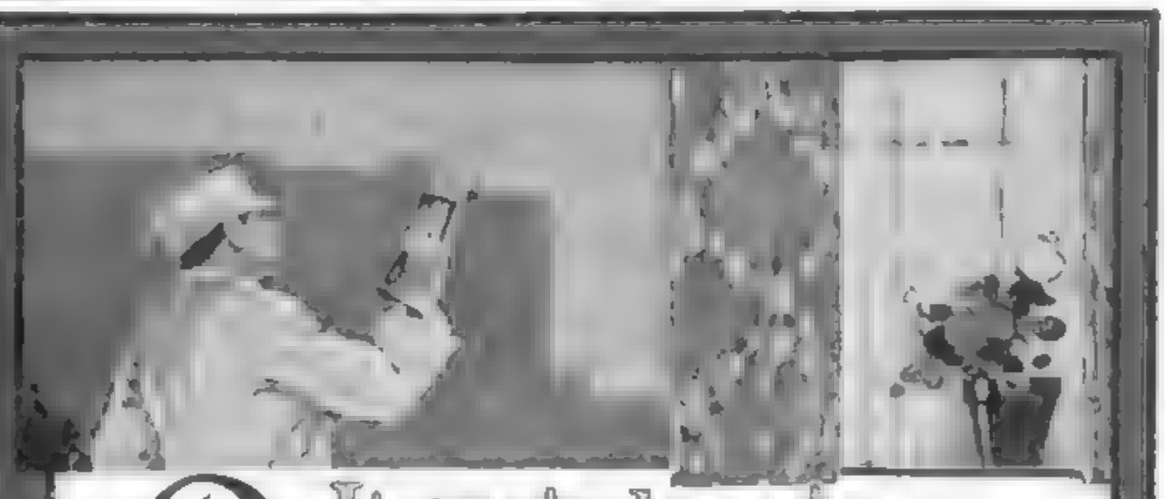

It costs less to Dresdenize your walls

¶ There are advantages in finishing your walls and ceilings with Dresden Flat Paint—many advantages that wall-paper cannot give. The greatest of these is economy. To Dresdenize a room 10 x 12 for example, will cost you about $5.00. This slight cost stands out in bold relief against the high cost of wall paper.

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Interesting agency proposition for Dealers and Jobbers

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PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS

duty to stop pushing a truck or dusting the shelves and run over to Ed Schmidt's dinky factory on Halstead Street, or to Izzy Blaine's one-horse manufactory on Franklin Street, or to the Haffer Company's loft on Twelfth Street, or to some other place of the same kind, and bring back what was needed.

"But it's a stepping-stone," added Jim Paige. "Only," headded preoccupiedly, "remember stepping-stones sometimes wabble and you lose your foothold altogether."

Raimond respectfully promised to remember, not just understanding what his busy head had meant.

Nor did he understand Benny Halen's envious congratulation:

"Say, you were born lucky. But you better be careful about the pickin's. Go slow!"

"I'll be careful," Raimond said carelessly, and went over to Izzy Blaine's place to buy nine brown work shirts to complete an order for Wichita, Kansas.

"I s'pose your mother will certainly write back to the Cedar City Herald about it, won't she?" jeered Benny when Raimond got back. Raimond flushed, though he had to grin, knowing that his mother had carefully penned and mailed the item the night before.

She was down the next day, her small neat black shoulders fairly quivering with pride over Raimond's rise. When she had gone, Juliet sauntered over to Raimond.

"Mammy's lil' lamb's going up in the world, ain't he?" she giggled gayly. "Say, for the love of Mike, now you've got a chance, get a swell tie! I don't like that Cedar City affair!"

Though Juliet was impudent beyond any right, something in the pretty, insolent tilt of her eyelashes often kept people from realizing how very impudent she dared to be. If Raimond blushed, it was certainly not with offense, because he looked down too amiably into the sloe depths of her eyes for anyone to impute unamiability to him.

"As soon as I get a chance, I will," he promised her cheerfully.

Ten days later he was honestly surprised to get the chance. Jim Paige sent over in a hurry for four dozen striped satin cravats from Izzy Blaine or the Haffer Company. Both specialized in cravats—of a kind.

The Haffer Company was nearer the Consolidated than was Izzy Blaine's place. Raimond went to Izzy's place merely because, before he realized it, the street car had carried him two blocks past Haffer's.

Izzy himself filled the order, which, being light of weight, Jim had told Raimond to carry back. Izzy had an oily skin, little, deep-set black eyes, and narrow shoulders that shrugged round inside his tight coat like sardines in a can.

Having filled it, he carelessly told Raimond to select a tie for himself.

"Why?" Raimond asked, surprised.

Izzy flung out sallow hands generously: "Because!"

Benny Halen afterward told Raimond that Izzy usually was the first among the jobbers to get a little gift to a new city buyer.

Raimond flushed and pohtely refused to select one, not at that time knowing any reason why Izzy should reward him for coming to his place instead of to the Haffers'. But Izzy cried:

"I guess I ain't maybe got no right to make a little present to a young fellow I like!" indignantly. "Say, ain't it my own property? Say, is it anything belonging to your firm?"

"Why—no," admitted Raimond, confused.

"Then what's eatin' yuh? Say, you act like I'm doin' something against the law! Maybe folks ain't so friendly back in Cedar City, but me—when I take a notion to a decent young fellow—— If yuh don't fancy the brown-and-white stripe, kid, pick out a different style."

Raimond wore it the next day. Benny Halen eyed it enviously and remarked that Raimond certainly had got the job with the pickin's. Juliet Solby eyed it approvingly. Jim Paige, being rather more preoccupied than usual that week, did not notice it. If he had, perhaps —— But he was heroically trying to make various customers in the Dakotas and Minnesota believe that brown denim was far, far more choice than the cobalt that they were wont to receive; brown pigment being easier for American manufacturers to acquire than the cobalt lost in Europe's mêlée.

Raimond Norlin was the kind to be grateful. He considered gratitude a mere incident of honesty. Since Izzy had taken such a liking to him, he rather liked Izzy in return. So he sought him, for the immediate weeks, whenever the Consolidated needed goods that Izzy could furnish.

Naturally, the Haffer brothers, Ed Schmidt, and others of their line, presently became aware that Izzy had corraled the Consolidated's latest city buyer. They were quite aware how, knowing each other's ways with young buyers. And even the small orders of such a firm as the Consolidated amount to considerable in the course of a year to small jobbers. Naturally they sought Raimond, and they reproachfully wanted to know of him why he was slighting them. And, incidentally, while they uttered their reproaches they managed to press upon him little tokens of their friendly feeling for him. More than once Raimond was seen to throw away the half of a cigar as he entered the wholesale house—and not a stogy either. Also, he was seen entering restaurants with one of the young Haffers, also with Izzy Blaine—and not cheap restaurants either. A certain touch of importance seemed to be in evidence, at such times, in Raimond Norlin's bearing. And three months after Jim Paige made Raimond city buyer, Al Bauer caught Juliet Solby's skinny graceful arm as she was pressing through the usual night horde at the time clock.

"Wanna go to the Grand Star Inn tonight?" affectionately he asked. "Huh, kiddo? I got dough to burn this week. Made nine-fifty at pool last night, and it's pay night besides!"

Out of her low-cut, cheap, salmon-pink silk blouse Juliet's neck arched like the stem of an insolent tiger lily. Her silky black lashes fluttered up affectedly. Her sloe eyes regarded the affectionate, brawny Al stolidly. Her small red mouth half parted in a yawn.

"No, I don't wanna," with a shrug. "Sorry, Al," with a bland indifference that verged insultingly upon insolence, "but I've got an engagement. I'm going to the Bal Tabarin."

"Who in—who with?" angrily.

"That's for me to know and you to find out," pertly remarked Miss Solby.

Schultz, general manager, had his faults. One cannot, of course, act as general manager of any large place and retain the peaceful disposition of a baby sheep. But any employee, however humble, could get an interview with him, when an interview seemed necessary.

Three days later Al Bauer got one—a brief one. But from it Al Bauer emerged like a man satisfied with himself, the world and the starry sky above. In fact, satisfaction enveloped him blanketlike. But Miss Pipher, who heard the interview, gave a half sigh at its end. Only a half one—she was too busy to spare time for a whole one.

About the time that Schultz curtly asked Al why he wanted ten minutes of his precious time, Jim Paige, with a preoccupied frown, told Raimond Norlin to run out and buy five dozen work shirts, medium grade, but not to buy 'em at Izzy Blaine's, Ed Schmidt's or the Haffer brothers'.

"Because that whole bunch, especially Izzy, has been sticking us with punk goods lately. Nothing up to grade; not even war grade. Try that new jobber over on Tenth Street."

When Raimond returned two hours later, Jim Paige read the item slip and demanded irritably

"Say, Norlin, d dn't I tell you to pass up Izzy Blaine?"

Raimond Norlin, with a decidedly flushed face, murmured confusedly something about Izzy being the only one who could fill the order. Jim Paige preoccupiedly accepted the statement, though he scowled. He was too preoccupied to notice that almost immediately Raimond crossed the big stock room to a corner where Juliet Solby

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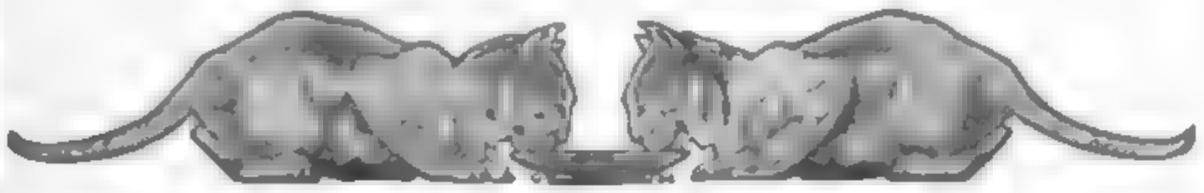

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was indolently carding percale samples. At his eager whisper, her pretty, sleek, slovenly, black head nodded amiably. Her long, silky, black lashes fluttered down demurely on her apricot-pink cheeks. Raimond went back to his own work. Satisfaction enveloped him nimbuslike.

And it still enveloped him when ten minutes later an errand boy came down to tell Jim Paige that Schultz wanted to see him in his office. Jim went preoccupiedly. Ten minutes later the same errand boy came back to tell Raimond that Schultz and Paige wanted to see him in Schultz' office. Obediently, still satisfaction-enveloped, Raimond went, and did not pay any attention to the happy look that followed him from Al Bauer. But once in Schultz' office, one look at Schultz whose eyes were filled with fury, one at Jim Paige, and Raimond, knowing why he was summoned, made no pretense at asking. He did not flush. He turned white.

"Have you got a check in your pocket?" demanded Schultz. "Give it to me!"

Involuntarily, being obedient by habit, Raimond Norlin put a hand in a pocket, then tried to cover the slip into which Schultz had bluffed him. But Schultz, being a direct man by nature, simply reached at Raimond's hand and snatched the folded pink paper that it clutched.

"Five dollars," he angrily read to the listening Jim Paige, "from Izzy Blaine. This isn't the first," imperiously to Raimond. "Last week you cashed another. How many ——"

Raimond Norlin had to wet his lips before he got out, with difficulty:

"The—the two—that is all."

"All!" said Schultz ironically. Before he could say more, everyone else took on a certain rigidity of attitude—even steady, oldish Miss Pipher. For into the room, smilingly, gently, had tripped little Mrs. Norlin. She had come down town to ride home with her son. Someone who ought to have known better had informed her that he was up in Schultz' office. And right up there, and right in there, with a gracious, expectant smile, she had come.

At sight of her, Raimond's white changed to a ghastly gray. He half extended a hand toward Schultz, as though for mercy. Schultz did not see the gesture. It is doubtful if he would have regarded it anyway. Without delay or preamble, possibly judging that it was a bitter pill needed by a grafting city buyer, he told Mrs. Norlin the facts that he had just learned. Raimond stood motionless during this telling, his lips dry and colorless, his hands clenched at his sides. But Jim Paige and steady, oldish Miss Pipher both impetuously stepped near her, so that if she were stunned into fainting ——

Miss Pipher said afterward that she had supposed that she had worked long enough in the busy loop to insure her having seen so much that nothing more could make her eyebrows raise a fraction of an inch under their green eye shade. She really had thought that she had seen everything unexpected; and she had been sure she had heard everything unusual—from the farewell sigh of a banker going to Joliet, to the plash-plash of a motor of joy riders going over an open draw into the Chicago River, and from the dry sob of a mother watching her car-barn bandit-son go forth to be hanged, to the silver top note of a poignantly sweet coloratura soprano wending its way to the roof of the Auditorium.

And, without being any Bernard Shaw, she had about come to the conclusion that she knew what would happen in any given situation. But it was proved to her that it is impossible to foretell the character of all situations. And she and Jim Paige, open-mouthed, stared.

For Raimond's mother, hearing, did not faint. She did not even pale. She did not seem surprised.

In a gentle, gracious voice, as gentle and as unperturbed as though she were saying "The congregation will please turn to hymn 615," she remarked:

"And what of it?"

"What of it?" cried Schultz. "Madam, I don't believe you understood me! Your son has been accepting little donations"—sarcastically—"from firms from whom the Consolidated buys. Cravats, hose, gloves, and even checks!"

She did not faint then, nor appear even flustered. She merely chirped, in her gentle canarylike voice:

"Oh, I know all about that. And I thought it was very kind of the gentlemen. Kinder really than Raimond had any right to expect. Of course, back in Cedar City members of his dear father's congregation were always making us gifts—food, clothing, and sometimes"—smiling round the room—"even checks! And you can't imagine"—in confidence—"how, after we came here, we missed those little tokens of appreciation! Really, it touched me when Raimond here found folks just as kind."

But at this point Schultz managed to change an inarticulate sentence into an articulate:

"Madam, I'll inform you this is entirely different."

Raimond's white lips also twisted into a wry smile.

"This is different, mother. I—I had no right to accept ——"

"Oh, you admit it, do you?" snarled Schultz. "I didn't know ——"

"Oh, I admit it," with white lips. "I didn't know at first, but later I realized. I have nothing to say," miserably.

"But I have," said Schultz nastily, and turned to an office boy, standing by, all eyes and ears. "Get Mr. Norlin's pay up to to-night from the cashier! We won't care to see him enter this place again."

Raimond was whitely silent. But his mother gently bristled.

"I confess I do not understand what ——"

"Please don't talk, mother!"

He turned, rather stumblingly, to go out. His mother followed him puzzledly, repeating that she didn't understand at all, not at all. Schultz contemptuously tore the check in two and flipped it into a wastebasket, which was rather arbitrary on Schultz' part. And possibly it was that arbitrary act which was responsible for what followed. For two floors below, Raimond, white faced, and his mother, volubly unable to understand what was wrong, met Juliet. Raimond paused and said to her most miserably:

"I'm sorry, but I cannot keep the appointment I made with you for to-night, Juliet."

"What?" said Juliet. "Then pray why did you make it?" Neither of them regarded Raimond's mother, who stared coldly at Juliet.

Raimond replied quietly: "I beg your pardon for making it—but ——"

Either Juliet guessed or Al Bauer had already sent her taunting word.

"Wait here!" she ordered Raimond, and she impetuously flew to the nearest stairs and up.

Miss Pipher weakly said afterward that she gave up.

She had to admit that what she thought she knew about employees was a delusion and a snare.

"For that little hussy," she berated her to Jim Paige, "made eyes at that boy and made fun of him and made a fool of him! And then in the end ——"

Miss Pipher lacked words to describe it. But she let her typewriter keys stand idle while Juliet, flying into Schultz' office, bitterly reproached him for his recent action.

"I don't know what right you have," she cried passionately.

Schultz glared. He didn't remember ever having seen this tawdry young person before, and from her passionate jumble and shrillness he couldn't make out whether she wanted a raise or someone had insulted her. He impatiently opened his mouth to order her to speak more decorously, when he caught this plainly:

"Say, did those checks come out of the Consolidated's pockets? No, they didn't! And I'd like to know ——"

Schultz jumped out of his chair as though jerked.

"Get out of here! Such impudence!"

Juliet insolently snapped three soiled pink-nailed fingers under his nose and went on shrilly:

"Yes, I know I'm impudent. But tell me, why don't you jump on the big buyers? I ain't never seen you calling them over the carpet. Though you know awful well ——"

"Young woman, what do you mean?" roared the general manager.

Miss Pipher afterward reported that the gyrations of Eva Tanguay in her milk-white tights and glittering silver jacket had very little on the gyrations of the bulky tweed-clad Schultz, as he bounced out of his chair and ragefully danced up and down, ordering Juliet Solby to shut her mouth and leave his presence. While he was gyrating, a group entered the office—Hucks, Simon Bolt, Metcalfe and Appleby. Their eyes grew wide as they beheld the evident excitement. And while they stared, Juliet whirled on them like a small tiger, and she shrieked:

"I guess all of us knew why Metcalfe bought a carload of shoddy taffeta last fall, and has been driving a brand-new car ever since! And I guess Mr. Hucks never wore that diamond in his scarf till he switched the Consolidated's linen orders from a firm in Dublin to a firm in Berlin! And a whole lot of us heard that Mr. Appleby said that if it hadn't been for the darned old war he'd got his usual little old Christmas present from a factory in Middlesex. And I guess if Mr. Appleby had to pay for all the gloves he brings back from Paris for his friends, he wouldn't bring so many! And I guess nobody gets anything because the Consolidated's basement is extended clear out two rods under the sidewalk against the city regulations! And I guess the insurance inspectors that Benny Halen heard one day ——"

But what Benny Halen heard was never known—that day at least. Miss Pipher afterward reported that every man in the office helped to pour a perfect flood of words over Juliet's embarrassing disclosures, so that even her potency of shrillness could not prevail. But she succeeded in getting one last taunt into Schultz' purple ears before he took her by her skinny shoulders and forcibly put her out of the room.

"Everybody's doing it round here," insolently, "and all of us know it."

"Of course every one of us know lots of things," said Miss Pipher later, matter of factly, "but we don't spread 'em, if we're wise."

When Juliet had gone Simon Bolt hastily and stiltedly remarked that it was perfectly incredible how various small incidents could be magnified and distorted ——

"Perfectly incredible!" hastily echoed the other men, including Schultz.

But Schultz' echo was spoiled somewhat by his adding coldly:

"Still, I wonder, gentlemen, if you realize how ominous that sentence was—'Everybody's doing it, and all of us know it.' One cannot expect discipline," acridly; "to say nothing of ideals ——"

He was interrupted. Into the office laboriously came an old gentleman, swathed in furs and rugs, and supported by two male nurses.

"Had to come," snarled old Benjamin Hassel. "The National Society for the Suppression of Freight Rebates has got to be put out of business. A cousin of mine is heading it. Always detested him too. But I know him," uglily. "Send someone over to see him. And better make the check big," wrathfully.

Schultz asked:

"What's his name?"

"Yates Hassel," angrily.

But Juliet —— Put out of the room ignominiously, she raced down the flights of stairs to find Raimond. As she hadn't been allowed to stay in the room over two minutes at the most, he had not gone far. And Miss Pipher—for Schultz always cleared the room when he and his employer talked rebates—was not far behind. Not too far—perhaps Miss Pipher was inquisitive and came near—to hear Juliet Solby say to him, without any insolence, without coquetry, but grievedly:

"I just wanted to tell you, Raimond, that I don't care so much about going out to the Bal Tabarin and those noisy places, evenings. I—I'm tired of 'em. And—my aunt's front stoop isn't rented. If you'd care about just calling on me, and not going any place ——" For once in her impudent young life Juliet's long silky lashes fluttered down with real emotion. And she winkingly kept them down. "I'm—I'm sorry about it all," she said miserably.

"Gee, you needn't be," said Raimond instantly. "It's—it's almost worth it!" And looking at her lashes, his face lost some of its grayness.

"Raimond!" cried his mother. "Please tell me just what it means ——"

"Say, you!" called a brisk voice. "You still here, cub? How about going out with me this year? I had to fire the kid I took last trip. He couldn't see a coat or suit for the movies!"

Miss Pipher said afterward that little Mrs. Reverend Norlin was quicker minded than anyone would have given her credit for being. For she flashed her round blue eyes, not so gentle as always before, from Juliet Solby's scandalously short skirt to Harry Henschke's sleek good-humored face, and she said instantly:

"Yes! My son will go with you."

Her son looked at Harry Henschke as though he were a deliverer from heaven. But he looked at Juliet as though she couldn't be left. He didn't look at all at his mother.

"Go," said Juliet very low. "I—and I won't even speak to Al Bauer or anyone while you're gone."

His mother drew a long breath and put one hand at her throat.

"I'm—I don't know if I can," said Raimond wretchedly. "I've been in—I've been city buyer—and ——"

Harry Henschke whistled, grinned. "Oh well, I, too, have been in Arc—I mean I once was city buyer. I'll try to patch it up."

Juliet's long silky lashes fluttered up demurely at him.

"Thank you," said she bashfully, sidling closer to Raimond.

"Th-thank you, sir," said Raimond's mother gently. And again she put her hand at her throat, as though something in it hurt.

Jim Explained Briefly but Plainly to Raimond That the Promotion Was Nothing to Get a Fat Head Over

HAVE A HEART!

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I COULD beat your brains out with a sponge, Margot De Long," said Brigit impressively. "Don't you know that Wissa Bay wouldn't need any tufted homing pigeon to find the way to your heart? And you went and wrote him you were going to get all snarled up in the bonds of holy matrimony!"

Brigit De Long, the meal ticket of the act, A Boiled Dinner, elevated her crimson gypsy boots comfortably to the edge of the dressing table and, grasping a glass of lemonade pop in her right hand, leaned back in her chair with a disheartened sigh. Even in a lobster-colored negligée, with her short dark hair done up in steel curlers and a dapper little regiment of cold cream stationed at various points of her face, she gave the impression of being stately.

Margot De Long, the patter end and beauty of the De Long Sisters team, tossed her yellow head. Her big blue eyes blinked indignantly. With customary stylishness Margot wore a dazzling creation of pansy-blue velvet with a swallow-tail train lined with silver. It emphasized the childishness of her tiny self. The frock, one of the show dresses during the last season, was now serving to awe and overwhelm the inhabitants of the old River Front section who called day and night on Maggie Dillon and Bridget Delahue, the now famous De Long Sisters of the theatrical world.

"You make me so darned nervous," Margot answered impetuously, "that I'm all in. We got enough to do before next Tuesday morning. Listen, Brigit," she chuckled mischievously, "what's the 'End of a Perfect Day'?"

"I dunno," Brigit returned stiffly.

"This." She held up a blue crêpe de Chine negligée. "Mrs. Curry just brought it in for you; she's making me a breakfast jacket of gazelle tan. Honest, everyone is as interested in our getting married as if we were the blood royal. I told Girofla this morning that we'd have to have free lunch at Atri Terrace for the next five years. They'll come in droves out there."

"Where is Giroflé and Girofla anyway? Wasn't they coming to supper?" Brigit contemplated her engagement ring studiously. "I believe my stone needs cleaning. Get the tools, Margot."

Obligingly Margot produced a basin of water and some soft brushes. "I'll give mine the once over," she said, sitting down on the floor regardless of the silver-lined train. She extracted a chamois case from the depths of her left stocking and spilled out a startling array of rings and brooches.

"Giroflé and Girofla stopped to get their suits from the tailor. Say, there's going to be an awful mob—a double wedding on, to say nothing of our being in the profession, and Giroflé and Girofla making a go out of their billiard and pool parlor, and all of us having been brought right up here."

"Did you send it in to the papers that we're going to Havana on our honeymoon and will be at home after April fifteenth at 24 and 26 Atri Terrace?" asked Brigit.

"Girofla knows a police reporter and he'll handle it. He's got the story sewed up on the desk now."

"It's a wedding, not a murder," remarked Brigit.

"This guy is a friend of his and he'll bowl it into the society page." Margot laid aside the ruby and attacked a pearl pendant. "We gotta get Mum's dress fitted to-night, too, and the boys are going to fix the wedding presents in the dining room."

"I suppose every victim that has kicked in has gotta come to dinner."

"We gotta get into society first." Margot shook her head soberly. "We're going into private life for keeps, Brigit. We gotta make Atri Terrace sit up and take notice."

"That's the worst of buying twin bungalows on a terraced street. They'll take to us vaudevillians and poets of the cue like they would to a wooden kimono."

"Well, I'm no snob. I'm willing to have my dog bite anyone," giggled Margot. "I guess when they find out we got our houses paid for, and a touring car, and pretty good-looking personal scenery, and that our running mates don't feed us on sour mashes, we'll be as welcome as a sunny veranda to a sick kitten."

"The River Front is good enough for me," Brigit remarked. "I'm not going to forget old pals. Only it helps the boys to live on Atri Terrace. Anyhow, Margot, we got a long ways to go before we're 'At home at Atri Terrace.' We gotta settle Wissa Bay."

"Do you mean that as deep stuff?"

"If You Want to Call Quits it's All Right. But Don't Go Away Thinking I Double-Crossed You"

"Certainly, Margot De Long. You've had a grand little life for ten years, playing off the pretties while I come out dressed like a circus clown and had everyone give me the laugh. And you been writing to Girofla McCarthy every week, and then going out to dinner with the handsomest man on the bill, with me waddling along as chaperon! Now Wissa Bay is different—he isn't an American. He's dead in love with you, Margot, and you certainly give him the extra smiles. He's built for speed, that lad, and he's going to cling to you like a leech to a black eye. The Hindoo!"

"He's a Syrian," corrected Margot, "and he's the best tumbler on the boards to-day. But I never encouraged him, Brigit. When he asked me to marry him the first time, I said: 'Do you think I want to take advantage of a famine?' You been writing notes to all of our crowd telling 'em that we were going to pull off the Big Time and asking them to come out to Atri Terrace when they played this jerk. Well, I only did the same to Wissa Bay."

"What'll happen when Girofla gets wise to this?"

"He won't get wise unless you spill the beans."

"I am actually surprised, Margot," continued Brigit as she rose majestically in all her hundred-and-eighty-nine-pound glory, "that you had sense enough to finally marry a real guy after all the mashes you've made since we started in the business. And Girofla, the steady one of the twins, too, waiting back here for you as loyal as if you were in the wigwam counting his cigar coupons."

"How about Giroflé?"

Brigit laughed her famous bass roar that brought down the house. She usually gave way to it just before she tapped the orchestra leader on the head with her green parasol, introductory to singing McCluskey.

"Giroflé is no quarter horse either, even if Girofla does have to make him come in on a time clock. Look here, Margot, don't you know that the big idea is to even things up—fifty-fifty. If a doll like you teams up they always pick out someone that'll bring their breakfast in on a silver tray. They can flirt and fib and keep house with a can opener, and it gets by. Just like you and I have been teamed up, Maggie Delahue—you've worn the fluffies and done the dove songs with the rose-colored lights thrown on you, and I've come out in striped pyjamas and made a darn fool of myself. I saw to the baggage-smashing, slept on the inside of the bed, the upper berths, had it out with the hotel clerks, and even swiped all the towels. I got the bookings and drilled you in your songs, and here I am, a giant puffball that's made everyone pull a laugh, and I'm going to marry Giroflé McCarthy and you're going to marry Girofla. Everyone knows that Giroflé is the lad needing a tight rein, and that Girofla is as stolid as the stone age. Same thing, isn't it? Fifty-fifty. If you two bum dolls was to team up there'd be a runaway. One pacer and one plodder keeps the house from being mortgaged to the eaves. Get me? Why, Girofla would get down on his knees and let you call him Rover if you wanted to, and I'd—I'd do the same for Giroflé.

"It just is, that's all. Now, Margot, before the Big Time next Tuesday, before we move out there to Atri Terrace and make that bunch of undertakers fold up like a tent, let's have an understanding."

"I'll have to go into a trance to get you," murmured Margot willfully.

"No, you won't. You and me are like a layer cake. Cousins to begin with, stage sisters for the frothy filling, and sisters-in-law for the finish. Now it's up to us whether or not the cake will be frosted! But as far as we've traveled let's promise each other that we're going to make as big a success in being wives as we have in doing our act."

Margot's blue eyes looked up with a serious expression at Brigit's dark, merry ones.

"Maybe you think I'm not gone on that two-story, Titian-headed bridegroom of mine," she said. "Don't let it get by you that I tell myself I was born under a lucky star. You won't have to butter my paws to keep me home. I'm going to learn how to cook until Girofla thinks the chicken is born fried and all the waffles had maple sirup in the family for nine generations back."

"Put it there." Brigit held out her hand. "You don't look a day over twenty," she sighed enviously. "Well, talking of lucky stars, don't think I was asking for the claim agent either. Giroflé is no hick—just that he's different from Girofla. Giroflé is temperamental. He'd carry a canary bird down from the attic of a burning castle, but he'd throw a missionary right out the front window. Giroflé needs watching. He'd follow a pretty ankle down the street any day. Girofla would not. At least not since he followed yours back at the old St. Bridget's school. Giroflé needs a guardian. Girofla is a guardian. To make a long story short, Giroflé wears his hair in curls and Girofla has his shaved. At that I dunno but what I'm better pleased. I'd miss not having somebody to order round."

"Righto, Simon Legree. Does it seem ten whole years of playing on the road and then coming back to River Street to marry the McCarthy Twins?" mused Margot earnestly.

"Things have changed, haven't they?" answered Brigit. She looked about the front bedroom. Mrs. Delahue had been urged to move from the River Front, but she clung to the old neighborhood loyally. She had refurnished the house and added a veranda and an ice box. True, she placed the ice box, a huge gem of golden-oak beauty, in the parlor, since it seemed too gorgeous to relegate to the shed, besides being handy for the "lunch." There had been startling changes in the front bedroom, also, since the De Long Sisters' debut. A highly polished Circassian-walnut set with Battenberg covers and draperies vied with a glaring rose rug of body Brussels and an array of silver toilet articles and perfume bottles. All River Street had viewed the display. Two huge wardrobe trunks were stationed at opposite corners of the room. Gay-colored frocks, make-up and manicure boxes, pink and blue satin corsets, fancy shoes, befeathered hats, albums of stage pictures, programs, fencing foils, a punching bag, parasols and red-silk teddy bears, riding crops and other stage properties were tumbling over each other in confusion.

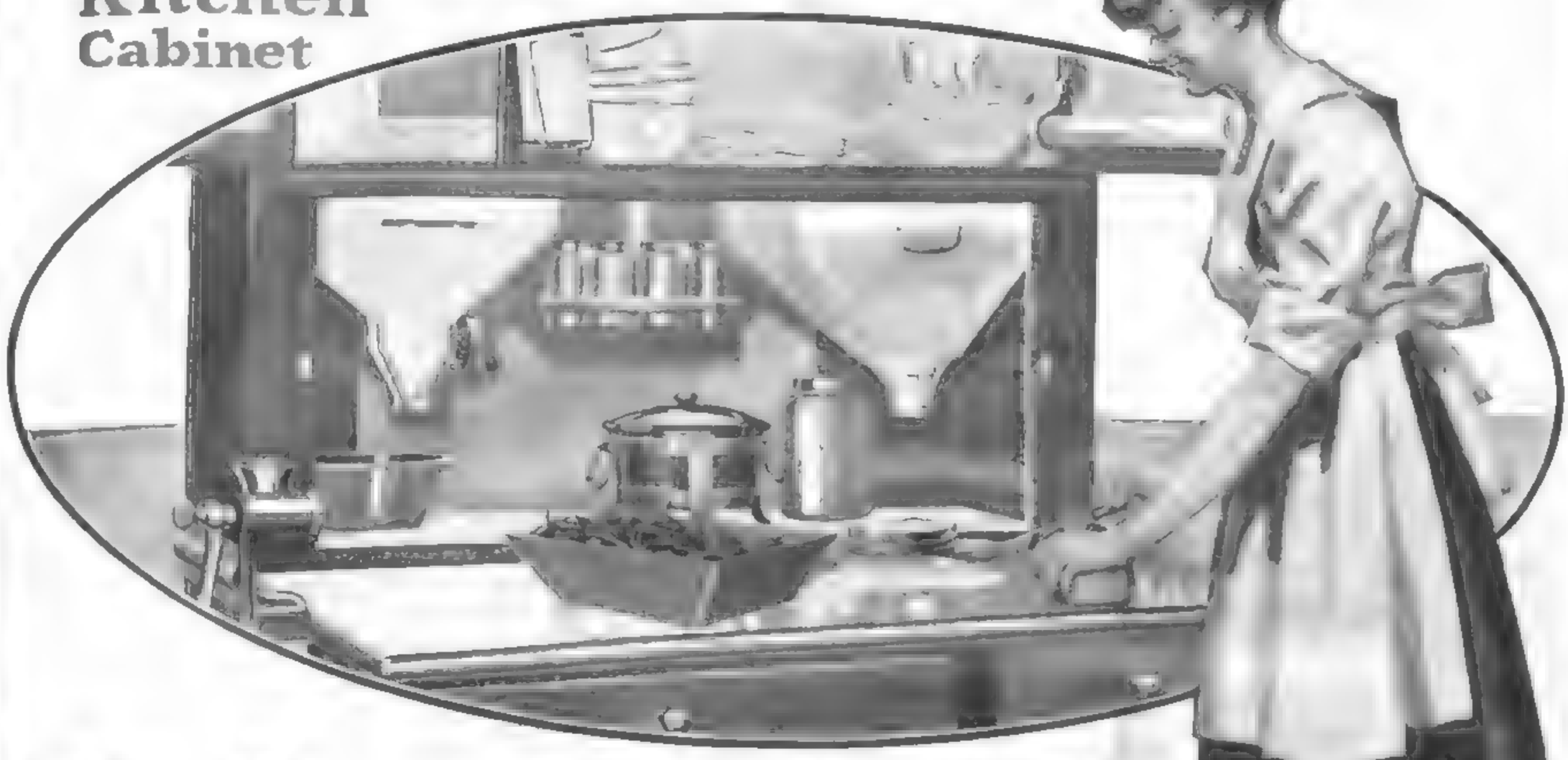
Margot walked to the window and drew aside the heavy lace curtain. "We've changed," she decided. "All the houses and people are the same. It's us that's different."

Together they stared out the window at the frame cottages and shanties, the little stores and the old red-brick church and convent standing guard at the beginning of the street. It was dirty and disorderly. From the river came a damp air in winter and a sluggish, unexpected heat in summer. The rest of the city called them squatters, and talked of establishing a social center or even abolishing the district. But River Street spelled home not only to the De Long Sisters but to many other prosperous business men and women, some of whom came back in velvety lined limousines to visit.

For ten years the De Long Sisters had played their home town twice a year, and during each week the entire

(Continued on Page 69)

HOOSIER
Kitchen Cabinet



The Heart of the Cabinet
Exclusive Hoosier Ideas

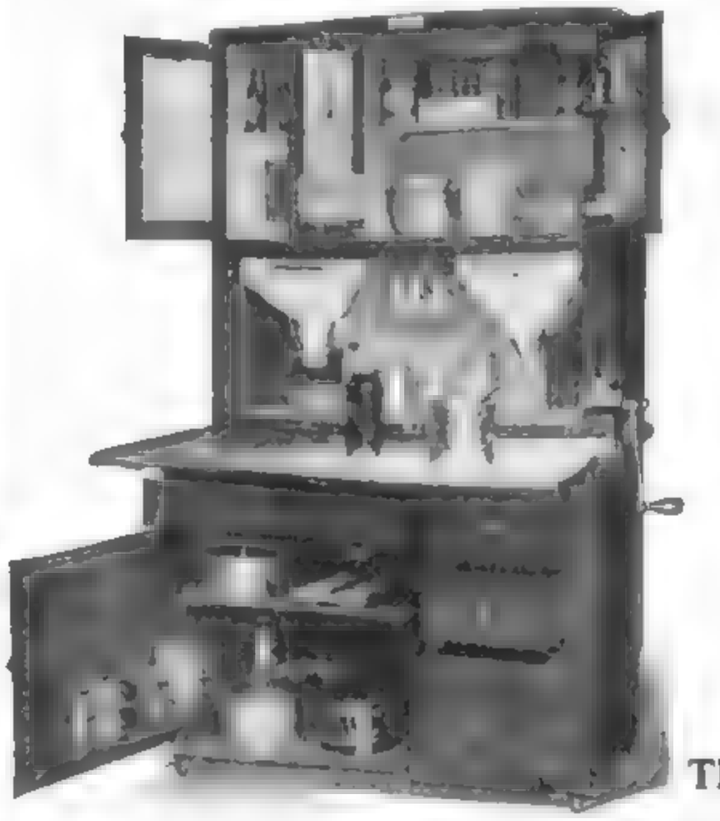
STORAGE space is essential in a kitchen cabinet, but *Convenience is indispensable!* Look at the part illustrated in the oval above—that is the heart of the cabinet—the active helper in your kitchen work—the section that has made the "Hoosier" the preference of more than a million women.

Lifetime Convenience—Mealtime Delight

You will need a big table space to work on. The Hoosier gives it. You want it uncluttered by partitions and cubby holes. See the room above and around the Hoosier's aluminum or Porceliron sliding table top.

There is storage space above and below, with places for *400 articles within arm's reach!* There are 40 labor-saving inventions like extra hands to help you.

The Hoosier will bring the utmost convenience that domestic science experts have been able to plan in a cabinet. There is nothing better—this cabinet is the finality.



Exclusive Hoosier Improvements

1—All-Metal Flour Bin with Glass Front.
2—Gear-Driven Shaker Flour Sifter.
3—Revolving Spice Jar Rack.
4—Ingenious, Big-Capacity Sugar Bin.
5—Big, Broad Cupboard, with plenty of room to work. No partitions to chop up table space.
6—Doors with Handy Trays that hold small utensils, or the New Roll Doors without extra cost.

Prices and Terms

We are now selling our second million Hoosiers. Our enormous output makes possible our low prices which now range from $14.25 to $53.00, according to design and equipment. Make a small payment now and have the Hoosier delivered at once, then pay the balance a little at a time. This will avoid all waiting.

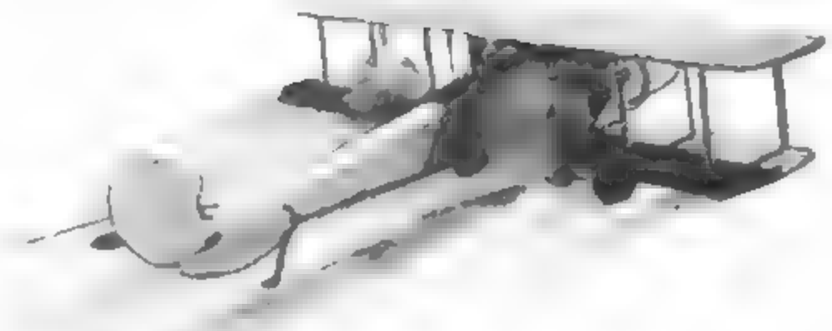
Your money all back if you are not delighted!

Write for New Hoosier Book FREE!

See the actual photographs of the five beautiful new models with 1917 improvements. Read the many ways that Hoosier cuts down kitchen work, saves time, saves energy, saves health and miles of steps. All contained in our latest kitchen book and catalog. It's FREE! Write for a copy without fail today.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO., 174 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets in the World



An Endorsement from the Sky

The same tried and tested Rajah Spark Plugs that safeguard the lives of aviators will help you get the best out of your motor car.

Thousands of feet up, a tiny speck like a dragon fly drones against the sky. Some aviator has trusted his very life to the sure and steady ignition of his motor. No wonder experienced pilots insist on

RAJAH *SPARK PLUGS*

They are standard equipment with practically all airplane manufacturers. The United States Government uses them in Army and Navy Planes.

The great majority of all racing cars are Rajah equipped. The winner of the Pike's Peak Hill Climb, the winners of the 20, 50 and 150 mile races at Sheepshead Bay Speedway, all used Rajah Plugs.

Wherever power, speed, endurance and absolute reliability are all-important, there Rajah Plugs are invariably chosen.

The plug that gives this service makes child's play of the service the average owner requires of his car. Rajah Plugs will give you more power, a quicker pick-up, better hill-climbing ability and, if you want it, greater speed.

If you cannot get Rajah Plugs without trouble, write us giving make of car and we will see that you are supplied through a dealer. Terminals are furnished so that Rajah Plugs can be used on any car.

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HUGHSON & MERTON, Inc., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle
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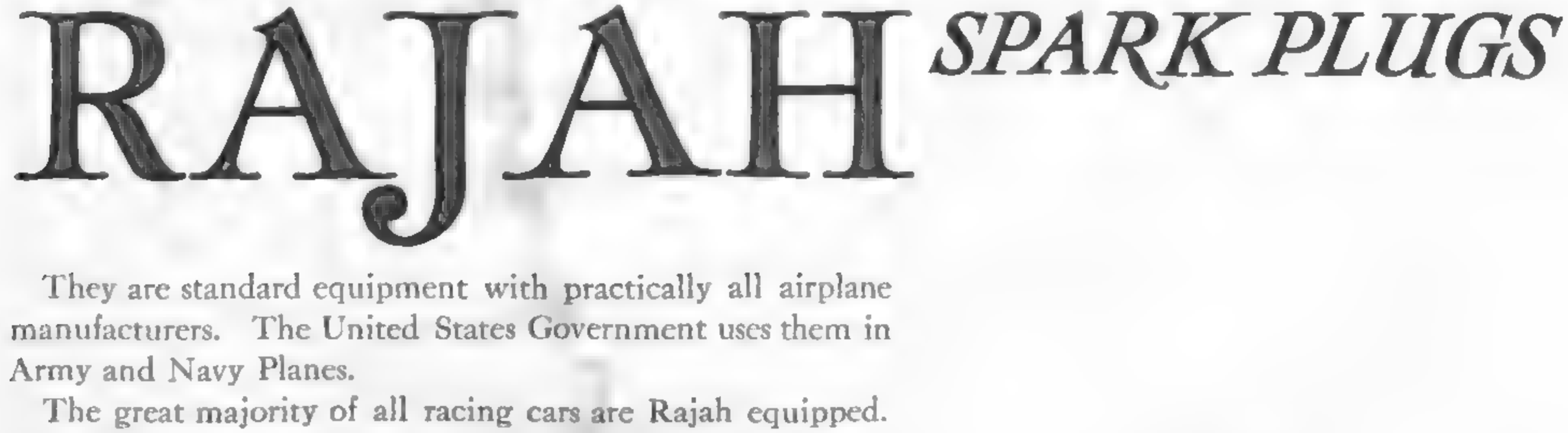


(Continued from Page 66.

River Front turned out en masse to applaud and manifest a loyal interest in their girls. The Delahues lived in a wretched frame house with the river flowing swiftly behind them.

St. Bridget's red-brick church had been the one redeeming feature in the district in its early days, and Father Lanigan, then a young, enthusiastic priest, had been sent to take charge of the unruly, good-natured Irish parish that blessed and abused him by turns

There had been a small convent school next the church, where noisy, carefree youngsters romped to classrooms, trying to escape the sisters' eyes as to clean hands and faces. Among the primary class was Bridget Delahue, to her shame the fattest girl in the school, a broad-faced youngster with a laugh for the darkest situation. Her cousin, Maggie Dillon, dainty even in her ragged red dress, sat beside her, and even in those days let Bridget fight her battles and add her sums.

Across the wobbly aisle one day were stationed newcomers, twins, red-haired and freckled-faced, with pug noses and gray eyes notable because of the sandy eyelashes that surrounded them. They gave every promise of attaining to six feet, and were called by the sister Giroflé and Girofla McCarthy.

Once the school had undertaken to laugh at the names, whereupon the twins, with systematic and praiseworthy patience, had lain in wait for each member of the class, regardless of sex or size, and pounded them until he or she cried "Nuff" and rose with awe and respect for the name of McCarthy.

Giroflé had finally beaten Bridget and Girofla had easily overpowered Maggie. After the battle, something in Bridget's good-natured grin or Maggie's tearful blue eyes had won their hearts, for they chivalrously escorted the spanked and subdued ladies to Mrs. Ryan's candy store and treated them to red eggs, an appealing bargain from last Easter's window display.

From that moment relationships were firmly established. And until the day of graduation the four children were inseparable. After graduation the boys undertook a boot-shining and newspaper stand and, blinded by the rush of business, did not observe the great change that was taking place in the minds of their old sweethearts. Clerking in department stores did not satisfy Maggie Dillon or Bridget Delahue. A little later, despite the unfaltering attentions and understanding between them all, when no parents were left but kindly Mrs. Delahue with toil-worn hands, Giroflé and Girofla were sent for to be given the greatest shock of their lives.

They had come into Mrs. Delahue's faded little parlor expecting a curt summons to an extra dance. In another week it would be St. Patrick's Day, and the boys had been saving their money for the annual celebration. Giroflé and Girofla were not yet enthusiastic cavaliers; they were merely good pals, taking much for granted.

They were quite unprepared, therefore, when Maggie Dillon danced downstairs and announced: "Bridget and me has resigned, boys; we're going on the stage. Our tryout is St. Patrick's night at the Adelphi. Coming to see us? We're booked as the De Long Sisters, Margot and Brigit!"

Bridget had amended the first bold statement: "You boys have gotta get your start and so have we. We won't change pals either. But Margot and me can't buy Mum an ice box off our wages at the soda fountain. We been practicing our act at night for six weeks. Mum never knew a thing about it. Then we went up to the manager and he give us a rehearsal. I'm the scarecrow and Margot is the humming bird. We sing songs, do a dance and have some jokes. And we made our own costumes."

Mum Delahue had shaken her head over the entire affair, for she approved of the boys, and the stage seemed a cavernous trap from which those who entered might never return.

For the next ten years the girls had traveled from coast to coast, and the twins had written faithfully with the same "understanding." Five years after that memorable night the boys had bought a pool-and-billiard parlor over Shrimpton's Smokery, and had made it a success. After another five years Brigit began to feel her good nature evaporating at the sight of railroads and hotels. Margot had surrendered to nervous headaches two years before and complained of wrinkles. The managers offered European engagements, but the De Long Sisters refused. Mum Delahue was growing older. So were the boys. So were they. The boys had been writing about twin bungalows in a newly terraced smart section of the city, and they had jointly bought an automobile, naming it "The Crumb," a machine just built for four, they declared.

Twice each year, when the girls were playing their home town, the twins had asked them to leave the stage and be married. And twice a year they had been refused. There had been any amount of attention offered them. They had appeared at all the prominent benefits and sold dolls at the Actors' Fair. But none of these things entirely satisfied them. Perhaps this was because of the memory of the first introduction to the McCarthy boys, the beatings outside the old convent school, the red eggs bought generously from a combined capital of three cents. Or was it the knowledge the girls carried with them of the loyalty, the unswerving faith and comradeship of two six-footed, red-headed giants, ready to step into the arena at the beckoning of a finger and rout all enemies?

At any rate, on the Christmas of the tenth year two velvet ring boxes found their way to the De Long Sisters, dolefully playing in Indianapolis, and the rings within the boxes found their way onto left third fingers, and a wire went back late Christmas night, saying:

Double wedding St. Patrick's Day Can't break contracts before. Merry Christmas. Buy the bungalows

MARGOT AND BRIGIT

After which Mum Delahue, except for her white hair, began to look like a girl again, and River Street made ready for the event. The wedding belonged not to Mum Delahue or the bridal party, but to all River Street. The girls were their girls, and the twins were their twins. They had mothered and fathered and petted and spanked them a hundred times, and now, unlike the usual ending, the girls were coming home after a successful career to keep house for the twins! Now, with the wedding only a couple of days off, the girls were standing at the window of the little house on River Street, each in her own way mentally reviewing this last decade.

"The more I see of the spring styles, the more I wisht I was a clerk in a ladies' shoe store," roared Giroflé, coming in unawares.

They whirled round abruptly. Brigit felt for her steel curlers.

"I wisht you'd sound your horn before you entered," she said sharply.

A white poodle pattered across the floor. Margot caught it enthusiastically in her arms.

"Hullo, Kiddo!"

Giroflé looked at it sarcastically.

"For the sake of keeps, what do you call that thing?" he demanded.

Margot tossed her head indignantly, but she was spared replying, for Girofla entered, explaining:

"That's my nerves. I was just operated on and had 'em removed."

The De Long Sisters giggled appreciatively.

"Look here, Giroflé, don't start in by not liking Kiddo. He knows more in a minute than some other people do in an hour." She set the quivering bunch of white on the floor to attack a pair of bed slippers.

"I don't mind him. I'm going to get Brigit an Alabama Honey Hound as soon as we're settled. I gotta line on one. They're just the size of a Shetland pony," and Giroflé playfully slapped his fiancée on the back.

"Where have you been?" she asked tartly.

"Getting our suits. How do you like 'em?" He unwrapped two cardboard boxes.

"Bum!" said the prospective brides pleasantly.

"They look as if you had laid down and rolled on newly painted oilcloth," added Margot generously.

"All you need to go with 'em are sport shirts of pink silk and derby hats of white rabbits' fur," added Brigit. "You could get a booking just on your front."

Girofla proudly held up the black-and-white-checked serge.

"Well, if you think I'm going to jump through the hoop next Tuesday dressed in black, you can just call all bets off. I want something that sings." He found time to rumple up Margot's curls and kiss her.

"I suppose you'll have to wear 'em," Brigit admitted; "but they certainly are frizzlers. Look here, is Eddy Eccles going to be best man?"

"Yep. One best man can do the job lot of us, can't he?"

"Then we'll have Flo Wildish for the maid of honor," decided Brigit. "It fits in swell because she's playing here in Puss-Puss, beginning Monday."

"Matron of honor," corrected Margot; "that was her third divorce, and her act is like a bill of goods for a fire sale."

"Anyway you want to stack the cards. Flo Wildish and Eddy Eccles—get the names spelled right for the papers. Is Mum going to give us away?"

"Certainly."

"It oughta be a man."

"I guess you two doves can get up to the counter without any Sir Roger de Coverley," Girofla answered, walking over to the dressing table to try various samples of perfume.

Giroflé seated himself at the window.

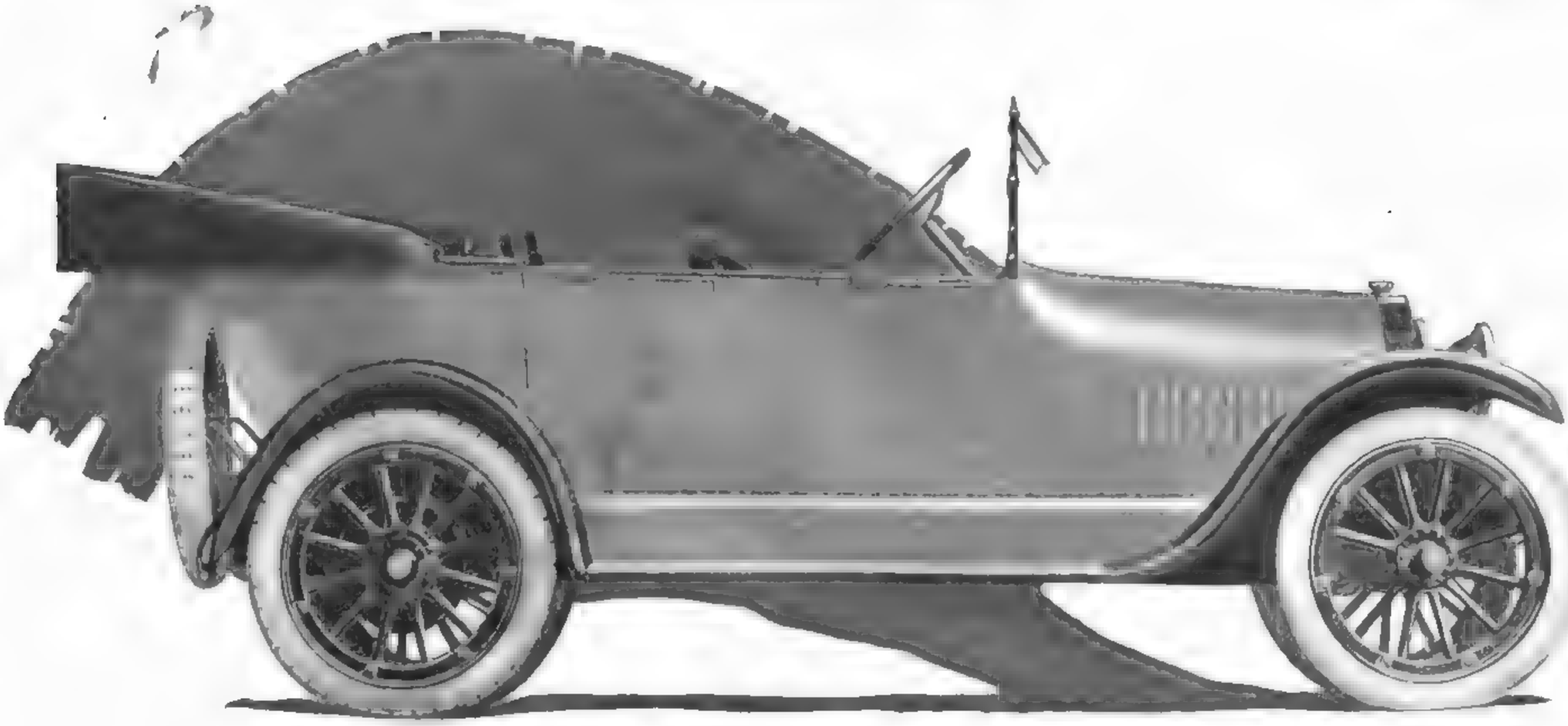
"Let me see," he meditated, "the show goes like this: First, the grandstand assembles. Then the stable entries are broughtin. Next——"

"That's a grand way to describe your own wedding," interrupted Brigit coldly. "I'm just as sensitive as anyone, Giroflé McCarthy, and I'd like a little romance mixed in with the bitters. I don't see it coming though, do you, Margot? Honest, Giroflé, sometimes I dunno whether you're a vacant lot or improved property!"

"Kid Pork may be fighting here Tuesday night and I want him asked," remarked Giroflé, unmoved by the complaint. "He's sizzling for action. There'll be a few tin ears and ——"

(Continued on Page 72)

"If You Think I'm Going to Jump Through the Hoop Next Tuesday Dressed in Black, You Can Just Call All Bets Off"



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IN THE FIRST PLACE, you will be SURE of its performance, for every Studebaker Car carries a 12-months' guarantee, a flat one-year assurance, in addition to the convincing world-wide guarantee of quality that is given by the name STUDEBAKER itself.

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Its splendid quality insures lasting durability—and back of this lies the distinctive Studebaker ONE-YEAR guarantee. Its perfection of design insures GREAT power at the lowest possible consumption of gasoline—and back of this in the car itself there is built-in economy, the result of years of close study of a great army of Studebaker cars performing under every conceivable kind of service.

There is also to consider the actual saving of from $300 to

Brief Details of Some of the Special Studebaker Feat

Power 40 horsepower in the FOUR, 50 horsepower in the SIX—and not merely "claimed horsepower" but actual, developed, usable road horsepower—such masterful power makes Studebaker cars unique in their price range. In ratio of horsepower to gasoline consumed, Studebaker is the most powerful car on the 1917 market. And only years of practical experience, years spent in watching the performance of Studebaker cars on every kind of road, have made this giant, yet economical power possible.

Comfort Both Studebaker Four and Six give far more room than the average touring car. Studebaker offers a scientific perfection of cushion work that, combined with remarkable chassis balance and unusually resilient springs, make Studebaker cars unrivalled in riding-comfort and ease on long continued tours as well as on short trips. The Studebaker cars, both the Four and the Six, are big, capacious 7-passenger cars, but do not weigh more than the average 5-passenger car which means gasoline and TIRE economy as well. Studebaker front seats can be instantly adjusted to fit your particular needs. The right hand front seat of Studebaker cars is instantly and easily reversed—its occupant may face the tonneau at will.

Both Four and Six are fitted with auxiliary chairs that make them comfortable and capacious seven-passenger cars. When not in use they fold up and stow away under the rear seat—there are no unsightly gashes in the carpet or recesses in the front seats.

40 Horse Power
7 Passenger
FOUR $985

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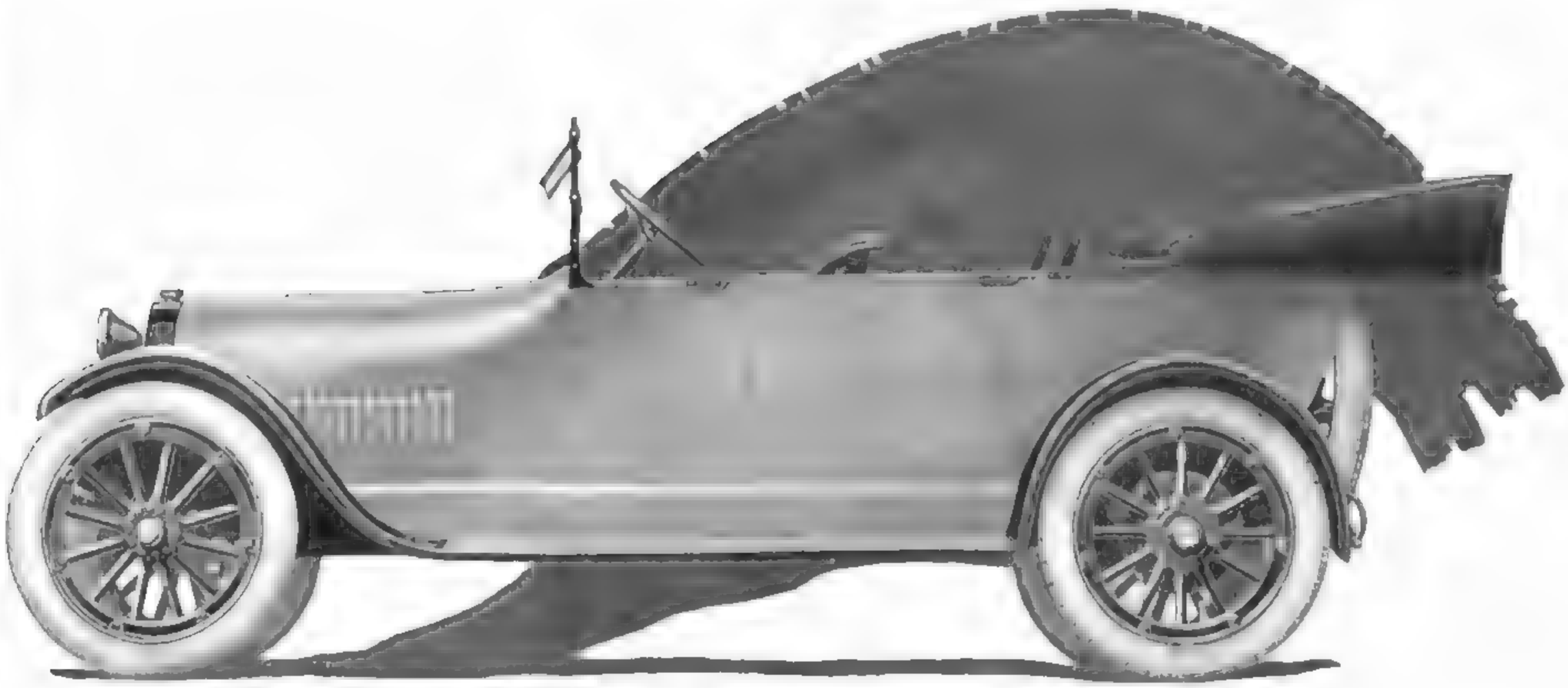


ould be a Studebaker

$500 on the initial price, as compared with any other cars of equal quality—a saving made possible by the growing popularity of Studebaker cars and the resultant volume of manufacture.

And the extreme simplicity and accessibility of every feature of the Studebaker design reduce to the minimum the necessity for inspection, adjustments and visits to the garage mechanic.

An analysis of all cars exhibited at the National Automobile Shows, conducted by leading automobile trade journals, brought to light two immensely important Studebaker facts:

1. Studebaker uses nearly every important feature endorsed as good engineering practice by the majority of automobile engineers.

2. And Studebaker offers a COMBINATION of these features at a price hundreds of dollars below the average cost of other cars in the same quality class.

Now a motor car is an investment—in other words, you have a distinct right to expect a definite rate of interest for your money, payable in service and satisfaction.

And the only way to be sure of getting such return is to investigate the standing of the company from which you expect to purchase, just as you investigate the standing of a company in whose securities you expect to invest. Then, too, you want to know that such securities have a ready market—that you can realize on them quickly and profitably.

The name STUDEBAKER insures Quality, Dependability, Value, SERVICE. That is why Studebaker used cars have such a ready market, command so high a price. Studebaker's 21 branches, Studebaker's loyal dealers—more than 6000 all told—give you the assurance of permanent service-satisfaction. All of which means that a Studebaker car is a genuine INVESTMENT for a motorist. Write, or better still, see your Studebaker dealer today, and learn the details of this undisputed value of the 1917 market.

ıres That Characterize Both the FOUR and the SIX

Roadability In perfecting the chassis, Studebaker has secured that one essential feature which is so important to touring—ROADABILITY. Through balance, spring suspension, proper wheelbase, scientific distribution of weight, ease of control, Studebaker has developed the most roadable cars on the market.

Finish The remarkable superiority of Studebaker coach-work is plainly evident in the beautiful, distinctive gun-metal finish with its ivory striping. Studebaker upholstering is of genuine highest grade, semi-glazed leather usually found only in the most expensive cars and Studebaker uses in cushion work the best of real curled hair. The top is leather-bound. The carpet in the tonneau is leather-edged. Not a detail of finish is overlooked.

Other Specifications

Every Studebaker car is equipped with Blackmore patent door curtain openers. The side curtains open with the doors, making it as easy for you to get in and out of as a limousine.

Studebaker uses 13 Timken Bearings in its design.

Besides all the foregoing, a Studebaker equipment includes real one-man top, Stewart-Warner magnetic Speedometer, Yale Lock on the Ignition Switch, Motor-Driven Sparton Horn mounted under the hood, and a special adjustable rain-vision windshield that is built especially for Studebaker bodies.

Tires—on the Four, 34 x 4; on the Six, 35 x 4½.

Baker

lished 1852

:higan Walkerville, Ontario

lence to Detroit

50 Horse Power
7 Passenger
SIX $1250

When you were a little boy

—a pep'mint stick was purest joy. 'Twas thick and sweet, and full of zest—of all good things you liked it best. No matter if the red came off, or on the floor it fell, the candy man had nothing else that you liked half so well.

And though you are no more a youth, but do your daily stint—you still possess the same sweet tooth that craves a peppermint. What can you do while at your desk or on the crowded car? To suck a stick of candy there would be a sad *faux pas*—

LIFE SAVERS

The Candy Mints on Everybody's Tongue

You read this ad—Ah, ha, you're saved, and in the nick of time. The very thing you've craved and craved—a pack costs half a dime. "Life Saver Mints," you tell the man, "a package of each kind—of PEP-O-MINT, of WINT-O-GREEN, of CL-O-VE," and in your mind contentment has full sway. You tuck a mint beneath your tongue and blithely go your way

They please the palate, sweeten breath, make sunny every hour—these little mints that taste so good—eat one when life seems sour. Be sure you always have them near, they're rightly named, we say—they save a million lives with cheer, and do it every day.

Mint Products Company
New York

Canadian Sales Agents
MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd., Montreal

(Continued from Page 69)

Margot pointed to the door. "If you want to talk prize-ring gossip, please go out of our boodoor," she told him. "Brigit's gotta get dressed."

Girofla good-naturedly pulled his brother out of the chair, whereupon a sharp scuffle occurred.

"'Nuff!" cried Giroflé in a high voice.

"'Nuff!" echoed Girofla, imitating a child halfway crying.

The girls caught the meaning.

"That won us," laughed Brigit; "but you pulled my hair good."

"Did I?" asked Giroflé, all the glad-boy part of him fairly shining out of the big gray eyes. "Brigit, it seems a hundred years till next Tuesday."

Brigit gave him a good-natured hug. "Go along with your new checked rompers. We'll follow shortly."

Margot and Girofla had slipped to a corner of the room to rescue the slippers from Kiddo's savage bites

"Margot," he whispered softly as he noticed how childish she looked in the startling frock, "you won't ever be sorry, will you?"

"Bend down, old top," she answered softly, pretending to spank Kiddo.

Girofla's shaven red head almost touched the yellow curls.

"I love you," she whispered.

Giroflé descended upon them:

"Hi, Margot, we went out to Atri Terrace this noon. The garage has the last coat of paint; it's right between the two huts. Two little palaces we will lead you to!"

"I worry about the neighbors," Brigit confessed.

"You better. Their family history is so old that it's done up in moth balls," said Giroflé discouragingly. "They won't bother you until you're vice regent of the D. A. R. It's a great spot, Atri Terrace. We bought the only two lots left, didn't we, bo? And we got everything but a well-trained brook and wise little flowers growing just where they should. You'll think you're living beside the Old Oaken Bucket. They say the people out there move in the morning, unpack the piano, and by night have the packing box full of Plymouth Rockers or Torpingtons! That's how rural it is."

Here Mum Delahue, resplendent in a yellow checked gingham, interrupted the conversation:

"There's a man downstairs asking for you, Margot; he looks like one of them tennis swells, and he says his name is Wesee Bay. Do you boys want liver smothered in onions, or a hamburger?"

"You certainly look crazy to see him. What is it—living pictures?" demanded Girofla. "Gimme liver and onions, Mum."

"He's one of the profession—a tumbler," Margot faltered, instinctively looking at Brigit. "Honest, he's got nerve. I bet he wants to come to the wedding."

"Let him."

"We better go down; he can hear us. Maybe he's stuffing his pockets full of wedding presents," suggested Giroflé.

"I'll go down and see what he wants. He's not our stripe, is he, Brigit? I'll tell him we're busy."

"I certainly am not longing for him" Brigit looked at her sharply.

"I'll go down." Margot repeated stupidly. Then she ran out of the room.

"Weesa Bay," repeated Girofla thoughtfully. "I never heard her talk of him. What's he like, Brigit?"

"A poor foreign simp that kneads himself round the stage like a loaf of pumpernickel while the orchestra plays the Ben Hur Chariot Race march. He's probably out of bookings and wants a loan. Now, Mum, take these two hungry Hessians into the kitchen and let 'em peel the onions. I'll doll up and speed Weesa on his way." Brigit, to all appearances, was indifferent.

"Let's give him the once over," suggested Girofla.

But just then Margot came back. Her cheeks were flushed and she laughed excitedly. "What—what do you think he wanted?"

"Dunno."

"He was passing through town, and he wanted to know if we got his last package of laundry by mistake; someone carried it off and he's left with a bunch of petticoats and Italian silk vests."

"Why didn't you ask the young man to stay to supper?" demanded Mum.

Trembling, a Stranger in a Strange Land, He Nodded His Black Head in Jerky Fashion

"Oh, he's different than us—he's a foreigner, you know." Margot began to polish her nails industriously. "Go on out of here, you two, and give Mum a hand."

When they were alone Brigit put her big, powerful hands on Margot's shoulders.

"Now let the skeletons dance. What did he want?"

Margot's chin quivered. "I'm tired, Brigit; honest, I'm in to the last ounce! He was raving about loving me and my acting like I liked him, and was showing me his bank books and all that he'd buy me down to a pair of bloodhounds. I just shoved him out. I was afraid Girofla would get hep. Oh, Brigit, and I do love Girofla!"

"Where did you shove him to?" asked Brigit the methodical.

"Idunno. He's coming back again, but I can talk him out of it if I see him alone. I'll have to slip away and pretend an errand or something. I gotta see him alone."

"You better let him make his holler."

"Holler to Girofla? He'd never understand, Girofla wouldn't. This guy is crazy! Oh, Brigit, what was I ever born for?" She threw herself recklessly across the lace-covered bed.

Brigit picked her up in her arms and shook her deliberately.

"Put some toilet water on your face and act like something besides a colicky baby. If you can talk him out of this delirium do it.

"Take him outside and tell him all the strong stuff you're thinking. But don't begin the last act of Camille when Girofla McCarthy is sitting downstairs waiting for his liver and onions!"

Terrified, Margot obediently fled. Left alone, Brigit climbed into a purple crêpe ulster trimmed with ermine, brought forth a harvest of shining black curls from the clutches of the steel bars, dropped some millionaire violet behind her ears and across her artfully penciled eyebrows, exchanged the gypsy boots for gold tinsel slippers and slung a necklace of pearls round her throat.

"There, Brigit De Long," she said, looking at herself, "your own blood relations won't know you." Then a worried look came into her broad, laughing face. "Wissa Bay," she whispered nervously. "If I could get one good wallop at you I'd be perfectly willing to buy the lilies!"

II

BRIGIT looked at Mum sharply. "How long was Margot gone?"

Mum opened the ice box and extracted a tin can.

"About an hour," she answered disapprovingly. "Have you got an opener handy?"

From a jingling mass of silver utensils which completed a jeweled chain Brigit selected a small sharp object and attacked the tin tip. "All right," she said, pouring the contents of the can into a fancy cut-glass dish. "I dunno whether I'm afoot or on horseback. I'll be so glad when Margot De Long McCarthy is sitting beside her husband in the parlor car that I won't care whether I'm married or not."

"Brigit," asked Mum softly, "what is [illegible] Wissa Bay?"

[illegible] told you [illegible] bleeding heart. Margot flirted with [illegible] He isn't an American and he don't understand. I told her so time again, but it never got by. After he heard she was going to be married he came on. Now what [illegible] to get him away without tipping off Girofla, I dunno. This here Wissa Bay was known as the Wild Man on the road. After he got warmed up to his act he yelled as if he was being boiled in oil. Did you see that curly hair—he tears at it all the time he's turning somersaults. They call him The Whirlwind Arab, but he's from Syria. It's a nice layout, whichever way you look at it, and I hope Margot has written thirty for him."

"My dress is grand," observed Mum, her mind wandering upon personal glories "The boys look like generals in their suits. You are the lucky girls. Father Lanigan was right when he said the angels had watched over you and brought you back to Giroflé and Girofla."

"I gotta get this armor plate off and rest," said Brigit presently, rising majestically in her bright red broadcloth suit with an awning-stripe sailor. "I gotta finish packing my trunk too."

"There are eight more presents in the hall."

"Leave the bets as they lay. I'm so sick of gushing over black-glass bird baths and wreaths of baby-blue rosebuds strangling a white-enamel mirror that I ain't got an extra peep left in me," returned her daughter serenely. "I'm going to get in form for to-night."

A long wagon drove up, laden with potted palms, extra chairs and cut flowers.

"That's Giroflé's surprise," Brigit explained. "He wants the ranch trimmed right. Let 'em go ahead. And when the dago harpist comes, put him behind the ice box and tell him to play Turkey in the Straw for a starter. I wonder if he can vamp the chords in G for Margot and me to sing in case we're asked. We'll do Are You Ready for the Summer?" Brigit toddled wearily upstairs. "Mum," she called from the upper hall, "if Bat McKay comes to-night, ask him to please leave his trained dice in the entry. I don't want no game started on our wedding eve."

Entering the front room, she came upon Margot curled in a forlorn heap beside her bag, trying to jam in sundry bundles.

"I'm getting this off my chest right now, Brigit," she began.

Brigit marched over beside her and stood, her hands on her hips, looking down sharply. "Margot, has Wissa Bay got his ticket West?"

"I dunno any more about him than you do. Shall we take our pongee suits?"

"Answer me. Have you fixed it so he won't do a whirlwind tumbling act up the church aisle to-morrow?"

"Certainly I have. I'm going to take my orange blazer, too; they say they wear them at the horse races in Havana. And that all the women go to the cockfights. But I dunno that I'd want to see them poor birds get ——"

"What did you do?" Brigit leaned down and shook her. "Stand up in all your blond glory and answer me. What did you do?"

"For heving's sake, Brigit, you gotta nerve. I never go asking things about you. Well, if you must know, he come here this morning, and while you was gone with the boys to see the caterer I told him I'd take a walk with him. Don't look like that—there wasn't any harm in walking out with him; it wasn't half so pussonal as setting in a parlor to be a target for a stray bullet. He didn't say much when we got right out in the sunshine. We walked from one end of the River Front to the other three times before I talked him out of his padded cell.

"I told him, quiet and dignified: 'Wissa, don't try to pull off any loud stuff. I been nice to you, and if you wanted to marry me you oughta know by this time that the contract has been let out otherwise.' I give him back his seal ring and the rose bead necklace, and shook hands with him cordial and let him speed away. I guess you better get busy packing your trunk, Brigit, instead of giving me any more third degree. I managed it pretty swank. Right out in public where everyone could see us—just stamping up and down the road until he was convinced that I was nothing but a sister to him." Margot drew a breath of relief which did not agree with the puzzled look of her blue eyes.

"Well, if walking up and down the street three times did the trick, all glory to you. But I mistrust that coon. Flo Wildish is coming in after the show to-night. She's going to wear her new dancing dress of Java pink for the wedding. Flo is a dresser all right," giggled Brigit. Flo was a great favorite with her.

The girls fell to work packing in dead earnest, leaving room for the wedding dresses to be inserted at the last moment. Everything was ready. Even now the room had a spick-and-span deserted air. Downstairs came the pounding and good-natured ordering of the decorators, with Mum's suggestions punctuating the masculine roars. The door bell and telephone rang incessantly—wedding gifts, or telegrams of congratulation from the out-of-town profession, or personal messages. But the girls worked on silently.

"Finished," said Brigit, closing the trunk temporarily.

"Tag," supplemented Margot, forcing herself to appear frivolous.

Fifteen minutes later saw the De Long Sisters stretched out on the bed, the Battenberg covers laid securely aside. A faint snore came from Brigit's side. But Margot, raising herself on her slender little elbow, tilted back her Greek blond head with a defiant gesture. Something in Wissa Bay's manner of saying good-by had not conveyed to her sufficient finality.

Brigit and Margot awakened next morning to a shrill whistle, a signal for years past. Brigit rushed to the door.

"Thanks for the sentiment," she called down; "it's only eight o'clock. And there isn't a sign of snow. Get a cup of coffee and we'll be with you directly."

"Hurry up then," answered Giroflé "I'm as nervous as if I was going to be operated on. Girofla looks like Napoleon crossing the Alps. Come down and see your bouquets."

"Where's Margot?" asked Girofla.

"Here," said a small, meek voice. "I just woke up."

Then a strange noise floated upward.

"Quit that rough-house. As if there wasn't enough of it last night! Margot, did you say a pink or a blue bow for Kiddo?"

"Giroflé is carrying Mum all over the place—now he's set her on the ice box," explained Girofla.

Brigit hurried downstairs. The remains of last night's reception littered every corner. Seated on the golden-oak refrigerator, swinging her legs jauntily, was perched Mum, her Irish blue eyes asparkle with happiness. Mum had climbed into her wedding finery early, and she looked like a tiny French doll in her elaborate black satin dress with frills of cream lace and a broad diamond back comb trying to put the soft white hair to shame.

"Mum," said Brigit, ignoring the twins, "I'm so gol-darned happy that I don't believe there ever was a snake in Ireland."

"Come here and kiss me, Briggie." Mum reached out her tired, loyal little arms and bent over to be hugged. "Be good to him; he cares hard," she whispered.

Giroflé and Girofla stood back, momentarily abashed.

"Giroflé," said Brigit, turning round to view him, "you got me beaten to a whisper. Only what will you do when you get to Havana and find out that men wear suits to match their hair?"

Giroflé, six feet two in his black-and-white check, his red curls brushed to a Mount Rainier peak, and his gray eyes like stars, pulled out a black-and-white silk handkerchief heavily scented with California Clover and brushed off the tips of his white-spatted black-leather shoes carelessly.

Girofla, an exact duplicate, with the exception of a closely cropped head and a few more freckles concentrated on the tip of his nose, threw open his coat to display a brocaded black vest.

"For a pair of buckwheat pancakes," said Brigit kindly, alluding to their freckles, "you certainly do put us popovers to shame."

"Get dressed, Brigit Delahue," admonished Mum.

"Brigit," called Giroflé, "how does it strike you?" He threw a slender chain, with a tiny gold watch at the end of it, round her neck. "This clock is about my idea of losing time."

Brigit rumpled up his curls, a mark of rare esteem. "I'll get dressed to the last lap," she announced. "You boys see if you can find old man Leahy's pearl stud. He sent a kid over this morning to say he lost it somewheres near the ice box."

"Tell Margot to hurry," said Girofla: "she seemed awful quiet last night."

Brigit creaked upstairs to find Margot in the deep mysteries of a toilet. "You better put some liquid rouge on. You look as if you was being laid out."

"I wisht the whole show was done. Where did you get the red kettle?"

"There's one on the Christmas tree for you if you'll hurry up." Brigit rustled round in hasty fashion, darting here and there and commanding that this be hooked or tied or fastened.

A little later, thanks to their stage training in quick shifts, the De Long Sisters in wedding gowns of white velvet trimmed with red fox and crystal weighted beads, hats of dashing cavalier pattern done in black velvet with white, languishing plumes, tripped down the old stairs to confront the waiting bridegrooms.

"Even a Scotchman would grow extravagant," murmured Giroflé.

Girofla drew Margot aside. "Here, honey," he said, handing her the watch.

"It's beautiful," she said softly. "Shall I put it on?"

"Why, sure; I didn't want you to leave it in the ice box." A perplexed frown crossed Girofla's good-natured face. "What's happened, Margot? Aren't you glad it's St Patrick's and our wedding day? Don't you want to go through?"

She caught her underlip. "Of course ever and ever so much."

"Then listen, dearie," urged Girofla tenderly, bending down while the others floated to the kitchen, "just be your own natural self."

Margot walked by him quickly. "I'm trying to be dignified for the whole bunch of us; there ought to be someone that acts as if this wasn't a two-ring circus."

Seated in the kitchen, despite their gorgeous gowns, round the worn little table with the red-checked cloth, the five drank black coffee and looked longingly at the clock. The Crumb was waiting outside, and River Street had begun to float down toward St. Bridget's Church. The church held only a few hundred, and the twins had invited generously their uptown clientele. A rush was indicated.

The wedding was to be at ten, followed immediately by a breakfast of two hundred and fifty covers. Then the train to New York, and at noon the following day the steamer to Havana. Brigit set down her coffee cup.

"That's the door bell," she said.

Margot jumped.

"Go to the door, Girofla," suggested Mum easily.

Margot's hands clenched together in her lap until the stone of her engagement ring cut in deep. Brigit leaned over to straighten the green carnation she had thrust in Giroflé's coat lapel. Presently Girofla came back. There was a queer, shiny look on his face and the freckles seemed faded. His eyes were dark and stormy. He held a long envelope in his hand.

"What is it, Girofla?" asked little Mum.

"Papers for Margot," he answered jerkily. "Breach of promise suit—by Wissa Bay. Hamberg and Hodge are the lawyers. They picked this morning to serve 'em. Well, what is there to it?"

"Breach of promise?" screamed Brigit excitedly. "Margot De Long, you never promised to marry him, did you?"

Margot stood, absurdly childish in her wedding dress, her cheeks as white as the soft velvet. "No, I never did," she said. "Oh, Girofla, and I thought ——"

"But she walked with him three times the length of the River Front," supplemented Girofla mercilessly. "It's all explained in here. I'm sorer 'n hell." He looked up at the old-fashioned walnut clock. It was five minutes to nine.

"Walked with him three times—what's the answer to all that?" Giroflé clutched his curls excitedly.

"Is the wagon backed up?" demanded Brigit. "I want time to change my dress before I'll ride in it. They're the dustiest things you ever see."

"No, there ain't any wagon backed up," Girofla told her moodily. "This is just for Margot. Here, read it—I'm sick of the whole show. It's hari-kari for me." He tossed the envelope on the table and walked into the parlor.

Margot followed him. The others clustered round Mum, who grabbed for the human documents. In grandiloquent legal language the startling facts of the case were set forth. According to Syrian custom of a thousand years' usage, if a woman walked with a man three times and back the length of the street on which she lived, publicly and without protest, it was a solemn and sacred sign of betrothal. And when, after such a public declaration, the woman refused to marry the man, the disappointed lover was usually permitted to kill said woman, making quite a general holiday of the affair.

Wissa Bay's lawyers, Hamberg and Hodge, had promised a milder, more modern and perhaps more satisfying form of justice. Miss Margot De Long had walked the length of her town street three times on Monday. She had violated international law. Would she, therefore, consult with Mr. Wissa Bay and his lawyers at their office any time after nine o'clock and consider proper damages? Otherwise, the case would go to court without delay.

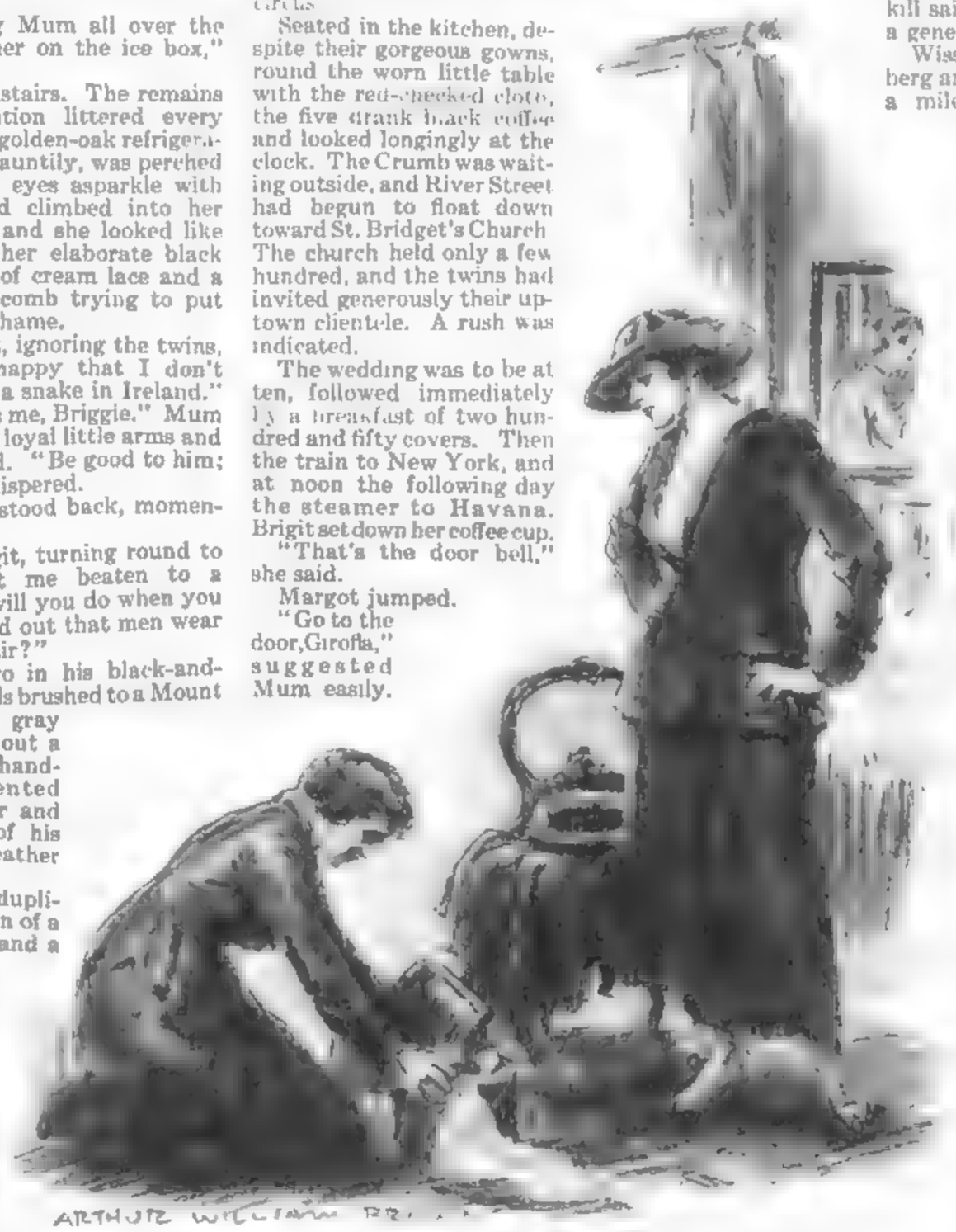
"Hamberg and Hodge," said Mum wonderingly. "I dunno them."

"Humbug and Hog," translated Brigit, her face a dull, angry red. "Of all the nerve!" She looked at Giroflé. "There's just about an hour to get this ironed out. Giroflé McCarthy, much as I blame Margot De Long for harmlessly flirting with this weasel, unless she goes to the altar as the bride of Girofla your Brigit De Long goes back on the road to-morrow." She folded her arms defiantly.

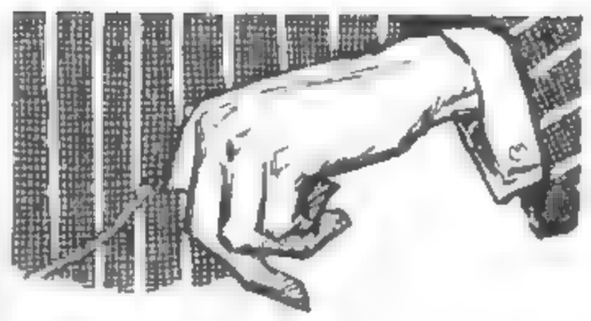
Giroflé stared at her stupidly.

"I'll go up there and sack the joint," he proposed.

(Continued on Page 76



"Have You Fixed It So He Won't Do a Whirlwind Tumbling Act Up the Church Aisle To-Morrow?"



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You can't afford *not* to. This very day you are being judged by your clothes, your car, your watch.

* *

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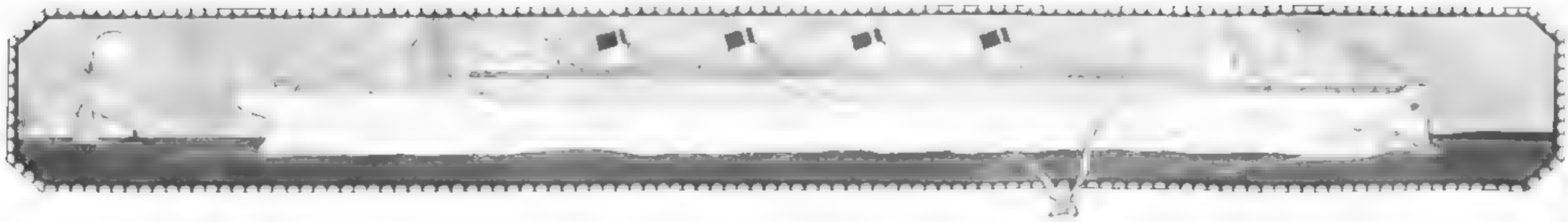

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For fifteen years Marshall Ventilated Mattresses, Marshall Spring Cushions and Marshall upholstered furniture have been used by America's most famous hotels—on great ocean liners like the Mauretania—by the best clubs—leading institutions—railroads—on yachts and in the finest homes.

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It was the natural thing for motor car makers and body builders to turn to Marshall for cushion springs. This is the day when comfort and appearance are of chief importance.

Engineers have always known that after performance the ultimate aim is car comfort. So they have perfected chassis springs and suspension to the utmost. They have given their cars roominess, corridors, enclosed bodies and a hundred other refinements.

Yet until they equipped their cars with Marshall Cushion Springs, seating construction was still unsolved. Harsh upholstery marred the effects of other refinements. Seat springs were too stiff—the passengers bounced

But now Marshall Cushion Springs are destined to become standard equipment. Manufacturers who want their cars to stand out as the limit in comfort are adopting Marshall Cushion Springs.

Over sixty motor car makers and body builders are now equipping their cars with Marshall Cushion Springs.

Over 300,000 of their cars are going to people who will enjoy a new luxury.

Engineers unite in praising the Marshall principle. Their search for smooth riding secrets is ended.

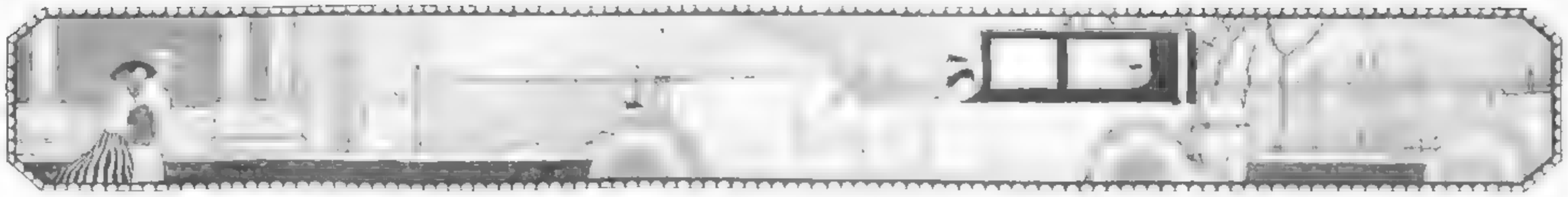
It won't be long until *all* cars have this new comfort. Motorists won't be satisfied with less

The opposite page tells more about Marshall Cushion Springs in detail. Also how to tell if your car is so equipped.

MARSHALL VENTILATED MATTRESS COMPANY, CHICAGO

OTHER FACTORIES IN WAUKEGAN, ILL.; LONDON, ENGLAND; AND TORONTO, CANADA

MARSHALL LUXURY—*State Room In Mauretania*



SPRINGS ALL Upholstery

OVER 300,000 CARS NOW BEING EQUIPPED WITH MARSHALL CUSHION SPRINGS. THE YEAR'S GREATEST ADVANCE IN MOTOR CAR COMFORT. WHAT ABOUT YOUR CAR?

Marshall Cushion Springs are the latest development in car comfort. For the first time in automobile history there is a sympathetic action between *car* springs and *seat* springs.

Once you ride in a car equipped with Marshall Cushion Springs you will realize a vast difference. It is noticeable immediately. You sink *into* the seat, as into a luxuriously upholstered lounge chair.

Whatever the speed of the car, you are nestled into the cushions—anchored there snugly. The cushions conform to your body. It is like riding on air.

On old-style seats you sat *on* them. Bouncing was inevitable. You had to brace yourself continuously against the next jolt. The discomforts you usually blamed on the car, the road, or both, when you should have blamed most of them on unscientific upholstery.

Below is pictured a cross section of a car equipped with Marshall Cushion Springs. Six smaller springs, softer, Marshall Springs, now take the place of each single stiffer spring formerly used. After years of constant use, Marshall Cushion Springs are as perfect as they were when first installed.

Upholstery with Marshall Springs retains its original position for years.

Each spring is enclosed in a pocket of muslin. The springs cannot sag nor spread.

Such upholstery as this, the very limit in luxury, retains forever its gentle, resilient action. There is never the violent recoil of stiff, heavy springs. All bumps are smothered. All road shocks are absorbed.

Insist on having this new comfort in *your* car. Henceforth every car equipped with Marshall Cushion Springs has a Certificate of Genuineness.

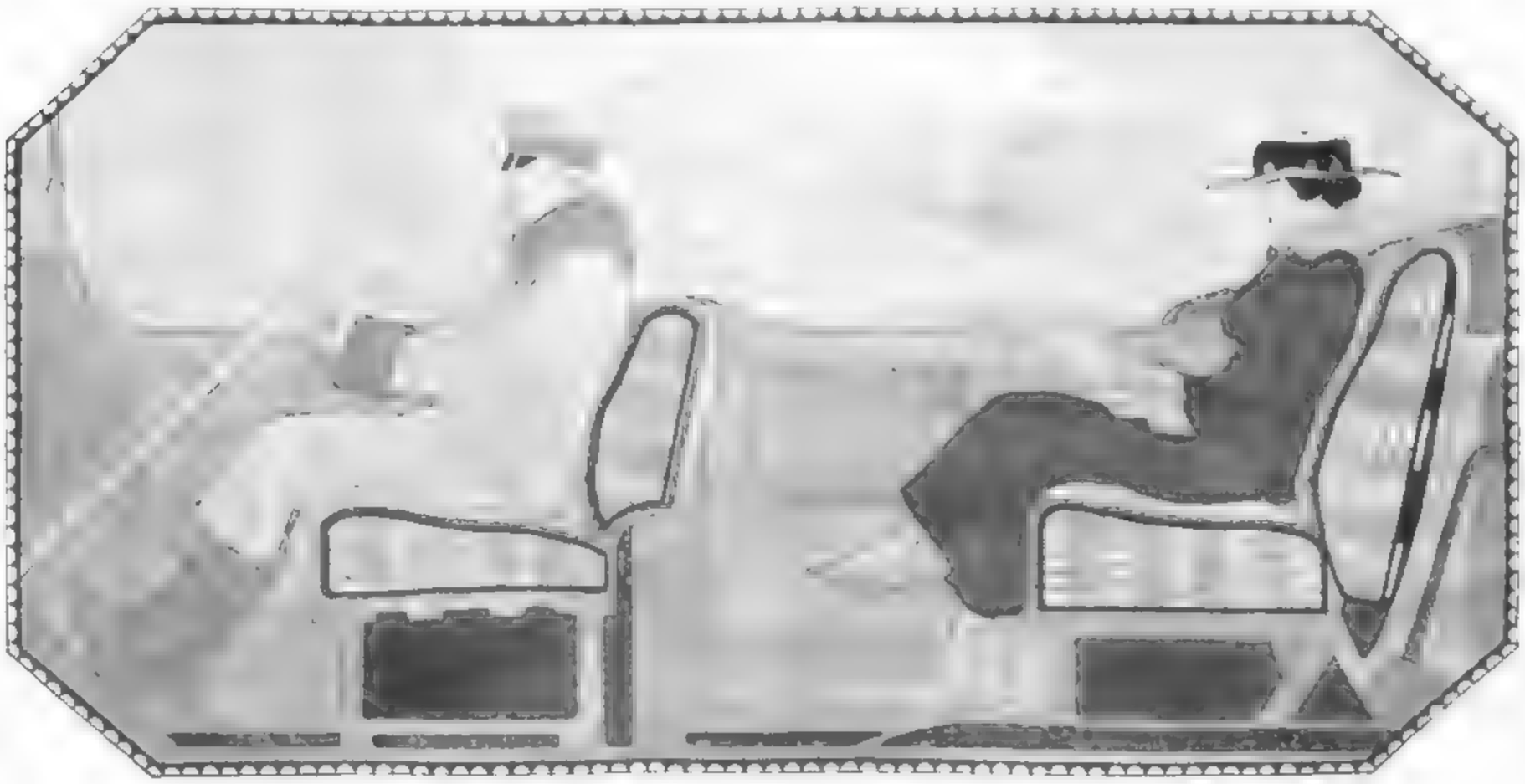
Ask to see it when buying a new car.

Ask your dealer if your present car has Marshall Cushion Springs.

Tell him also that you would like a copy of our de luxe book, which we have just published, describing Marshall Cushion Springs. Or we will gladly forward it direct, if you will write to us.

MARSHALL VENTILATED MATTRESS COMPANY, CHICAGO

OTHER FACTORIES IN WAUKEGAN, ILL.; LONDON, ENGLAND; AND TORONTO, CANADA



MARSHALL LUXURY—*Cross Section of Most Good Cars*

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42 EUH. Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 73)

"It's a pair of highbinders playing blindman's buff with the poor Oriental nut. But it's stopping the wedding just the same, and giving us the grandest little introduction to Atri Terrace that any new neighbor ever got. The papers will rise to this like a trout to a fly. We gotta put the bracelets on 'em. Giroflé, if you're the man I'm to love, honor and obey, you'll defend your sister-in-law's honor. Don't cry, Mum; she'll be all right."

Meantime, Margot had followed Girofla into the parlor. He was standing beside the ice box despondently.

"Girofla," she said softly, holding out her hands in appeal, "if you want to call quits it's all right. But don't go away thinking I double-crossed you. I been square in the big ways. I flirted a little with all the boys—I can't help it. But Wissa Bay didn't understand like the others did. They're Americans. Girofla, I can go back on the road and do a single act, but I'll stay Margot De Long for always." Tears crowded into the blue eyes. "I dunno what hoodoo spotted me. It's fierce to have this break now, and River Street all sitting in the church, and me an actress—and it'll get into the papers, and Atri Terrace won't call on Brigit. I don't know anything about Syrian spooning. How was I to know if I walked to Painted Post and back that it had anything to do with marriage?

"Well, I don't blame you, Girofla. But I love you, Girofla, and I been square—the real square—like your sort and my sort understand. I thought we was living in a free country. Maybe it's because I been singing so many of Georgie Cohan's songs lately that my blood pressure registers that way. Girofla, won't you have a heart?"

He turned abruptly and drew her to him with a fierce, impulsive gesture. "I love you," he told her. "It's that yellow weasel that makes me froth. What the deuce have we to do with Syrian customs? American women are different. Their men folks understand their nonsense. We have a heart!" He kissed her quivering lips. "Do you know what I'm going to do with that weasel?"

"Girofla, don't you flourish a gun round these parts."

"A gun!" He laughed. "If that's the way Syrian men treat women, I'm going to show him what Americans do. I'm going to plunge Wissa Bay, feathers and all, right into the melting pot. I'm going to do a pretty quick job of it, too—just about thirty minutes of the fastest boiling he ever danced to. And when that bird comes out he'll be done—with the star-spangled banner baked across his chest. He'll be an American. He'll have a heart! And all the rest of the Hollandaise sauce."

Margot clutched the sleeve of his checked suit. "Tell 'em quick," she begged; "they think you're handing me the blue slip in my pay envelope." She ran to the kitchen door. "It's all right. Girofla is going to make Wissa Bay into an American!"

The trio started as if a giant firecracker were exploding underneath the table.

"Don't try to spank the world," advised Brigit shrewdly.

"You'll be hitting below the brain box," Giroflé warned.

"Take off your gloves and go at him bare-handed," shrieked little Mum.

"Girofla doesn't believe I'm a villainess." Margot said, in answer to Brigit's questioning gaze. "He's going right up there to teach Wissa Bay that he's in America, not Syria! He's going to put him in the melting pot."

"Melting pot?" came in shrill, excited voices.

"Don't you know what the quickest melting pot in the world is?" asked Girofla, one black-and-white checked arm round Margot protectingly. "It's a mob—an American mob that can bawl you out. When it gets through with a customer he either comes out cured or else the sexton is rushed to the scene."

"What's the joke?" came in a genial voice from just outside.

Turning, they saw Father Lanigan in the back door, a broad smile on his face. "St. Patrick's own weather for brides," he said, shaking hands; "and there's a crowd round the church that would put to shame a bishop's funeral. Girofla, my lad, my heart goes out ——" He paused, glancing from one to the other.

"Wise him," said Margot in a tense voice.

Girofla did.

"A mob," speculated the priest. "My lad, that's risky! This is a common case for blackmail these shysters have foisted upon the addle-headed heathen. Why not let me speak with Tom Daly and ——"

"Because it's Wissa Bay we want. America needs men like Wissa Bay. The melting pot is hungry for 'em. Take Wissa Bay and dress him in the American flag and he'd make a submarine die the death of a rag baby," said Girofla, the eloquence of his race suddenly bursting forth like skyrockets.

Father Lanigan scratched his head perplexedly. "You can have our school boys to help cheer," he said softly, as if conducting an affair of state. "They're hanging about the church in droves. I'll send them along. Where is it the lawyers are?"

"Humbug and Hog, Tremont Street," supplemented Brigit.

"Giroflé," directed his brother, "go down to the church and tell them what has happened. Have them come with you—and all the stragglers you can get. We'll march round to Tremont Street and call them all out—Humbug and Hog and the weasel. I'll stand in the back—to let none escape."

"So this is the wedding march," said Brigit pleasantly, lifting her train. "Well, did you ever know the Irish to finish without a scrap?"

"We may eat none of the wedding breakfast," decided Giroflé, now entirely inspired and eager for his cue; "but we'll be sailing for Havana on schedule time. Girls, get into The Crumb. Brigit, take the wheel and drive to the corner of Tremont Street and wait. What are you standing still for, Mum?"

"It's the greatest shame that's ever fallen on the house of Delahue."

Father Lanigan took Mum's hand. His dark eyes sparkled. "Mum, if Girofla starts out to make an American of the weasel, sure he'll harm neither himself nor the little beastie. Girofla is not the most polished in the world, but he wouldn't take away a child's trust or an animal's courage or an old man's pipe."

III

THE occupants of The Crumb, trembling with excitement, were stationed at the corner of the attorneys' miserable little office. Behind was an extra jitney with the bridal attendants, keen for the ensuing scramble.

Suddenly down the street came a hum, a curious, low, throbbing sound with no word or melody—just an ominous, distinctive, powerful hum. It was the voice of the mob as they marched openly in the streets, ignoring passers-by and recognizing as near and dear relations any stray policemen who tried to remonstrate with them. Giroflé headed the procession and Girofla backed it in the rear.

There were men in silk hats, ready both for the De Long wedding and for the St. Patrick's parade that afternoon. There were women dressed in finery and talking excitedly, some of them crying from sheer hysterical excitement, with children tagging beside them. It was a typical American assemblage. There were English and Irish, the little band of French people who worked at the wholesale baker's near by, some Greek candy makers with their citizenship papers new and crackling in their inner pockets, the big Swedes from the boiler mill four doors from the Delahues', some colored people who had been lounging idly on the corner, a swarm of third-generation American school children. There were mongrel dogs trotting briskly along, tagless and collarless, but enjoying life as no lap dog ever dreamed of doing. The Turkish rug mender was arm in arm with the Mexican lace peddler who bought his wares in New Jersey. There were two Egyptian lads who were bus boys at a hotel; they joined in willingly, the tragedy of centuries running through their wail of contempt. Women and girls from the box factory had flocked at Father Lanigan's command, with a rear guard of Hungarian bricklayers and the crowning triumph, Kid Pork, the boxer.

Nations need mobs. It is the leaders who, too often, bring calamities. The mobs are wonderful, curiously animated, emotional machines accomplishing wonders. A mob can build Rome in a day. A mob wrongly led can wreck the destiny of a nation. A dignified, definite, singing victory can result from a wisely directed mob—something national and individual and different from all the sure-footed soldiers. It is the men who drop their work, and the women who run out bare-headed and the children, wide-eyed and wondering, who tag along—these are the people who dare to do; they accomplish, not necessarily by violence, what carloads of bullets and bayonets can never achieve.

It was glorious to see them march up the street, singing fragments of songs and talking and laughing, agreeing and scolding. It was America in all her raw, unfinished liberty, her deplorable, lovable self-indulgence.

They halted in front of the low red-brick building. Giroflé mounted a box, carried by a delegation of the school.

"Hurray!" roared five hundred voices.

The window of the lawyers' offices was finally thrown up. An angry, ratty-looking little man shook his fists at the crowd.

"I'll have the chief of police after you in ten minutes," he shouted.

"He's my son," sang out an old woman. "If he dares to set foot against Giroflé McCarthy I'll disown him."

"Hurray for Chief Terry's mother," proposed Girofla from the rear.

"Hur-r-ray!"

"Where's the weasel?" continued Giroflé, folding his arms.

A tall, thin man came to the window.

"Come inside if you want to talk," he said. "This is an outrage."

"You've named it at last! Come out, Wissa Bay."

"Wizzee Bay! Wizzee Bay!" The roaring of his name sounded like a great hissing serpent.

The windows were closed and the shades pulled down.

The crowd laughed.

"Then we'll have to come in, neighbor," shouted Giroflé. "Open the windows again and let me have converse with the weasel."

There was a significant silence.

"March," ordered Giroflé.

The crowd threatened a stampede. Up went the faded red blinds and the windows flew open. A curly-headed Syrian with a round, stubborn face and sulky eyes posed himself timidly in plain view.

"The weasel!" cried the mob.

"Wissa Bay," retorted the culprit.

"You're weasel in America," Giroflé assured him pleasantly; "that's part of the change in climate. Do you think that you're going to stop our Big Time?" he continued. "You're crazy if you do. Humbug and Hog has dazed you."

He turned to the crowd. "Listen," he said easily, as if he were talking to a single calm-minded soul; "I leave it to you. This chocolate soldier is trying to put over his Syrian style of spooning. Get it? And yet he's earned his living here. He's warmed himself by our steam radiators and jumped into our Y. M. C. A. shower baths; he's jolted in our jitneys and eaten our mince pies, and he's forgotten all about old Syria with her figs and her fleas! If he hadn't come to America he'd be droning out his wares on some ninety-eight-in-the-shade market without a single independent idea. He forgot all about Syria until something was touched here."

Giroflé tapped his heart significantly.

"Then because a high-minded American girl was a good-enough pal to say hullo and smile a little extra when he hove in sight, he stops her at the altar, just because she happened to beat it up and down the street with him three times trying to show him where to get off. Now—is he going to put it over?"

"No!" came in a great throaty roar, hoarse with both laughter and annoyance. "Have a heart, weasel!" It was only a lark for the crowd, and yet there was among them that same undefinable, terrible quality of strength and passion and intuition that swayed those who followed Mark Antony into the market place, the followers of Wat Tyler, the men who surged forward to the Bastile, the band of pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, and the men of Boston preparing for the Boston tea party.

"No," decided Giroflé, shaking his fist at the uncertain Syrian. "You gotta wake up. This ain't a thousand years ago. This is America, nineteen hundred and sixteen. Now, weasel, you can take your choice: You can stand up there with them Mary Pickford curls and take back the stuff you've advanced, or you can walk right down here and meet Kid Pork, the lightweight champion of the West. He'll go to the mat with you until he makes you yelp."

The crowd burst into cheers.

"Grab him, Pork!"

"Make apple sauce of him, Pork!"

"Don't forget Humbug and Hog!"

"Come out and we'll bite off the curls!"

"We'll bawl out his act!"

Any number of pleasant prophecies floated to Wissa's unwilling ears. Trembling, a stranger in a strange land, he nodded his curly black head in jerky fashion. He decided to lay the ghost of the rusty, musty bluebeard custom some thousand years old. If crowds of American men would do this much for an American blond actress—Wissa Bay trembled at the thought of the high state of discipline which said husband of said actress must live up to. He began to feel glowing and grateful for his release.

"You quit cold?" said Giroflé.

He nodded.

Giroflé drew the papers out of his pocket and tore them into tiny bits.

"Now to the church, every one that can pack in—and those that can't will find refreshments waiting for them in the school house. Wissa Bay, come down. We want you to go to the wedding."

Wissa seemed on the point of fainting.

"Sure," finished Giroflé; "there's no hard feeling. Just to get off on the right foot. Come on; it's a public sign that you're quits. Don't it smack of Syrian customs, that public stuff?"

He dashed up the stairs and returned with a trembling, wild-eyed foreigner, who nodded nervously and talked in a whisper. All the yellow hair in the world could never charm or tempt him again. He admired Giroflé as he had never before admired an American.

The crowd dispersed, cheering and laughing. The warm spring sun shone on the dirty streets, the air had a sophistry of June in its freshness. It was still St. Patrick's Day, Giroflé's and Girofla's wedding day. They were late, it was true; they could just wedge in the ceremony and then dash for the train. But they could make it.

Wissa Bay found himself packed into an auto containing the best man and matron of honor. His head still whirled.

Flo Wildish, the matron of honor, leaned forward coquettishly.

"Well, they almost had to call out the troops to do it," she said consolingly with a very personal, special smile. Wissa Bay shuddered. Good heavens, was another American blonde about to lead him astray? He shut his little beady eyes and shivered.

On the train that evening there sat in the drawing-room compartment two tired, flushed brides in going-away frocks of royal purple, with leopard-skin hats and young forests of sweet peas and orchids fastened on their left hips. Two shining bands of gold were prominent next the engagement rings. Opposite them, with supreme triumph and satisfaction, lounged Giroflé and Girofla in their checkerboard suits with cream-colored derbys. They were quite oblivious to the attention they attracted from the other passengers. Rice trickled steadily at every gesture. But what cared they?

Giroflé was highly elated, but Girofla said thoughtfully, after a brief pause: "I'm thinking that it wasn't so much Wissa Bay that needed to be made an American as it was Humbug and Hog."

"Wissa Bay said they sunk in the harpoon for two hundred as a first stake," added Margot.

"Cheap at half the price," answered Giroflé irrepressibly.

The Young Man in the Little Town

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

TWO young men went into a tiny village in Montana eight years ago and started a general store. One of them was a city man from the East and the other a resident of that Northwestern country, and they began business with a stock of merchandise worth four thousand dollars, along with eight hundred dollars in cash.

Four years later their annual business had reached three hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars; and their net worth, as shown in a well-substantiated statement to a wholesale house, was ninety thousand. In the following year they cleaned up seventy thousand dollars more, and thus showed a net worth of one hundred and sixty thousand; so that in five years the business had earned more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

At that time they owned, in addition to the store, a hotel, a motion-picture theater and a grain elevator. Besides their general merchandise, they dealt in horses, lumber, wheat, and in almost any commodity that came their way. They were, in effect, bankers to the farmers thereabouts. At one time their bills receivable showed as ninety-one thousand dollars, and their accounts receivable amounted to thirty-eight thousand. In 1912 they sold thirty-one thousand horses and ninety-five thousand bushels of grain. All this was done in a village so small that it was scarcely more than a crossroads.

In December, 1916, I went up into the Northwest to study the fate of the little business man and the small town. There was no particular reason for selecting the Northwest, except that chance had thrown in my way some fragmentary facts about certain merchants up there. Perhaps the Southwest, Southeast or Northeast might have been chosen with similar results; but it happened to be Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, and spots in other states adjacent.

A frozen land this, and during my stay the mercury ranged from zero to thirty below!—a bleak wind-swept expanse buried in snow, with roads often impassable and villages sometimes left for days to their own solitudes. In the main it was a land of little towns and little business establishments, and therefore a good place to observe the truth or falsity of the oft-heard assertion that the American village, as an institution of this republic, is doomed.

The Future of the Cities

It is not to be denied that our young men are leaving the country towns everywhere and concentrating in the large cities. Three hundred and twenty-six towns in Indiana, for instance, lost population between 1910 and 1915. All the large cities are growing with tremendous impetus. What will our country towns be like in another quarter century? And what will our cities be like? Is the country to be drained of its capable young men and its business capital, leaving the farmer, in his isolation, to get his supplies from afar?

Or look at it from another viewpoint: Will the big cities be able to support all the men who go into them from the small towns and the country? And what kind of living will these men and their families have? If they survive at all, it stands to reason that the vast majority of breadwinners will be employees, with small means and no independence. But suppose the time comes when the cities are gorged with people. Already we are approaching this situation. The high cost of living is a reflection of it; and any great disaster, like war, repeated crop failures, or labor disturbances, might deal the masses in the city a fearful blow.

For years the city workers especially have been crying, in a chorus that never stops, "We must have living wages!" But suppose the time comes when the highest wages possible will not support them. The only answer will be "Decentralize the population!"

How Small Merchants Grow

Not only will it be "Back to the farm," but "Back to the small town." I am not concerned here with the farm, but with the town and little city. What about them?

To get first-hand information on these points I went to prominent wholesalers in Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Grand Forks, and other places. Then I talked with retailers here and there in that country. The result seemed to indicate that the average small retailer would like to sell out; that he is quite discouraged, sees no hope for the future, and is willing to sell for the mere inventory price of his goods. Many merchants who have been in business a lifetime have accumulated no goodwill. The small town, they say, already bears the stamp of extinction, so far as commercial possibilities are concerned. In a dozen places I was told that the cities had the small town on the run. Yet I found many strange contradictions, and in them plenty for men to think about.

These stories are taken in the main direct from the records of wholesalers, gathered year by year in the course of business. Sales managers and credit men have given me additional facts. Here is one story told me by a partner in a large wholesale hardware concern in Duluth:

"About ten years ago a railroad was being built in this part of the country and it happened that I made a trip with officials of the road over some newly built track. At one of the camps I met a contractor's bookkeeper, who told me that he wished to go into the hardware business in a new town, with a partner. Would I give him any credit?

"I told him that if he had fifteen hundred dollars we would extend him credit to the extent of seven hundred and fifty; or if he had two thousand we would give him one thousand dollars in credit.

"On the former arrangement the partnership was established and the store opened. During the next four years these young men made a living and accumulated a net worth of five thousand dollars; but the town did not afford a satisfactory location, and as I watched them I knew they were capable of handling a larger proposition. Finally I saw a chance and wired them to come to see me at once and bring their wives; which they did.

"First, I asked whether they could find a buyer for their store, and they said they knew a man who was anxious to take it for five thousand dollars cash. Then I told them to go to the town of B—— and look over the business of the H—— Hardware Company, which could be bought for seventeen thousand dollars, of which twenty-five hundred was goodwill.

"I explained, however, that the store in three years had shown a loss of twenty-five hundred dollars; but that, nevertheless, it was a good opportunity if properly managed.

"Both young men were frightened at the thought of going into debt twelve thousand dollars; but I told them we were willing to take our chance on the twelve thousand if they would put their five thousand into it. They went to B——, investigated, and came back and sold their first store. Then they took over the other. This was in 1911. That first year the business more than paid for what we had called goodwill. In 1914 one of the partners bought out the other, and now owns the business. He owes only three thousand dollars, and I should say that his net worth is twenty thousand. This is a good record for a business started ten years ago in a country town with fifteen hundred dollars."

Secrets of Success

"If you were to ask him what contributed most to his success in turning a losing business into a profitable one, he would say 'Keeping my stock down and sending in an order every day.' In other words, he allowed the jobber to carry his stock for him. He was on the job every minute and there were goods on the way to him every day. It is the man behind the business that counts. He had no better opportunity than the two men who were there before him."

Ten years ago a clerk in a hardware store decided to go into the retail hardware business in Minnesota. He had been working for twelve years and had saved three thousand dollars in cash; but he made up his mind not to touch a cent of this and to keep it as a reserve. So he went to a wholesale house and bought six hundred dollars' worth of stock on sixty days' credit. He opened his store in a city suburb and did a brisk business from the start, discounting a portion of his first bill with cash taken in from the sales. During the first seven years he discounted a good portion of his purchases, and after that the records show that he discounted all his bills. He has kept his resolve and has never used any of the original three thousand dollars, which has now gone toward a home.

Continued on Page 80

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SIMMONS

In the windows of the best dealers, on the floors of the finest furniture stores, you will see Simmons beds.

Beds of many designs and sizes—full size, three-quarters, twin beds, cribs.

Beds that will fit in quietly with the furniture you now have, or with any furniture you may plan to buy. Beds that are good-looking, strong and comfortable.

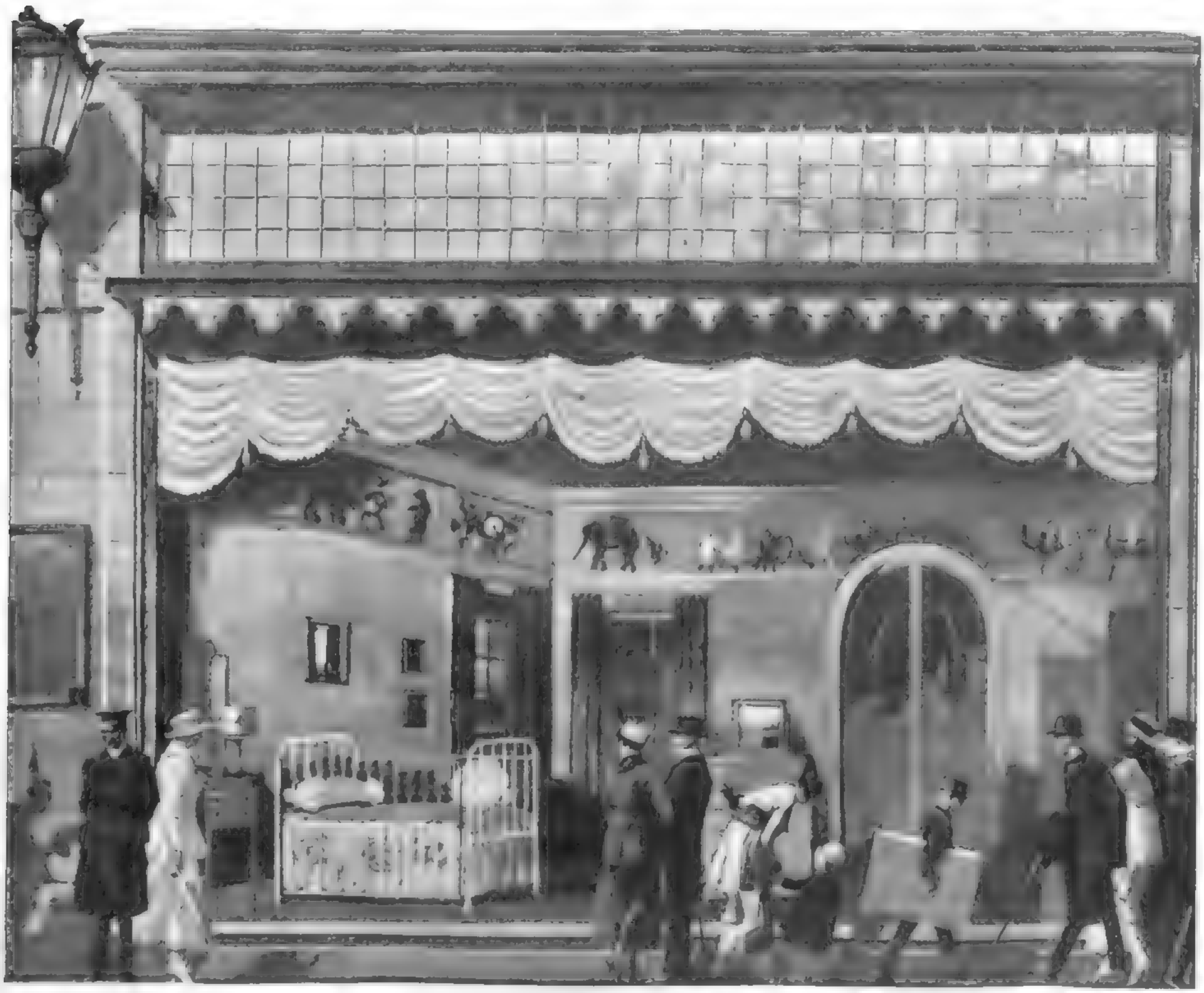
When you are downtown, drop in at your furniture store. Your dealer will be glad to show you his Simmons line. There you will see for yourself what we mean by beauty, good taste and dignity.

And how Simmons economy makes for a price you can afford to pay, no matter how little.

Thousands of beds a day, in two hundred and fifty different styles, are produced in the Simmons shops.

Every factor in the Simmons organization is inspired by the high standard set for the business.

Our salesmen reflect the thrill of a great manufacturing plant. Our dealers understand that the Simmons policy means quality, fairness and opportunity.



ONS Beds

Their customers—you—will see this when you have seen the Simmons line.

For this is the fixed purpose of Simmons:

Never to do less than its best, to dignify everything it touches, to tender to all the friendly courtesy and broad service that befit its leadership.

Always Buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers of Beds and Springs

FACTORIES: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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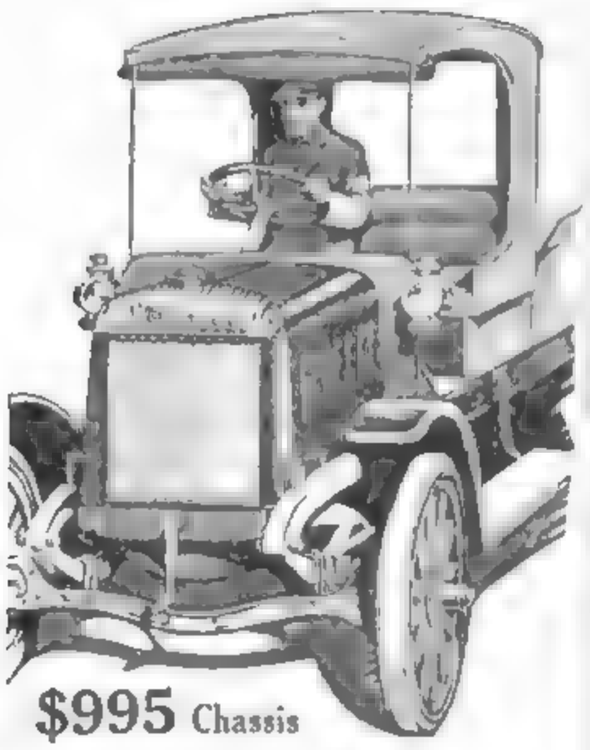
BOSTON	LOS ANGELES	CINCINNATI
PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	ATLANTA
RICHMOND, VA.	MILWAUKEE	TOLEDO
CLEVELAND	ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS	CHICAGO
BUFFALO	HIGH POINT, N. C.	ST. LOUIS
INDIANAPOLIS	NEW YORK	SEATTLE
DETROIT	BALTIMORE	DENVER
PORTLAND, ORE.	PITTSBURGH	EL PASO



$995 Chassis

Three Wise Men of the West

They all three landed on us the same week—H. A. Seller, head of the Motor Truck Sales Co., 456 McAllister St., San Francisco; H. G. Pendell from 437 So. Figueroa St., Los Angeles; and W. T. Herrick, of Waco, Texas.

They came thousands of miles across the continent separately but with a common purpose. Seller, who is one of the big truck dealers of the West, explained the situation clearly. "They'll buy a half million trucks on the Coast in the next few years," he said, "and I am out to get my share. That's why I've been studying the truck industry for weeks all through the East and Middle West. I've been to the factories and truck shows and I've talked to hundreds of truck owners. I have studied engines and hauling costs. I mean to give my customers the best truck that is built and it's got to be at the right price."

Pendell of Los Angeles, another big dealer, told the same story. Herrick of Waco has sold thousands of pleasure cars, but knows his future profits will come from trucks.

They examined the Koehler—examined it as a medical student dissects a guinea pig. There wasn't a bolt on it that they missed. They had it loaded with more than a ton and a quarter of scrap and tried it out on Newark hills.

They tested the Koehler over-head valve motor until [illegible]

KOEHLER

1¼ TON TRUCK
OVER-HEAD VALVES
INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE

Let Pendell complete the story. He said, "At last I've found a truck that is built for ordinary rough and tumble trucking. It isn't a locomotive and it isn't a cross between a cycle car and a dump cart. It isn't a pleasure car that has seen better days. There isn't a single pleasure car unit in it. That over-head valve motor is the greatest glutton for punishment that ever yanked a truck out of a mud hole. The whole outfit is built for work. It would sell fast at $200 more than you charge."

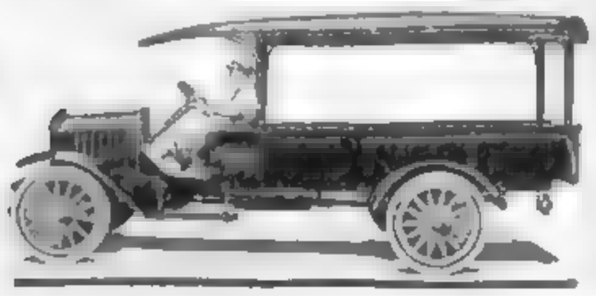
These three men will sell a half million dollars' worth of Koehler trucks. They had their pick of the entire field. Why did they choose the Koehler? Not because of heavy advertising—not because it's the lowest priced truck of equal capacity on the market—but because they were convinced that it was the best designed, most ruggedly built and most powerful truck that has been manufactured in this country. They knew it was a truck they could make money on because it would satisfy the rank and file of truck buyers. That is the way we secure most of our Koehler agents. They come to us—study the car—and sign up. They stick—and make money. Write for open territory.

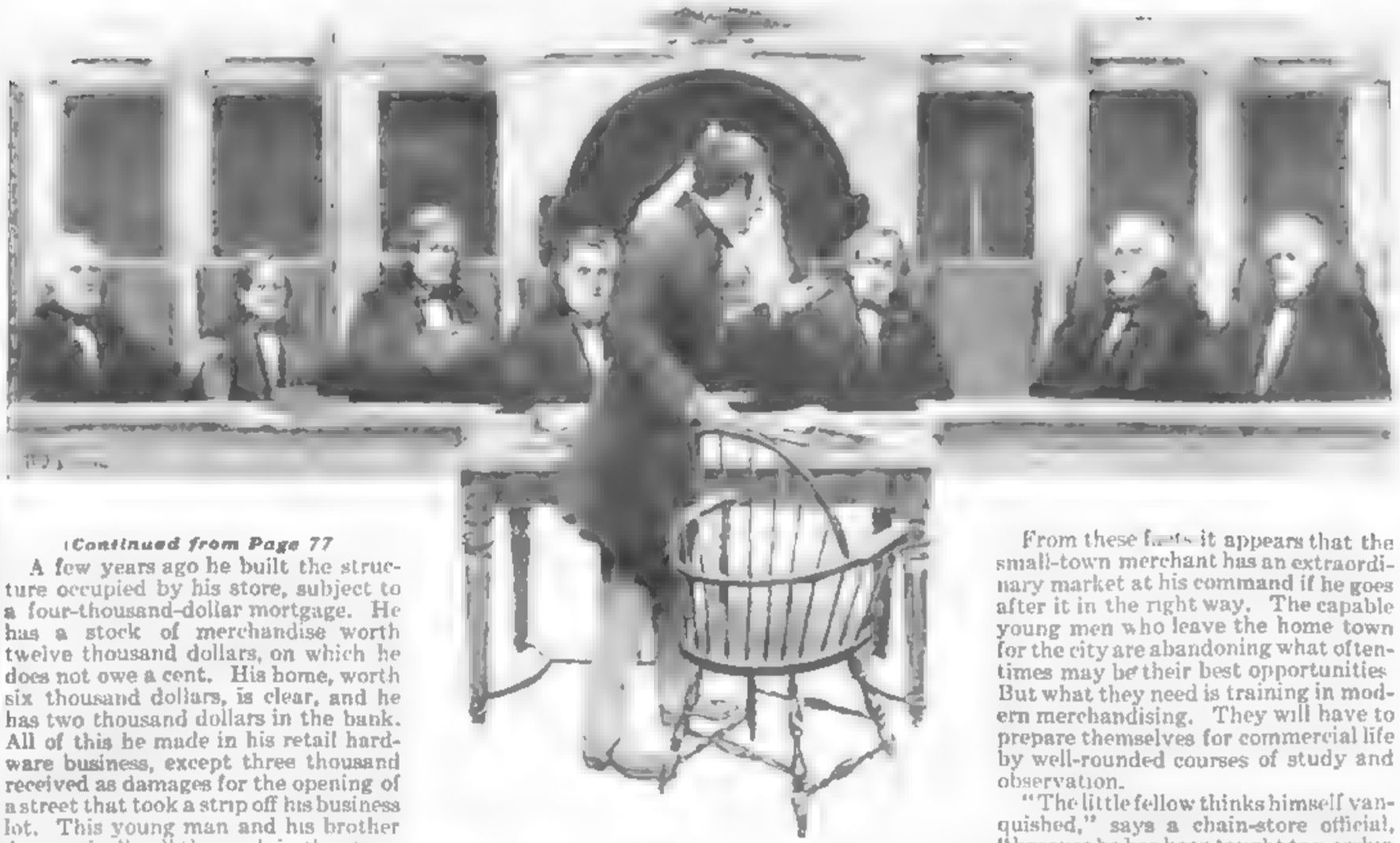
BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS:

MOTOR 3½ x 5, 35 H. P. 4-cyl., OVER-HEAD VALVES, long stroke, large three bearing crank shaft. RADIATOR fin head, built up type. TRANSMISSION 3-speed selective, annular ball bearings. DRIVE, shaft and double universals; INTERNAL GEAR REAR AXLE. CLUTCH, dry multiple disc. WHEEL BASE 129 inches.

Not a single pleasure car unit

H. J. KOEHLER MOTORS CORPORATION
Incorporated 1895 Newark, N. J.





(Continued from Page 77

A few years ago he built the structure occupied by his store, subject to a four-thousand-dollar mortgage. He has a stock of merchandise worth twelve thousand dollars, on which he does not owe a cent. His home, worth six thousand dollars, is clear, and he has two thousand dollars in the bank. All of this he made in his retail hardware business, except three thousand received as damages for the opening of a street that took a strip off his business lot. This young man and his brother do practically all the work in the store.

Three years ago two young men started a general store in a Montana village. One had been cashier in the local bank and the other a county official. They had only eight hundred dollars in cash, but they owned real estate on which they were able to borrow ten thousand dollars to put into the business. During these three years their net worth has doubled.

In the sales office of a Duluth wholesale house I saw records showing that four years ago a man in a small Northern town bought out an unsuccessful little store for seven hundred dollars, half the cost of the goods. His account shows that he has discounted his bills every month, gained in sales rapidly, and now has among his assets an item of six thousand dollars in the bank. He has only one clerk.

In a North Dakota village of sixty-seven inhabitants a young college graduate started a general merchandise store with a stock costing six hundred dollars, getting two hundred dollars of credit from a wholesale house. At the end of the first year his business had grown so that he carried a stock worth fifteen hundred dollars, on which he owed nothing. At the end of five years he had a stock worth fifteen thousand, and his account showed that he discounted all bills.

In the same state a young man came into a town with a threshing gang. He was tired of his job and found work in a grocery store. Like most little stores this one was eking out an existence; and before the end of the year the young man bought it, chiefly with promissory notes. To-day he owns almost all the stores in that town and is the chief local capitalist.

Big Business in Tiny Towns

In another North Dakota town of a thousand people a traveling salesman found a little store, which he bought three years ago for eight hundred dollars. It was doing a credit business and scarcely existing. At first he flirted a little with credits, but soon put the business on a strictly cash basis; and his statements show that he is making a thousand dollars a year clear, in addition to the greater part of a living for himself and family.

I looked through the statements of still another of those North Dakota small-town merchants. He began business seventeen years ago on a few hundred dollars of borrowed capital. To-day his net worth is fifty-three thousand dollars, and he carries a stock of merchandise worth twenty-three thousand. He has five thousand dollars invested in a hotel, owns his building, has a time deposit in the bank of five thousand dollars, at seven per cent interest, and holds first mortgages on five houses at ten per cent. This neat little fortune he has acquired, in addition to earning a living.

The amount of business done by some of these country merchants is amazing, and the size of the town has no bearing on sales. These live fellows reach far out for their trade. One wholesaler's reports show a concern that does a business of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year in a village of nine hundred and sixty people. It carries a forty-thousand-dollar stock.

Another general store, in a town of one hundred and thirty persons, sold a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of goods last year and has a stock valued at twenty-five thousand.

The sales of a store in a town with a population of sixteen hundred were more than three hundred thousand dollars; and another store, in a town of eighteen hundred persons, has sales of a hundred thousand a year.

A Nebraska Genius

In a Nebraska town of three hundred people there is a near-famous merchant, though his stock inventories only some nine thousand dollars, including groceries, dry goods, shoes, and other lines. The store is twenty-four by sixty feet in dimensions, and outwardly has little to distinguish it from the average small country store; yet it has literally put this town on the map and brought it wide publicity. The proprietor is known in business circles throughout the United States for his clever advertising and merchandising. For one thing, he is an authority on the store paper. His own periodical is an eight-page publication, nicely printed, and well filled with editorial matter and advertisements. Ten or more of the local stores in that town advertise in it, and the national bank as well. This merchant has found that he can survive any kind of competition, including the mail-order house. He is sought after as a speaker in business gatherings, and in other ways is an example of what a live little-town merchant may achieve.

In Nebraska, too, is a town of twelve hundred population which did a retail business of eighty thousand dollars in six weeks through the coöperation of its merchants; and they found that the cost was only one per cent of the sales. The campaign included a prize automobile, tickets being given with one-dollar cash purchases and with every dollar paid on account. In addition to this grand prize, many small prizes were given, including furniture, wall paper, paint, blankets, coal, hand bags, shoes, crockery, hats, flour, soap, razors, cigars, bread and meat. Besides the receipts of eighty thousand dollars, fifteen thousand was collected on outstanding accounts.

An Iowa clothing merchant in a town of four thousand persons does a business of fifty thousand a year. His mailing list has seven thousand live names, and is indexed and cross-indexed to eliminate duplicate work. He goes to New York to look over the styles and to see what is on Broadway. The farmers, he says, depend on him for the latest. He is only one of a number of clothiers out that way who use lists of this size.

From these facts it appears that the small-town merchant has an extraordinary market at his command if he goes after it in the right way. The capable young men who leave the home town for the city are abandoning what oftentimes may be their best opportunities. But what they need is training in modern merchandising. They will have to prepare themselves for commercial life by well-rounded courses of study and observation.

"The little fellow thinks himself vanquished," says a chain-store official, "because he has been taught to worship low prices. This is the fetish that has ruined countless merchants. His real defense against the aggression of powerful competitors is service! The chain store's weakest spot is its lack of service; and wise is the small independent merchant who takes advantage of this. By the term 'service' I do not mean costly delivery methods, lavish credit, or other impossible things. Service is a word that includes everything pertaining to high-grade intelligent merchandising. The people will pay for real service. For one thing, they will buy better goods of the merchant who shows them in a diplomatic way that they get better value. Right here is a wonderful field for the trained small-town merchant! The 'quality' merchant, if he has a reasonably good location, need not fear competition."

A Duluth retail grocer sees the situation this way: "It is true that a large percentage of small-town merchants in this part of the country would like to sell out. They are barely existing, have no vision as to their responsibilities, and usually have no access to modern, up-to-date methods of merchandising. They need to come into contact with able men who can tell them how to handle their stores successfully. The science of merchandising has progressed as much as anything during the last decade, but the small-town merchant is the last to hear of the new methods."

Going Downhill

"Little towns that are trading centers are going downhill fast. In several communities with which I am familiar there isn't a single merchant who has painted his store during the last few years. Not one of them is making more than a meager living. Their boys are all migrating to the big cities. But the main reason why merchants cannot make a living in these towns is that they do not keep their stores in a modern way. They do not know how to buy merchandise or how to display it so as to rouse the consumer's desire to buy.

"Nor do they know how to advertise. The people don't know that their home stores sell many things for which they send away. The little country retailer knows no way of coping with the mail-order house, so he usually sits down and complains that his business is going to the dogs.

"With proper guidance, there is no doubt that a small-town retailer can build up a successful and profitable business. Let him show his wares attractively, advertise properly, and use modern management. He has an invaluable personal acquaintance, but needs to be shown how to use it. The secret for his failure or success lies inside his door, not outside. The average small merchant knows nothing about figuring the selling price so as to make a living profit. His wits are asleep and he sees everything through the goggles of ignorance."

Glance at a few instances. The records of the wholesale houses are full of stories of

failure. The credit manager for one large jobbing house told me this:

"Out in the town of C—— was a general merchant who had been giving us a great deal of trouble. His affairs had been going from bad to worse; and, finding ourselves unable to collect, I went out there myself The little store was in great disorder, and the stock consisted mostly of ancient shop-worn goods. He told me he was unable to collect the accounts due him and was ready to quit.

"'How much do you owe?' I asked him.

"'Several thousand dollars, I s'pose,' he guessed.

"'Let me see the invoices.'

"'I never keep no invoices no more. Can't pay 'em anyway! I tear 'em up,' he chuckled grimly

"'Well, then, how much have you got out on accounts?'

"'Oh, four or five thousand dollars.'

"'Suppose you let me see your books.'

"'I don't keep no reg'lar books. When a customer comes in and buys goods on his face I just put it down on a slip of paper.'

"'A very poor plan,' said I; 'but let me see those slips of paper.'

"He hesitated; but when I insisted he went to his desk, bent over, and dragged from beneath it a wooden box in which the store cat was asleep, amid a great mess of soiled papers. He gave pussy a cuff, and she spat at him and made off.

"'Here they are,' he said.

"'Is this your credit department?' I asked.

"'Well, I s'pose you can call it that. Most of the accounts ain't no good nohow.'

"He had been running his credits in this way for years; and whenever a customer desired to make a payment on account he had to go over all this box of papers to find the necessary slip. We gave this man another chance and did our best to show him the necessity for having adequate records; but soon we were forced to close him out."

A Shop Without Books

Another credit man told me of a small-town merchant who had been in business for thirty years, and had bought and sold half a million dollars' worth of goods, but at the end of three decades had a smaller net worth than when he started. In all that time he had never made up a comparative statement nor kept any itemized record of expenses. Nor had he any books of account.

His only records consisted of fragmentary entries on ragged slips of paper stuck on spindles, of which he had a corpulent dozen stowed away on a shelf. He had not made a buying trip for more than ten years, and for six years had not been out of his county.

I saw the records of another concern whose inventory showed twenty-six thousand dollars, with accounts receivable of eighteen thousand, accounts payable of twenty-seven thousand, and a note of three thousand dollars at the bank. This store was fifteen years old and located in a town of seven hundred people. In a near-by town of two hundred inhabitants was a merchant who had accumulated twenty-five thousand dollars in about the same period.

Into one of the larger wholesale hardware houses came a young man one day, who after introducing himself to the clerk in the outer office observed:

"I want to buy a thousand dollars' worth of hardware."

"I'll take you to the credit man and you can fix it up with him," said the clerk.

"Never mind about the credit man, my boy! I've got the cash in my pocket; and, furthermore, I don't want to spend any time selecting the goods. You people know better than I do what I need for a stock of one thousand dollars."

He was taken to a member of the firm and again declined to bother his head over the items of his proposed stock.

"I don't know anything about hardware, anyway," he laughed; "but if I ain't got sense 'nough to run a hardware store I'll eat it!"

"I don't want to take your thousand dollars!" protested the wholesale man. "You'll lose it!"

"Where'll I find another hardware house?" the young man inquired, and grabbed his hat.

Thus put to it, the jobber decided to fill the order, which was paid for, cash in advance. Inside of a year the rash young man shut up shop.

Many other instances of this general type were told me by men in the Northwest who come into intimate contact with small-town merchants; and one of these men commented like this:

Sluggish Business

"There are not many merchants in small towns who ever made an analysis of their markets. They have never divided their population into classes nor estimated the local buying capacity of all the people. Few of them have ever itemized the buying capacity of different stores. They do not know what their own share of the business should be, but estimate their next year's sales from last year's, though perhaps their sales last year were far under the legitimate share of the store.

"Few retailers know that the individual use of hosiery, for instance, has largely increased in ten years; that the individual consumption of ice cream has gone up several hundred per cent in a few years; and that the use of sugar has also increased. They have no idea what the consumption of flour is in their own territories.

"Not knowing these things, they are content with a very much smaller trade in the various lines than they might have; while the quick and keen merchandiser discovers these facts and gets the lion's share of the business.

"His unskilful competitors don't know where he gets it from. They say that everything he touches turns to gold and they lay it chiefly to magic.

"They have never tried to discover where the weak spots are and where the losses come in. In former years they got along better because they were working on a larger percentage of profit and against competition that was less scientific and keen. Now, with a closer margin and with methods that have become antiquated, they find themselves unable to hold their own; and they lay the trouble to the small town rather than to themselves."

As one live-wire merchant up in that country put it, the unsuccessful man must learn to spend less time on each job, and crowd in more work. Or, in other words, he must turn over more goods in a shorter time. In a sluggish business the ratio of expense soon becomes prohibitive.

In one of the small towns I visited in North Dakota I asked the two general merchants what their delivery expense was. The reply of one was practically the answer of both:

"I don't have any delivery expense—except sometimes I send stuff out into the country as a favor. This town is small, and my store boy carries the goods round in a basket or on a wheelbarrow. Of course once in a while I have to use my horse and wagon, but not often enough so that I need to keep track of it."

Evidently there was quite a delivery cost, nevertheless, that remained unreckoned. I have studied the delivery system of a great New York department store, which is reduced to a technical study that seems bewildering to an outsider.

All items are minutely analyzed and the operations reduced to time studies and charts.

If a department store finds it necessary to manage its delivery system in such a way, a country store ought at least to do some primary work in that direction.

There are about six hundred and fifty thousand retail stores in the United States, of which only ten or eleven thousand are department stores. It looks as if there might be a pretty big field left for the small merchant!

The last census enables us to hazard a guess that the consumers in this country pay eleven or twelve billion dollars a year for dry goods and kindred lines, meat products, iron and steel goods, tobacco, cane sugar, petroleum, and agricultural implements, aside from expenditures for other things. It is estimated that for dry goods and kindred lines alone the consumers give up something like five billion dollars; and of this nearly four billion goes to the smaller stores and a billion to the department stores. In this line the mail-order houses probably get no more than a hundred million.

Fortunes at Home

The total mail-order sales are estimated round three hundred million dollars; so that this factor is only a very small fraction of the whole. That the mail-order people have a legitimate field cannot be questioned by an unbiased mind, though just what that field is may be open to discussion. At any rate, the consumer is going to buy his goods where he pleases, and it is up to the local dealer to go after the trade if he wants it.

On the whole, the field is an enticing one for a man trained to study markets and go after business according to up-to-date methods. For the master player, the game is a fascinating one.

Most of the young men who head for the big cities go there blindly, without any purpose except to look for that vague thing called opportunity. Few of them find it. But back in the home town this undiscovered game may be waiting to be played. More and more young men will find how to play it, and lay the foundations for independent careers and fortunes—small, perhaps, but comfortable.

The revulsion from the cities must come sooner or later, in the very nature of things; and it is the opinion of keen observers with whom I have talked that the next cycle will see the rejuvenation of the small community through the vision and business education of the young man.

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Correct Clothes
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Your first impression of a Benjamin garment is its exclusive style—its distinction. After long service, you will know how very good the fabrics are and know the value of the fine tailoring in holding permanent every line and curve.

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Thousands of Dollars Come from Just

THE greatest jewelry stores in the world, the most fashionable department stores, the greatest specialty shops, do not hesitate to solicit out of town business with the printed word.

They get business, too, as a rule, because they issue bits of printing that are a joy to the beholding eye.

The amount of high-grade shopping that is done by mail and telephone is staggering in its total.

Your share of this business is and will be in direct ratio to the appeal of your printed literature—to the quality and beauty of your circulars, folders, booklets and catalogs.

It is an art to produce good printing. There are definite standards in type, in ink, in illustrations and in paper that you must work with.

Standards in paper, we said. That is a comparatively new idea—that paper standards should be and could be definitely fixed, but Warren's Standard Papers have demonstrated the value and importance of this idea.

A definite printing quality is assured when you select a Warren Standard Paper. You do not have to guess or wonder or worry how your cuts will print, what your booklets will weigh, how the paper will fold or whether the binding will hold.

The Warren Standards are known by *names*. It is well to be familiar with such names as WARREN'S CAMEO, WARREN'S LUSTRO, WARREN'S SILKOTE, WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED, WARREN'S PRINTONE, etc. Each paper has its definite uses. Each is manufactured for a particular grade of printing. Each has a definite standard of performance with which every printer is familiar and upon which you can depend.

If yours is to be a de luxe booklet or catalog, you may or may not use WARREN'S CAMEO, with its wonderful, lusterless surface like old ivory, which gives to your engravings the effect of platinum photographs. Yet it is well to judge the value of the paper you do buy, by the CAMEO Standard, for you know that the results obtained on CAMEO will be of standard excellence throughout the entire run of booklets.

If the cuts you wish to print are of intricate or beautiful subjects with

Worth of Catalog Sales Such Homes as This

microscopic details or delicate vignettes, you require a coated paper of the highest refinement of surface. WARREN'S LUSTRO is that paper. LUSTRO is the last word in coated paper. Its surface glows but does not glare. It takes reproductions with the fidelity of an engraver's proof. You can safely measure the quality of any glossy coated paper by how nearly it approaches the LUSTRO Standard.

WARREN'S SILKOTE is a semi-dull coated paper, resembling CAMEO, and costing less. It gives some of the desirable dull-finish effect, and being coated reproduces halftones with remarkable clearness. It is a distinguished-looking paper, pleasant to the hand and eye.

WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED is an extraordinarily popular paper because it gives better results than are usually expected of papers sold at its price. It is recommended for working easily and uniformly through the press and for its folding qualities. For large editions calling for high-grade halftone work, in black and white or colors, CUMBERLAND COATED is an ideal stock.

Maybe you have an edition of a half million to print. You want light weight combined with strength; low cost but good printing quality. For these uses we make WARREN'S PRINTONE. Better than super, cheaper than coated, it gives the most highly finished surface that is obtainable except on coated paper.

Our new 1917 Warren Suggestion Book is a book—not a booklet—and we strove in its preparation to make its suggestions genuinely helpful. Instead of merely showing specimen paper and printing, the variety of subjects in this book were selected with an eye to giving the buyer of printing not only a complete showing of standard printing papers, but plentiful examples of the illustrative treatment to which they were adapted.

A copy will be mailed you on request if you use your business letter head in writing for it.

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THE Ajax proposition is *definite*. Its Guarantee is as good as gold. It is more than any maker's hope or determination. It is the maker's black-and-white *agreement*. It is meeting the business-man-motorist squarely on his own ground.

For twelve years Ajax Tires have been Guaranteed In Writing 5,000 Miles. And they have steadfastly lived up to that guarantee—built up a consistent record of *performance*.

The sensible motorist realizes that this means service protection. It means actual added *economy* for the reason that Ajax Tires, because of in-built quality of materials and workmanship, *do* live up to this guarantee. Let Ajax owners tell you what this extra service means.

And now Ajax Tires are Registered in the individual tire-owner's name at the home office. This further backs up the guarantee—protects the owner.

With its new registration feature every Ajax sold is a tire of record. Ajax Tires represent greater value than ever—the value of bonded performance.

Equip your car with Ajax Registered Tires.

Ask your Ajax dealer for a copy of "The Story of Ajax Tires" by Horace De Lisser, Chairman of the Board, Ajax Rubber Co., Inc.—a vitally interesting business story.

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While Others are Claiming Quality, We are Guaranteeing It

BEARS IN WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 11)

that the short interest ever exceeds ten per cent of the long interest.

The majority of bears are found among the professional speculators on the Stock Exchange itself the "floor traders" or "room traders," who, being brokers, have no commissions to pay, and who make a living by "catching the turns"—that is, by shifting from one side of the market to the other with lightning rapidity. But the really influential bears have been the historic plungers—men like Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, James R. Keene, possibly John W. Gates, Addison Cammack, Charles Woerishoffer, Henry N. Smith, and two or three living operators whose huge transactions were so completely aired in the recent Congressional "Leak" inquiry. Several of these men were chronic and constitutional bears; others took the short side only part of the time.

Now it is sometimes assumed that the natural reticence of the large bear operator and the rarity of the beast show an instinctive feeling that short selling is wrong. To those sophisticated and experienced in Wall Street ways this idea is amusing. The big bear is reticent solely because he is engaged in a business where publicity is almost sure ruin, and where heavy losses are common, even with the greatest secrecy. To begin with, the profits made by bears have always been exaggerated. When common rumor had Mr. Baruch's profits at $6,000,000 in a given period, they actually were $476,168. The short never gains the full amount of his theoretical profits, because his own buying bids prices up again; and if he is a large operator this is an extremely serious factor.

Heavy losses on the short side are very common. Even the biggest and wisest of bears show a fatalistic tendency to wait too long—to "overstay" their market. There is little doubt that in the record-breaking rise of the market in 1915 many of the largest operators fought the rise for months and literally lost millions. On the witness stand Mr. Baruch testified in considerable detail as to the fallibility of his judgment. It is an old and relatively true saying in Wall Street that none of the great bear operators have retired with a fortune. The underlying fact seems to be that the forward progress of the country is sure to break any persistent short seller in the long run, though men who were temporarily short have made fortunes and kept them.

"Is it not possible to produce a panic by short selling?" asked Congressman Henry.

"I do not believe it, sir," replied Mr. Baruch.

"Has it ever been done?"

"I do not believe it, sir; and I will tell you why: It is a curious thing, though it may be economically unsound, that a man will lose his money—I have never seen a man get away with his profit, who was trying to in that way."

The Fear of Corners

Even among the professional traders there are many who are literally afraid to sell short. There are probably a few men, who have been on the floor for years, who have not sold short more than half a dozen times. There is always the dread of a corner. This has hung over the heads of traders ever since the earliest days. There is the horrible memory of the Northern Pacific corner; and even among the younger men tradition has handed down the tales of punishment their forbears in speculation received in the Burlington and the Hannibal & St. Joe corners of several generations ago. The point is that even the biggest professional speculators never know when the "insiders"—the great bankers and capitalists who control the big corporations—may suddenly shove the stock up on them and drive them into a corner, as E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill, J. P. Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb & Company forced in the shorts in the Northern Pacific panic.

There is no limit to possible losses on the short side. On the bull side the stock never can go below zero. The bear is in a peculiarly exposed position. There are stocks, such as that of the Reading Company, which, though loaned freely enough and always available for bear operators, could be cornered in a jiffy, provided three or four capitalists were willing to throw Wall Street into a panic. Men have sold Reading short with impunity for years; but the sword over their heads has always been suspended by the tiniest thread. These are the conditions which make it probable that speculators will repeat, so long as the English language survives, the little ditty variously ascribed to Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew:

He who sells what isn't his'n
Is sure to lose and go to prison.

The managing partner of one of the oldest brokerage firms in the Street, a "commission" house with branches and customers in many states, was explaining to me the intricacies of short selling. He mentioned by name the most prominent floor trader of the day, the king pin of them all.

"Why, Jim —— would think nothing of buying fifty thousand shares! He would literally do it without a second thought. But if he went overnight ten thousand shares short I bet he wouldn't sleep a wink! I tell you it's no fun to sell something you haven't got and may not be able to get."

There is not the slightest doubt that a large part of all the speculative short selling of the professionals and larger operators is a form of hedge against their bull operations. The moment a professional sees some stock he has purchased acting badly, sinking a little, he puts out a "line" of shorts, not because of any especial desire to see the market decline, but solely as a betting hedge. Those who picture the bear as "a gloomy and misanthropic person, hovering about like a vulture awaiting the carrion of misfortune" would be astonished to discover how mechanical and automatically impersonal most of the short selling is.

A Typical Bear Raid

In actual practice some of the floor traders sell short as soon as a stock has risen a few points. In such cases they put out only a few hundred shares as a test, on the simple theory that if a stock has risen it is also likely to fall. They are constantly hunting the weak spots, the hollow places, the thinly covered holes. In a technical sense the market is always full of such opportunities. Stocks which have been put up for no good reason, or driven too high, or artificially boosted, or carried to a high point by professionals without any public following—all these are like thin spots in the ice, ready for the heavy heel of the bear. If the sale of a few hundred shares brings out no real demand, no spontaneous buying, then the bear traders, singly or in concert, "slap ten thousand at 'em."

There is a broker on the Stock Exchange who is constantly employed by the "big interests" and the great market plungers to conduct their operations; for, except the floor traders, big operators, even though members of the Stock Exchange, rarely go on the floor themselves. This particular broker, who has been hired by Thomas W. Lawson, Baruch, and many others, is so efficient that it is a common saying on the Exchange: "There are two classes of brokers among the membership of eleven hundred—Johnny Banks"—which is not his name—"and all the others." When a group of floor traders discover a soft hollow spot in the market they will hire Johnny Banks to smash it hard; and he is more likely to succeed than anyone else. This is a typical "bear raid."

But it is a hard game. It is a case of dog eat dog. If one crowd of traders "slams" a stock, another crowd is sure to form immediately, like the tacklers on an opposing football team, and, rushing upon the floor, whoop up the price and drive the first crowd to ignominious cover. There is no sentiment in this business. It will be noted that prominent bear operators, when on the witness stand and obliged to talk, have told about their short selling in the past, but seldom about their position at the time of the investigation. Thomas W. Lawson, who has bought and sold stocks for more than forty-five years, explained this fact concisely when he said that if he told of his current operations he would be "promptly run in."

There is no doubt that short selling is very powerful in initiating downward movements when the bull position is overextended and vulnerable. It almost always starts the slide. It merely hastens or anticipates a decline that would be bound to occur in the course of time. A strong argument can be made that a stock which would

(Continued on Page 86)

The New York Public Library

IN the wonderful carpentry which distinguishes the interior of the New York Public Library, Disston saws played an important part. This, one of the nation's finest architectural monuments, was designed, not as a mere housing for a vast collection of books, but as a stimulus to American artistic taste, as a work of art which should worthily reflect the intellectual life of the metropolis.

DISSTON SAWS AND TOOLS

"Work of art"—those very words appear in the contracts for the construction of the building.

"The standard of work throughout this building," the contracts say, "shall be such as to produce a work of art of the first class, and the ordinary commercial standards will not be accepted by the architects as governing the work."

The skilled mechanics who were employed to carry out this ideal were the most expert in the country and, like the great majority of carpenters, most of them used Disston saws. A. H. Boyd, head of the firm of Boyd & Seltridge, who had the contract for the carpentry, including the placing in position of the famous ceiling in the Exhibition Room and the other elaborately carved interior woodwork, says:

"They were the best mechanics in the United States, and I have no hesitation in saying 90% of them used Disston saws.

"The same percentage would hold good for other important work done by our company—the new Grand Central Station, the Belnord apartment house, the Langham apartment house, the Hall of Records, the City Investing Building, the Lawyers Title and Trust Company Building, the Trust Company of America Building, the Whitehall Building"

Mr. Boyd, himself a craftsman, bought his first two Disstons forty years ago. Since that time he has bought many saws, and they have all been Disstons.

The furniture of the New York Public Library also was made with Disston saws. A. Zimm, who had charge of this work for George W. Cobb, Jr., the contractor, says:

"There was no other make of saw in the factory. We used Disstons because we consider them to be the best."

When you buy a saw, take the advice of master mechanics—of men who know saws. Disston trowels, files, screw-drivers, levels, squares, bevels and other tools are all of the same Disston quality.

Write for FREE "Hand-Saw Booklet"

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

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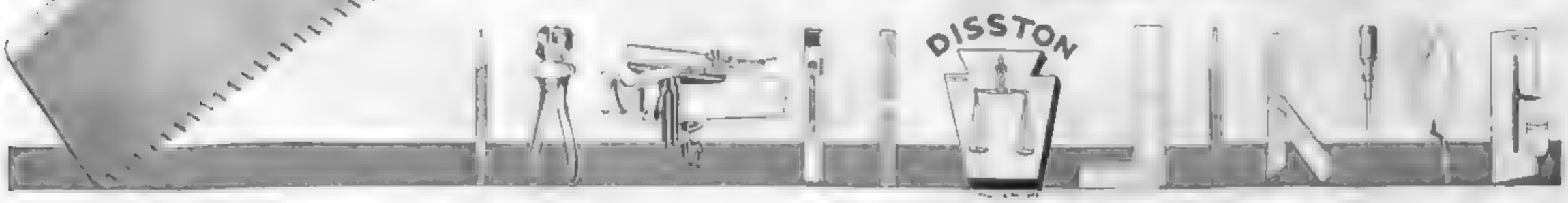
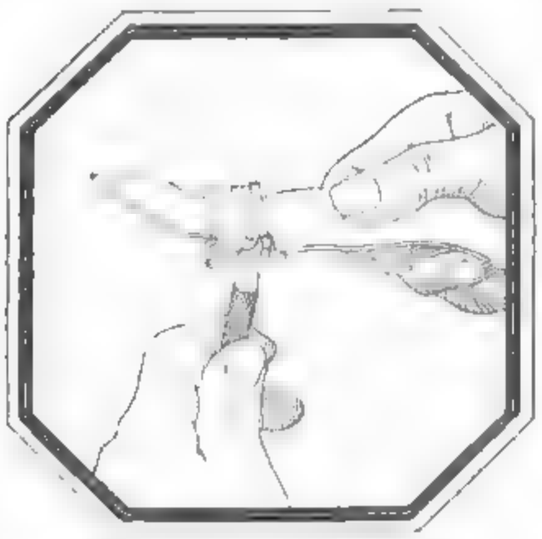
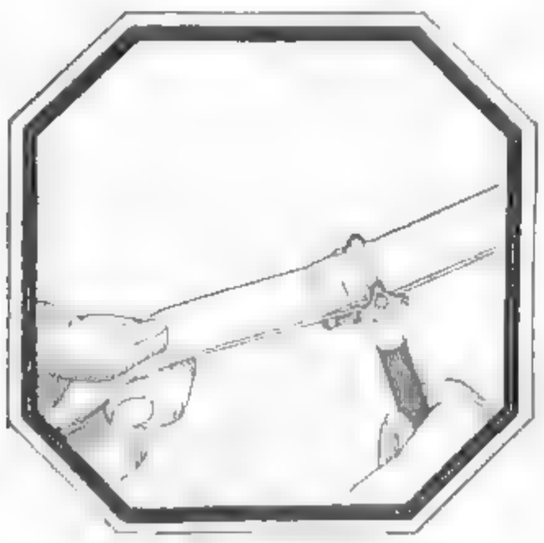


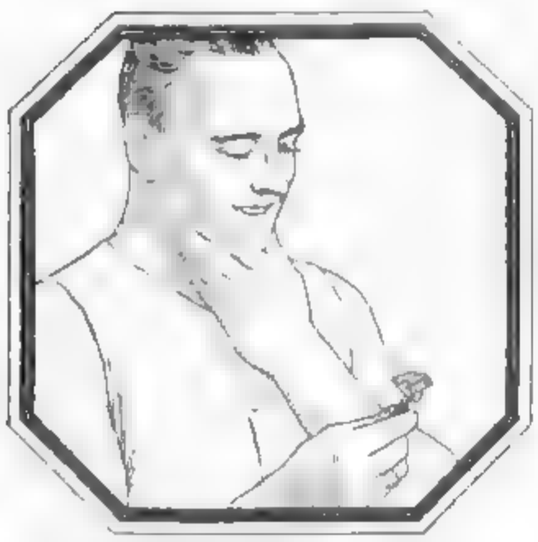
The only razor in the world that sharpens its own blades



Pass the strop through the razor head



Move the razor back and forth a few times



And you have a new, keen edge for shaving

A FEW strokes on the strop; a few strokes on the face. That is all there is to it with the AutoStrop Razor.

The AutoStrop Razor is the only razor that keeps itself in condition to render a perfect shave. The AutoStrop Razor is the most economical razor ever made.

Our proof of these statements is summed up in the following offer:

Pay nothing—
Deposit nothing

Borrow from your dealer an

AutoStrop Safety Razor

If after trying it thirty days, you do not agree that this razor solves the problem of keeping a razor blade up to a high shaving standard, without changing and discarding blades, return it to the dealer. If you find, as thousands of men have, that the AutoStrop Razor is the easiest, the simplest, the most effective method of shaving, keep it and pay your dealer for it.

No other razor company has ever made an offer like this, and nothing we can say about the AutoStrop Razor is stronger than the fact that we are willing to make this offer.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada. **83 Duke Street, Toronto**

Standard Set
$5.00

(Continued from Page 84)

break under short sales would sooner or later fall of its own weight. Such is the belief of all big professional speculators. Of course the bear sometimes does harm by circulating false rumors, magnifying misfortunes, frightening innocent holders, and undermining confidence.

But, though the short seller may have made the fall come sooner, when it actually comes he buys the stock and supports the market. At such a time he is forced to buy; and it is often said that the bear is the market's best friend. Indeed, it is impossible for any human being to decide whether, in the long run, the bear does more to raise or to depress prices. What he really does is to alter the sequence of these movements. He cannot raise himself by his own bootstraps. He cannot make much of a profit out of his own selling, because it is matched by his own buying. His real profit comes through uncovering the selling of others; and they will not sell unless the market's condition is bad.

When the bear makes a mistake and slams at a strong instead of a weak spot, he is merely crushed for his own foolishness and does no harm. But admit that he occasionally causes unwarranted disturbance. The real nub of the question is whether more harm is done by putting stocks too low than too high. The harm done by the bear is the merest fraction of that effected by the ignorant, heedless, crazy bull, whose only concern is to skim the foam off the top wave of a rising market. He spreads a thousand times as many unverified reports and untrue rumors.

A Break on Runaway Markets

Only the most temporary panics, lasting but a few days, have ever come from short selling; and they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. But scores if not hundreds of panics have come from putting the prices of stocks and commodities too high. Whenever a foolish, top-heavy bull speculation breaks under its own weight, like a great beach comber, there are angry outcries from those who have lost, and an attempt is made to find a scapegoat. They seek a villain in the melodrama, an ogre in the fairy tale. The short seller is always blamed; he is it. The wicked bear has done it. The obsequies and inquests that follow a weak, overbought bull market always are ugly. A verdict must be rendered against someone, and it is best to have it against the short seller, because he never talks back.

"Do you regard short selling as an evil on the Stock Exchange?" asked a Congressional investigator of Tom Lawson.

"An evil if it is abused; but if it is not abused it is a splendid brake when the market is running away on the top side, as it has been in the past few years, and prices are altogether unduly inflated, and the demand is so much greater than the supply that prices are liable to go to dangerous heights."

That Lawson was not prejudiced appeared from his testimony that he did not believe there was such a thing as a "preference" for either side of the market.

"We try to go with the market. If the market is going up we are bulls, if we look at it that way; and if it is going down—well, I have been in the business forty-six years and I don't believe there is such a thing as a preference."

It has been demonstrated over and over that if for any reason the shorts have been frightened, or driven out of a market, the break, when it comes, is much more perpendicular than if a big short interest had existed. At one time in the fall of 1916 losses on the short side had been so great and further selling appeared so dangerous that the bears were almost extinct. When the break came it was twenty and thirty points.

"We were very much alarmed," testified the head of a great "wire" and "commission" house in speaking of the same period. "The people, our customers, our clients, our correspondents, did not seem to realize the danger of keeping on increasing their long commitments with securities that had risen to very, very high prices, never before known in the history of the country. They did not seem to realize it; and it seemed to me that everyone you met was talking about the stock market—women, servants, children, chauffeurs, barbers; and that everybody, everywhere you went, wanted to know what the cotton market was going to do and what the stock market was going to do. It was something like an oil craze or a mining craze, or anything else in any other line of business, such as a real-estate boom. Everyone was buying at big prices—and then what happened to the cotton market? It went down six hundred points; and it went down—where it should have gone up. Why did it go down? Because the public were buying cotton at twenty-one cents a pound that never had a bale of cotton and did not know what it looked like. We had only ten thousand bales of cotton in our office at twelve, thirteen, fourteen cents; and we had ninety thousand bales at twenty-one cents. The result was that it had to seek its level; and so the cotton market sought its level, and the stock market sought its level."

An important reason for the terrific slump in the "war brides" and motor stocks has been the lack of a short interest.

Short selling steadies the market and takes the sharpness away from price fluctuations. Without it the market is a high-powered automobile without a brake. Short selling is the only known weapon against the unwarranted marking up of prices. When peace rumors came the Tokio Stock Exchange was obliged to close, probably because, in the absence of short selling, there were only sellers and no buyers, and the rush was all in one direction.

"I believe," said Baruch, "that if you had a market without short selling, when the break comes there might be a crash that would engulf the whole structure."

It is unfortunate to argue, as the extreme Stock Exchange partisans do, that the short seller is like any other contractor who agrees to deliver goods in the future which he has not on hand at the time. They say he is like the publisher who sells an unprinted magazine in advance in the form of a subscription; or a builder who takes a contract without having the bricks and mortar on hand. The analogy is false. Publisher and builder create the goods they sell. The short seller creates nothing.

Short selling needs no such far-fetched defense. Its justification lies in the vital part it plays in making possible a broad, fluid, steady market for securities, which, in turn, directs the flow of capital into industries, and more surely than any other means grinds out the standards of investment values, separating by an automatic process the speculative from the investment securities. If there is any wrong here, any moral obliquity, it lies in the existence of margin speculation, without which a great market for stocks seems to be impossible.

The Secrecy of the Bears

There could be no substantial amount of short selling without margins, because it is the right that the broker reserves to loan out the margin-buyer's stock which provides certificates for short selling. There is an ugly side to it—this business of using the very stock a man has bought in hopes of a rise to enable another man to realize a profit from a fall, even though, in the long run, short selling steadies instead of depresses prices.

On the other hand, a market built largely upon margins could not exist without short selling. It is a strange game, and there is loss and suffering from it. What could be expected when a single firm recently held eight hundred thousand shares for customers, mostly on margin?

But the economic services of this great market are undeniable, and to denounce merely one side of it is superficial. Whether a speculative market at all is worth while is quite another story—not the aim of this article, and not to be decided by snap judgment.

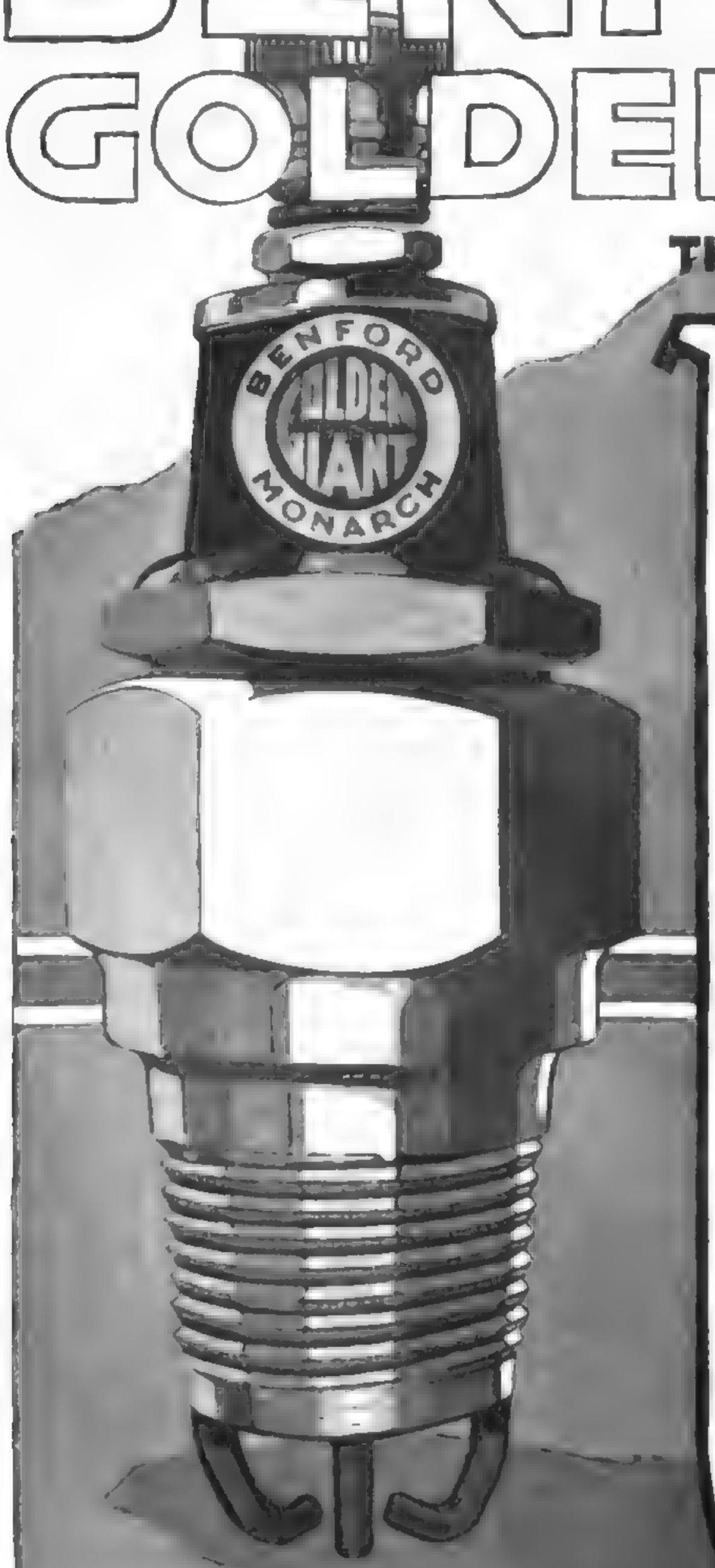
Just how the big bear operators work—what machinery they employ—is seldom brought to light. Their banking and brokerage connections, their sources of information, the offices to which their batteries of telephones lead—these facts come out only when the rude hand of legislative investigation falls upon them. Usually the orders of a big operator spread into dozens of different brokers' offices, and he shows wonderful skill in changing his brokers and his whole plan of campaign in order to throw speculators off the track.

Mr. Baruch confessed freely enough to his numerous brokerage and banking connections and the extent of his telephone wires, when he was summoned before the Leak Investigating Committee. But Wall Street would be surprised if he or any similar operator should be found using the same instrumentalities a week later.

(Concluded on Page 88)

BENFORD'S GOLDEN GIANT

THE ARISTOCRAT of SPARK PLUGS



DISTINGUISHED BY ITS COAT OF GOLD

Thirty Thousand Dealers Back Golden Giants

THEY KNOW Golden Giants mean more motor power. They know—and you know—that sparking isn't all a spark plug must do.

These 30,000 dealers know all makes of plugs. They sell Golden Giants, only for their customers' satisfaction.

Golden Giants hold tight. They don't leak compression or electricity. So they deliver *all* the spark—fire *all* the gas—for the full power drive.

Get this final answer to the spark plug problem.

These 30,000 dealers will, without charge, replace any Golden Giant—any time—if you are dissatisfied. No question about it. You are the sole judge. That's a guarantee that means the end of your spark plug troubles.

Try one and you'll buy the set.

If your dealer hasn't caught up with the procession, send us his name and a dollar for each plug you want—and you will get them by return mail

BENFORD MFG. CO.
MT. VERNON, N Y.

"Fifteen Years of Spark Plug Success"

"My Two Indiana Trucks Paid For Themselves in 65 Days"

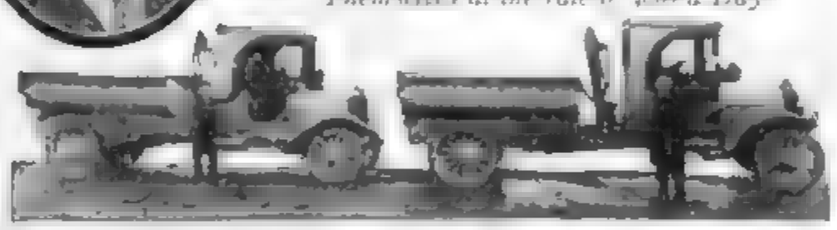
C. E. Saum

WRITE for $100 DOWN WITH ORDER PLAN

An Indiana Worm Drive Truck will *buy itself* for you. It's *easy* on twelve equal payments spread out over a *whole year!* No need to pay cash—only $100 down, and moderate sum on delivery, depending on size.

Here is the experience of A. E. Saum, Michigan Contractor: "On July 10th, 1916, I drove two Model K Indiana Trucks from your factory and they have earned on an average of $80.00 per day of 10 hours. . . They are absolutely reliable and economical, have given splendid gasoline mileage in very hard service. They have never made a trip that they were not

Mr. A. E. Saum of Niles, Mich., and the Two Indiana Trucks That Earned Themselves at the rate of $80 a Day



loaded to their full capacity through sand and over hills. . . I *figure that my two Indiana Trucks paid for themselves in 65 days.* With a year to pay anyone should be able to meet installments out of Indiana Trucks profit and have big wages left." So Mr. Saum didn't have to take full advantage of our unusual terms! Make your delivery system self-financing!

Powerful 1-Ton Indiana Worm Drive Truck $1385

Indiana Trucks are America's greatest values: 2-Ton $2100; 3½-Ton $2750; 5-Ton $3600. Save $150 to $1000 on prices. Over $2,000,000 sold on installment plan—a 500% gain for 1916—all "paying own way." All well-known standardized parts—100% safety factors—with extra power and over-sized dimensions throughout.

General Specifications

MOTOR—Special-built high-powered, heavy-duty type. SHELDON AXLES—Worm (David Brown Type) mounted on over-size bearings with separate bearings for end-thrust, large spindles; wheel bearing tapered roller type. FRAMES—High grade alloy steel, special heat-treated. STEERING GEARS—Special truck design. CLUTCHES—Multiple dry disk, Raybestos against steel. IGNITION—Bosch magneto. TRANSMISSION—Special truck design, nickel steel gears. CARBURETORS—Special Stromberg. SPRINGS—Special alloy spring steel.

Get Our "Pay-Their-Way" Plan

and our great transportation book, "Motor Trucks in 1000 Lines of Business!" Make your delivery system pay its way from the start. Send for full information on this Plan and book, to

Indiana Truck Corporation
Dept. J Marion, Indiana

MOTORIZE AND ECONOMIZE INDIANA

Service Stations in 200 Cities

DEALERS: We need the best dealers in a few unoccupied territories. Get our new plan for putting trucks on your floor for small outlay of cash. Your territory may be open—Write!

Sales and Service Stations in the Following Leading Cities

Chicago, Ill
[illegible], Pa
Detroit, Mich
Chattanooga, Tenn
Los Angeles, Cal
Cincinnati, O
Columbus, O.
Dallas, Tex.
Akron, O.
Portland, Ore
Louisville, Ky
New Orleans, La
Indianapolis, Ind
Salt Lake City, Utah
Pittsburg, Pa
San Francisco, Cal
Nashville, Tenn
Memphis, Tenn.
Toledo, O.
Des Moines, Ia
Birmingham, Ala
Rochester, N. Y.
Parkersburg, W. Va
Missoula, Mont
New Haven, Conn
Jersey Shore, Pa
York, Pa
Daytona, Fla
Santa Fe, N. M.
Oklahoma City, Okla
Butte, Mont
Grants Pass, Ore
Saginaw, Mich
Pocatello, Ida
Beverly, Mass
Canton, Mass
South Bend, Ind
Lynchburg, Va
Brattleboro, Mass
Lewiston, Me.
Baltimore, Md
Norfolk, Va
Bartlesville, Okla
Watertown, N. Y.
Wilmington, N. C.
Campbellsville, Ky.
Fayetteville, Tenn
Ithaca, N. Y.
Martinsburg, W. Va
Rock Hill, S. C.
Macon, Ga.
Troy, Ill.
Newburn, N. C.
Hartford City, Ind
Lowell, Ind
Leon, Ia.
Manchester, N. H.
Mocksville, N. C.
Watertown, N. Y.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Augusta, Ga.
Tulsa, Okla
Jarrettsville, Md.
New Albany, Ind
Monett, Mo.
Winchester, Tenn.
Clearfield, Pa.
Austin, Tex.
Boise, Ida.
Petersburg, Va.
Erie, Pa.
Dedham, Mass.
Haverhill, Mass.
Dalton, Ga.
Clarksburg, W. Va
Northampton, Mass
New Bedford, Mass
Watkins, N. Y.
Wilmington, Del
Wilkes-Barre, Pa
Canton, O.
Elwood, Ind
Tampa, Fla
Springfield, Ill
Haverhill, Mass.
Peoria, Ill.
Bennett, Pa.
Ogden, Utah
Grand Rapids, Minn
Bellefonte, Pa.
Columbus, Kan
Joplin, Mo
Omaha, Neb
New York City

(Concluded from Page 86)

Like nearly all great market operators, Baruch began as a broker's clerk. He is a bundle of electric wires, mentally and nervously. He was standing at the ticker one day, according to his own testimony, reading a speech on peace by Premier Lloyd George. When the word "but" appeared Baruch thought the whole international aspect was changed; and immediately he began to "sell as hard and fast and firm as I could." It is this quickness of action, this rapid execution of orders, this iron nerve in making decisions, that constitute the great operator. On that occasion Baruch made nearly half a million dollars, but he admitted he could have made far more if he had followed a different course of action, and said: "I never get in at the bottom or the top, it seems." Even as it was, his operations constituted a complex crisscross of buying and selling orders. No wonder that this man, still under fifty, goes to his hunting lodge frequently for rest and recreation!

A Bear on the Moon

Mr. Baruch describes his occupation as that of an "investor and speculator." Unlike many other big operators, he has many extensive corporate and investment interests in no sense speculative.

Far more picturesque as a figure is Jesse L. Livermore. He and one other man are the great operators of the day in both stocks and cotton. Livermore has always been known as the "boy plunger," because he began when he was fifteen; and though forty now, he is still slender, fair-haired and blue-eyed. Unlike Baruch, who operates from his own headquarters, Livermore usually makes his headquarters with some powerful brokerage house. He is said to have started with three hundred and twelve dollars; and though this is merely a story, there is more than mere rumor in the statement that he has made and lost great fortunes. Besides the records of a congressional committee, there are various court records to draw upon. In December, 1916, he was short eighty thousand shares in one brokerage office, involving about seven million dollars, and a profit of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

Bear "leaders" in the old days of the stock market, when conditions were cruder and more personal than now, were not the quiet, unobtrusive, self-effacing persons that modern bear operators have become. They foregathered in public places, "opened" wine, noisily denounced the bulls in person, and announced the forthcoming destruction of these their enemies. Each had his personal following. The modern bear detests advertising; but his earlier prototype walked to and fro telling people what to sell and when to sell it. At times their offices were actually besieged by clamoring crowds seeking "tips." Methods certainly have changed.

Modern bears have only their own boldness, intelligence and shrewdness to work on; but the earlier operators took advantage of the loose corporate laws and standards of business ethics that then prevailed. In the days of Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, Jim Fiske and James R. Keene, if a short seller was in danger of being cornered it was possible sometimes to create stock overnight to deliver.

Jacob Little, the first of the great bears, went short a huge amount of Erie, and his enemies thought he was cornered; but he had a block of bonds that were convertible into stock, a fact the cornerers had overlooked. Little made a fortune in the panic of 1837; but he was wiped out in the Civil War, because he failed to realize that currency inflation would drive up the price of stocks. This fact was taken advantage of by one Anthony W. Morse, who made one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars when Little went to the wall, Morse following him two years later, when conditions changed again.

Henry N. Smith, a partner of Jay Gould, became one of the big bears of his time after losing a fortune on the bull side. Despite Lawson's testimony that market operators merely try to follow the "trend," it is often the case that they go to extremes of fanaticism, of monomania, in following one side or the other. Once converted to the bear camp, Smith fought the market with desperation on every advance. To such extremes did he go that when he appeared before a Stock Exchange committee to explain his actions he said:

"On January 1, 1885, I was worth $1,400,000. I had $1,100,000 in money and $300,000 in good real estate. By the following January I had lost the whole amount, and was $1,200,000 in debt."

In the days of Gould, Smith and Boss Tweed, big speculators played with loaded dice. Bear operators were in league with city officials, who arranged to withdraw city money from all the banks and cause a money squeeze just when the bears were ready to raid the market. Smith was worth five million dollars at one time, but lost it.

In his book, Fifty Years in Wall Street, Henry Clews describes Charles F. Woerishoffer, another great bear, as one of the most aggressive men he ever knew. Though slightly built, and one who might, on the street, have been taken for a person of no importance, Woerishoffer was the most chronic and destructive bear of his time, and was often short a line of two hundred thousand shares. Originally a rampant bull, he became a furious and unrelenting bear. He lacked finesse, but by sheer open dash and persistence often carried his point, smashing and hammering right and left. He believed the new railroads of the country, some of which he had helped to build, would fail; and, though he was not always right, and lost large sums, he managed to leave something.

Several of Woerishoffer's associates made fortunes and retired in time to keep them. His best-known associate was Addison Cammack, to whom is credited the most famous bear saying that financial history records. He was walking one fine evening with a lady, who remarked that the moon was beautiful.

"Yes," agreed Cammack; "but it is too high!"

An Epistle to the Hens

APROPOS of the period of note writing that preceded the severing of our diplomatic relations with Germany, a gentleman occupying a very high national position at Washington is reliably reported to have been reminded of this story.

He said that two men resided on adjoining places in a suburban community in New Jersey. One was a lover of fine chickens; the other devoted his spare hours to flower raising, but was repeatedly annoyed by noting that the fowls from the place next door flew across the boundary fence and dug up his plants.

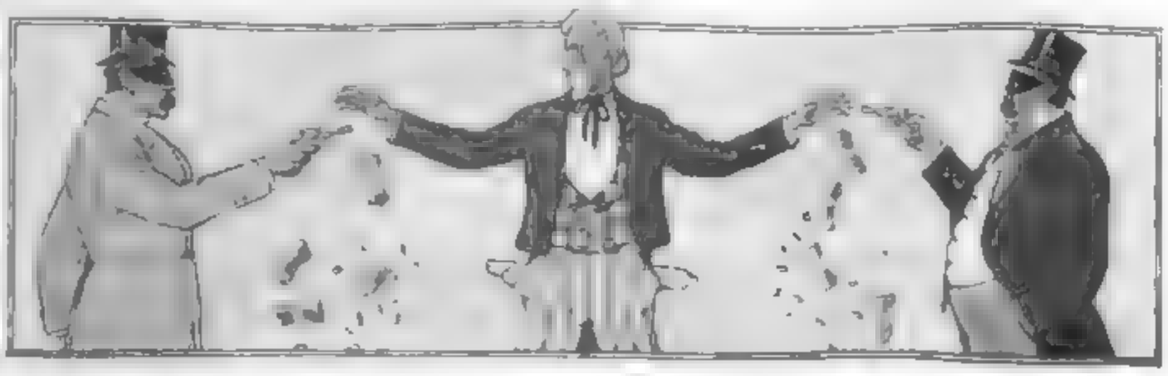
Finally he was moved to write a sharp letter to the chicken fancier, asking that in future the feathered trespassers be restrained from their predatory operations. Two days later, on his return one evening from business, he found his pansy beds in a wrecked state and his prize peonies scratched up. Afire with indignation, he marched to his neighbor's house and rang the doorbell. When the other man answered the ring he said to him:

"Look here, Blank; why don't you make your hens leave my flowers alone?"

"Have those hens been over on your property to-day?" asked Blank in a surprised voice.

"They certainly have!"

"Well, that surely is curious!" said the seemingly perplexed Blank. "Because just as soon as I got your letter I took it out to the henhouse and read it to those chickens. If they get into your garden any more I shall certainly read it to them again."



Trustworthy

WHEREVER conditions are not only hard, but changeable and uncertain, Firestone Tire Service is the satisfying answer. Like the faithful "Ship of the Desert," Firestone Tires blaze the way with sure traction and reserve endurance.

Over desert or mountain, boulevard or country road, your car should have the resiliency supported by the ingrained strength of Firestone Non-Skid Tires.

Rubber, fabric and Firestone genius in putting them together, enable these tires to render more than the usual in service.

Firestone reliability as a world-wide factor in travel has increased demand to a volume of 18,000 tires a day. Because of this volume, added to efficiency methods of making and selling, Firestone quality can be produced at lower cost.

You get the benefit in average price and the final saving of Most Miles per Dollar. Your dealer and his nearby Firestone branch unite to serve you promptly and economically.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone

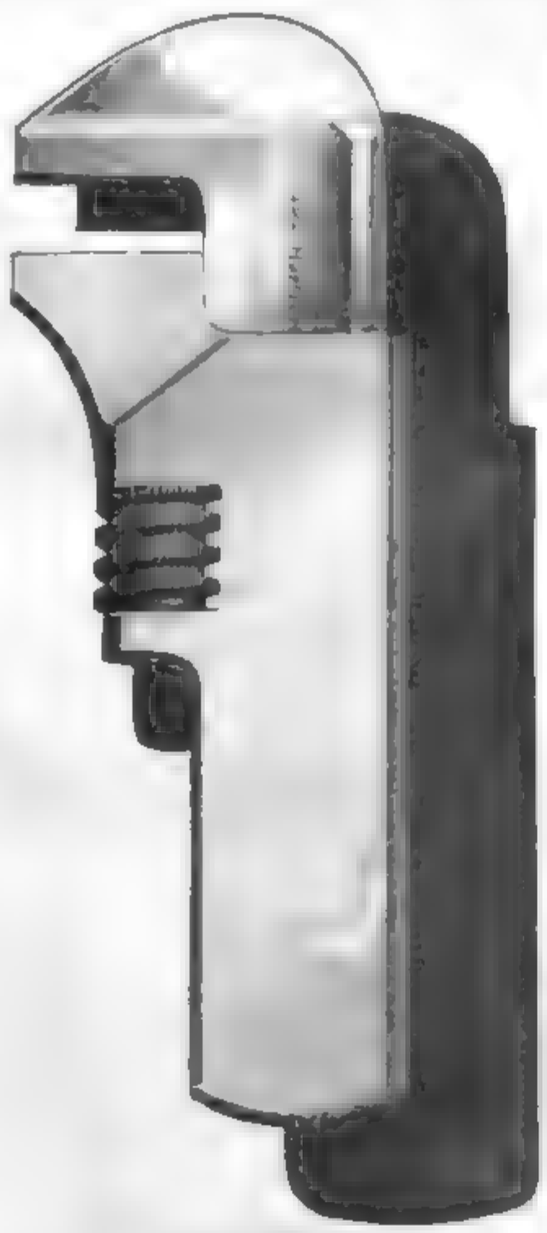
The Famous 97 "Ten Million Strong"

THE hardest working wrench in the world. One of the most popular representatives of the widely used line of triangle trademarked dropforged tools. Every year hundreds of thousands of them go out into the world to lead useful and busy lives.

NO less than ten millions of 97's have been put into service—one to every two families in the United States. On automobiles, motorcycles, bicycles, motorboats, in the home and factory, in fact wherever an efficient, convenient, and quickly adjustable wrench is required the famous "Model 97" puts in an appearance.

THIS wrench, the work it does, the material and workmanship that is in it, is indicative of the whole line of triangle trademarked tools. And the same high standard of excellence characterizes triangle trademarked dropforged work of whatever nature from jewelry instruments to the locomotive parts.

THE "Model 97" can be found at hardware, machinery and motor accessory shops everywhere.



MODEL 97

Every wrench stamped with the Billings & Spencer Triangle trademark is unconditionally guaranteed.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO.
HARTFORD, CONN. U. S. A.

SAME OLD CIRCLE

(Concluded from Page 14)

world, people said. But he should have no leisure to regard its beauty; once the ship had docked, a grim, bitter search must engage him. French, Spanish—he spoke a little of each; Portuguese was to him an unknown tongue. No matter. In that city of strangers he must hunt high and low, up and down the broad streets—aye, even in the alleys; hunt until he found a position a job; a job paying good money too. It was a prospect to depress the strongest. It chilled him. But he must go through with it—there was no other way.

At six-thirty in the morning he stood at the rail of his ship. There was the circle of mountains; there was the tile-roofed city huddling at their feet. On the dock the white-coated *carregadores*—the high-priced luggage carriers of Rio—waited eagerly for victims.

Jimmy dashed through them to conquer the proud, haughty city of Rio.

All his tips were paid, and in his pockets there remained some forty-five cents of his money. In the smart Rua do Ouvidor he squandered half of this for coffee. It was wonderful coffee; and as he sat there at his table, watching the gay morning parade pass in the street, his spirits rose. By Gad, he would win out!

But that gay, heartless city had no need of Jimmy Blaine; and his spirits sank lower and lower as the day advanced and this fact was borne in upon him. In every hopeful-looking building in the town he sought, in three languages, the job that should rescue him; and in three languages, with varying degrees of politeness, he was told to be on his way. The sun beat down upon him; his head felt queer; and, as his hunger increased, the dazzling white sidewalks seemed about to rise up and smite him. It is permissible to pity him a little as he travels on and on, rebuffed and despised of men.

At five in the evening he walked the Beira Mar, that splendid boulevard by the sea, and knew that he had failed. Far below, on his right, the waves broke unceasingly against the stone wall; on his left, in the street, the bright motor cars of the wealthy made a continuous procession. It was a city of wealth, was Rio—but it held no wealth for him; a happy city, wherein he was more miserable than ever before in his life.

Weak, famished, broken in spirit, he went back to the ship to get his things—to remove them—where? To a police station, most likely! His mind went back to that office building in Manhattan, where he had succumbed to the madness and fallen.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" he muttered over and over again.

As he reached the deck of his ship a steward pointed him out, and a dapper little Spaniard came forward to meet him.

"You are Señor Blaine?" he inquired.

"Yes," murmured Jimmy.

"Of the firm of Hamby & Bart?"

"Yes," Jimmy repeated.

He was startled. Could Hamby & Bart reach down here—arrest him—make him pay for the thoughtless manner in which he had deserted them? That would be the last straw!

"I am here," said the Spaniard, "to interest you in a most important matter ——"

Then Jimmy's eyes failed him, and his senses reeled; for Billy Ryerson was tearing up the gangplank toward him, shouting as he came.

"Billy," said Jimmy faintly, "lend me ten dollars!"

"Sure!" agreed Billy; and then Jimmy knew indeed that he was mad. "You old idiot!" Ryerson was running on. "What did you take this ship for?—stops at all the one-horse towns. I left two days after you did and got here yesterday."

"I—I see you did!" Jimmy gasped.

"You upset 'em all, running off like that," went on Billy. "Bart was for firing you; but old Hamby had a funny fit. He said you were the kind of man that appealed to him. Didn't fuss round asking for particulars—just got the order and went ——"

"What order? Wait a minute——"

"So he decided to double the salary he promised you. You're going to get two hundred a month instead of one ——"

Pale, grim, determined, Jimmy laid hands on his friend.

"Hold on!" he commanded. He pointed to the Spaniard. "Before you say any more, send that man away. Send him away, I say!"

"Oh, yes—Señor Rosilla," replied Billy. "Mr. Blaine will see you at ten to-morrow morning at the Hotel Avenida."

"At ten to-morrow," repeated the Spaniard gravely and departed.

"He wants to rent you a suite of rooms in a big building on the Avenida Rio Branco," explained Ryerson. "I told him ——"

"Now see here!" broke in Jimmy. "Cut out this wild talk and listen to me. Three weeks ago I got tired of the same old circle just as Uncle Steve did. I ran away from Hamby & Bart. I left that damned buzzer ringing. I spent all my money for this trip, and here I am, broke, down and out, and engaged to the finest girl in the world! What is this lingo you are talking?"

Billy stared at him. Then he began to laugh—unbelievingly at first; then wildly.

"Jimmy," he gurgled, "don't tell me you didn't know? Don't tell me you didn't come down here because you got a pale-blue memorandum from Henry J. ——"

"I got a memorandum," replied Jimmy—"pale blue. I didn't read it. I tore it up."

Billy Ryerson held out his arms toward the mountains, imploring them to share his mirth.

"You didn't read it?" he chortled.

"Not a word!"

Ryerson sat down weakly on a deck chair.

"Never," he said, "so long as you live, tell that to another soul! Do you know what was in that memorandum? I do. It was word from Henry J. Hamby that he was going after the South American business and that because of your faithful services he had appointed you manager here at Rio de Janeiro, at a salary of a hundred a month, with me for your assistant. That, and something about not asking questions, but just get busy and deliver the goods. Of course, as I said, the salary has been doubled, because you're the kind of man Henry wants down here—oh, mamma!—the message-to-Garcia boy who takes the next boat and doesn't fool round waiting for details—just leaves them to his assistant—that's me! Yes, sir; old Hamby doubled your salary the minute Griggs told him you had just rolled out to Rio."

Jimmy Blaine leaned against the rail and giggled.

"Billy," he said, "I'm all weak and worn out. I've been crazy for three weeks, and I'm a little hungry too."

"You're to draw on the English bank for all the money you need ——"

"I suppose so, Santa Claus; I suppose so. But what I wanted to say was, Will you excuse me if I get a bit hysterical? Two hundred a month, you said?"

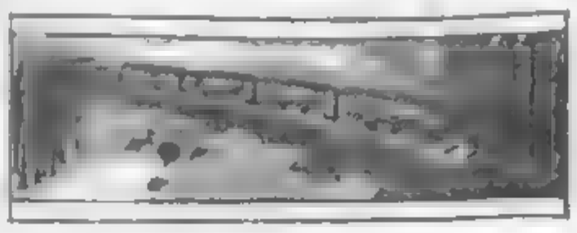
"Exactly! Big opportunity down here too. Hamby says he expects this office to become an important cog in the machine ——" Billy paused. A new thought amused him. "Same old circle!" he cried. "By Gad, you're back to it again—office, boarding house; boarding house, office. And believe me when I tell you these South American boarding houses ——"

"Boarding house nothing!" put in Jimmy. "I'm going to be married. And as for the same old circle—God bless it! It has saved my life. Look—coming there, across the dock! The finest girl in the world! Ever hear of Galesburg, Illinois? No? Well, take off your hat to it. It produced her!"

Julie was on the gangplank now, and Billy Ryerson's eyes widened as he looked.

"I don't blame you," he said. "She's worth it. You certainly are the lucky boy! Oh—by the way—I meant to tell you—I saw Uncle Steve yesterday."

"Uncle Steve?" Jimmy's eyes, still on the girl, sparkled. "Bless him! Is he down here? Good old boy! He sent me on this wild adventure—he and his pathetic 'same old circle'—always-going-round-never-getting-anywhere stuff. What's he doing?"



Billy grinned. "They've got a sort of county fair back of town," he said; "and Uncle Steve—he's—well, he's got charge of the merry-go-round! Introduce me."

Alexander of Beltdom

His Mark, And Its Meaning

BELTS differ widely in efficiency as much as 50 per cent—while a difference of 5 per cent, or even less, may mean a fortune in factory production.

That is why Alexander has spent—and is now spending—great sums for laboratory research.

To compare tannages and invent formulas, to minimize stretch and abolish pulley slippage, to attain balance and multiply mileage, and, in the end, to give top transmission at lowest net cost per horsepower.

So comes this super-belt that has won the lead in the service of America's many master mills, and stands alone today on this peak of efficiency. The belt that binds down over the crown of a pulley and grips both rims with a live power pull.

The famous Tight-Line Belt that abolishes pulley slippage—the wanton waste of power—the major cause of damage to belts.

The belt of perfect balance by micrometer measurements; the belt of utmost mileage by metered tests.

Depend on Alexander Tight-Line—the Rim-Grip Leather Belt—for the mighty tendon to pull your main power load or the last slender sinew to whirl a clock-size wheel.

Let him turn your wastes into winnings.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA

Makers of Leather Belting, Sole Leather and Leather Specialties. Branches: New York, Atlanta and Chicago. Alexander Distributors in All Principal Cities of the United States and throughout the World.

C. G. S. B. Co., 1917

Five Great Navies Have Endorsed Gould Batteries

There's a Gould for Your Car—

that you can rely on, not merely because it is made by builders of batteries for battleships and submarines, but because **reliability** is a generation-old characteristic of Gould Batteries.

Any expert will tell you that the prime essential of battery-strength is plate-strength. Gould Starting-Lighting Batteries possess a dominant fundamental advantage in Gould Super-Hard Plates, perfected nearly ten years ago and still unmatched for durability and long-sustained capacity. Softer plates (utilizing ordinary soft active material) deteriorate far quicker from dislodgment of the active material through overcharge or hard service and are more susceptible to damage from shock. To the ruggedness of its plates, the Gould Starting-Lighting Battery owes its wide reputation for *in-built quality*, although every detail of construction reflects the same standard. Gould Batteries deliver maximum service *on the car* and require least care. When needed, competent service is available at more than 1,000 Gould Service Stations.

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Over 1000 Gould Service Stations
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Service Stations and Supply Depots practically Everywhere

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

THE FORTUNE MAKER

(Continued from Page 25)

It was, of course, a dream of empire. He meant to dominate the automobile industry—pretty nearly pitting himself against the field, as he had said. The stake was enormous if he should win it; and there was his tremendous success in all he had undertaken so far. That a man of his force and daring might dominate the industry in twenty years seemed within the bounds of probability; but to go at it in this way, in one superb charge, head on ——

Well, the more Walter studied over it, the more heavy-hearted he grew. He took it up at once with Sandy McGregor, whose judgment he valued highly. Sandy listened, his eyes growing wide with amazement behind his big, round spectacles, jerking savagely at his bushy beard. When he got it all he thrust his pudgy arms into the air, all his fat fingers extended.

"God bless us, the man's mad!" he exclaimed. "Mad as a March hare! Why, a child would know better!"

Then excitedly gesticulating, thumping the desk, his voice rising, he attacked the plan. The Pendleton plant was a mere junk heap. They'd have to remake the Star cars from the ground up. The plants were so scattered they couldn't run them properly. He brought up objection after objection, growing more vehement all the time. John hadn't directly asked Sandy's opinion, but he got it all the same at the very first opportunity—copiously, vehemently.

Sandy planted his squat, burly figure in front of the president's desk, his eyes snapping and his very whiskers bristling with opposition. That was the trouble with Sandy. He flattered nobody in the least. Invariably his true opinion came out flat and uncompromising, with a burr and a tang. He'd as lief tell John as anybody else that he considered a proposal foolish. That was mainly the reason why Sandy had declined in relative weight in the Sarum Motor Company and Callahan really overshadowed him. Still, Sandy was a vice president and director.

There were seven directors in all—John, Walter Hayes, Sandy McGregor, Callahan, Frank Detweiler, president of the First National Bank, Abram Wollenstein, of Chicago, and Sercombe, the company's counsel. When the company was organized Detweiler and Wollenstein were elected to the board to represent the creditors who had taken preferred stock in the new concern for their claims against the old Sarum Wagon Company.

That old creditor interest was now but an inconsequential fraction in the company's affairs, but Detweiler and Wollenstein remained on the board because they were excellent business men, whose names looked as well on the roster as anybody else's would. Both of them, in fact, had for some years been buying common stock whenever they could get hold of it, and now held considerable amounts; but practically John was autocrat of the company.

Walter Hayes talked the new scheme over with Detweiler too. The banker was then near sixty—a lank, thin-faced man, with a ridiculously big mustache, a long chin that receded a bit, and a narrow forehead that sloped under a shock of gray hair; in fact, he appeared to be mostly hair, mustache and spectacles. Listening, with his thin legs crossed and generally slipped so far down in the chair that he sat on the small of his back, he had a way of poking his mustache with a pencil and varying that by putting the pencil in his mouth like a bit, slowly wagging his uplifted foot. He spoke in a grating bass voice that sounded as though his vocal machinery needed oiling.

He sat upright in the chair when he had heard the details of John's plan and tapped the arm of it with his fist, the pencil held upright in the fist like a miniature sword.

"It won't do, Walter!" he said. "It won't do! I'm going to fight it. You know I've been thinking this automobile business over pretty carefully for quite a spell. John Turner's a big man—say he's a genius, if you like—but he's lost his head. He's been doing things lately that shouldn't have been done. He takes too big risks. There's no sense in it when he's got such a business as that. Why, John came here, you know, with a shoestring. All he had was a collar button and his nerve—and ability; I grant you the ability, as much ability as you like.

"Well, when a man's playing on a shoestring he's got to take tremendous risks. That's his game. He took 'em—and he won. Very well! Let's take off our hats to him for it. But he's now got a company that's doing a business of forty million dollars a year. It's making a profit of near six millions, net. That's no shoestring. John wants to play that just as he did the shoestring—toss it all on the table; take a five-to-one chance.

"It won't do! John's lost his head! He needs a jolt for his own good. I'm going to talk to him. He's got too autocratic of late, all round. He's got so he don't think anybody knows anything that he need consider. Between you and me, Walter"—he dropped his voice confidentially—"John's got his head terribly swelled. I'll get hold of Wollenstein too. I know Wollenstein feels as I do about it."

All this might have worked out amicably if John had been a little more patient. He might have won over the opposition if he had taken a little time and exerted himself. He usually won anybody over when he tried. But he was impatient. He knew he had made the company and that nobody in his senses doubted it. Virtually from the beginning he had run it as an autocrat. The autocratic habit was ingrained in his mind by this time. The very day of Walter Hayes' talk with Frank Detweiler, John sent out a notice calling a formal meeting of the Board of Directors for the following day.

Of course that bold attack was disconcerting, but Detweiler got Wollenstein by long-distance telephone; so he took the night train for Sarum.

It was almost the unhappiest day of Walter Hayes' life. He felt right down to his shoes that John was making a huge mistake; yet to oppose him by a point-blank No! seemed fairly impossible. It seemed treacherous, disloyal, base ingratitude. Probably it would be finer and sweeter just to let him toss the company on the green table and lose it, if that was to be the issue, and walk out with empty hands and a clean heart. But who knew, after all, that he would lose? Hadn't he won other gambles that looked even more desperate?

The directors met in the president's office, taking chairs just as they came handy. John, of course, sat behind the handsome desk. Great moon-faced Callahan happened to sit at the right of the desk. Dapper, nervous little Sercombe, the lawyer, sat just beyond him. Young Arthur Weeks sat at the left end of the desk to act as secretary. He and Sercombe really counted for little. Both would follow John's lead.

Walter Hayes, heavy-hearted; Sandy McGregor, puffing a little from having run up the stairs, and bristling with indignation through his spectacles and whiskers; lean Frank Detweiler, with his legs crossed as usual, and worrying his mustache; and Abram Wollenstein, who had been with Detweiler all the forenoon—these four sat in an irregular semicircle before the desk. Wollenstein, smooth-shaved, swarthy, alert, had stepped up and shaken hands with John, smiling brilliantly.

John said quietly:

"The meeting will come to order! I suppose you all know what we're here for—to act on a plan of consolidation with six other automobile concerns." He explained the details of the plan briefly. Then, his dark eyes ranging along the semicircle, he added quietly: "I have gone over this thing with the best judgment at my command and I am satisfied it is a good thing for the company to do. I want it done. Mr. Sercombe has prepared some resolutions in proper legal form. The secretary will read the first of them."

Obviously, then, he proposed to crack the thing through and be done with it.

Arthur Weeks took up a couple of typewritten sheets and read through their legal whereases and wherefores and be-it-resolveds. The moment he ceased Callahan said:

"I move the resolution be adopted."

But Sandy McGregor bobbed up on his stocky legs and burred out:

"I've got a word or two to say to that, Mr. Chairman."

Callahan, looking him in the eye, retorted:

"Let's vote first and spout about it afterward, Sandy."

John looked round at Callahan, his lips parting in an appreciative smile.

"That strikes me as a pretty good idea, Pat. Let's vote first and I'll promise

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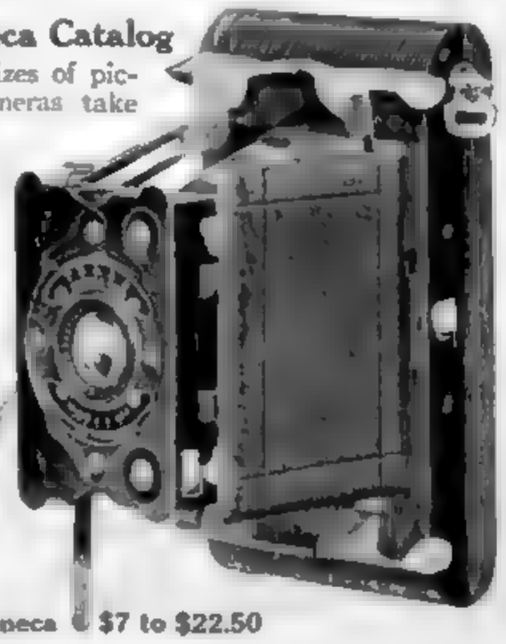

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'Ever-Ready' outfit in all its twelve-bladed completeness is sold everywhere at one dollar. It earns its cost every week. It is the best, cleanest, quickest "barber" in town. It is built to last a lifetime.

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AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sandy the room to talk in all the afternoon if he likes. I've got an engagement at three."

Callahan grinned broadly. Mysteriously, perhaps, it was just that touch which decided Walter Hayes—it was so raw, so needlessly ruthless, so discourteous, not only to Sandy but to Detweiler and Wollenstein. As though a veil had dropped away, it came to him that John had really lost his head.

Frank Detweiler spoke up hotly:

"Then I vote No!"

"No!" said Wollenstein with his imperturbable little smile.

"Well, No, then!" roared Sandy McGregor.

"I shall vote No, John," said Walter Hayes simply.

He had never felt greater affection for the man or truer loyalty to him.

Well, there it was—plump! Four votes out of the seven. Frank Detweiler, speaking up in exasperation, had rather supposed they would talk it over—argue about some modification of the plan, in some way thresh it out and get together. But it came to those who had voted that the thing was done—and to John Turner it came like a staggering blow in the face. He looked down at the desk and said:

"I vote Aye!"

"Aye!" said Sercombe.

"Aye!" repeated big Callahan, hardly understanding what had happened.

So the vote was fully cast and the record made up. There was an embarrassed little pause. Stinging and tingling all through, John broke it by saying in a low, even voice:

"I believe there is no further business before the board. We may as well adjourn."

Everybody was reluctant to make the motion, but finally Sercombe made it. Nobody bothered to vote on it; but John said:

"The meeting is adjourned."

It was a hard situation for everybody. Every one of the majority really wanted to talk, to explain, to argue. Yet everybody felt that talk was futile. The thing had been done. Having knocked the king off his throne with a clout over the head—on what seemed compulsive grounds—what could loyalty do but just retire from the outraged presence as quickly as possible? Frank Detweiler stood up, looking very grim, and began putting on his coat. The four filed out. Only Wollenstein turned, with a smile as bland as that he had worn on entering, and said:

"Good-by, Mr. Turner."

John nodded to him, with smoldering eyes. A few minutes later John himself left the office. For any man, but especially for a man like him, the situation was painful enough. In talking with Blank & Company he had virtually committed the company to the scheme. He had to notify them now that it was abandoned. It was grueling to his pride, but the fact is, that bucket of ice water dashed over his head sobered him. He became more conservative.

No doubt the medicine, however bitter, was really good for him. It may have been the saving of him financially. That was Walter Hayes' firm belief. He thought he had never been more loyal to John. But John's pride, by then, was a formidable thing. He never forgave Walter Hayes the wound to it. The old intimate relationship never revived.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

I HAD A FRIEND

By Edmund Vance Cooke

I HAD a friend.
And he had a mine.
It was full of ore and its grade was fine.
He could show, by the map, a deposit of ore,
Which made it as safe as running a store
Or a factory plant. All there was to do
Was to put up a mill and run it through.
The assay plainly proved that the ore would run
Some several dollars to every ton.
If I wanted to win, here was "one safe bet."
So I put in my pile—and it's in there yet!
Oh, well, every golden dream must end,
And some dreams are short.
But I had a friend.

I had a friend.
He dabbled in oil,
And lived like the lilies, unstained by toil.
I liked the chap, and because of the like
He let me in on a coming strike.
The well was down seven thousand feet;
"They" had suffered the burden and the heat
Of the working day; and, likely as not,
They'd be millionaires soon as the thing was shot.
They needed no money, but maybe could use
My little investment while waiting the news.
So I put in my pile; but the oil they got
Could be carried away in a watering pot.
Well, who can tell what the gods may send
When you bore for oil?
But I had a friend.

I had a friend.
He was straight as a string:
His conscience pricked at the slightest thing.
He was former Sec. of the Uptown "Y,"
But now he was flourishing, living high,
And letting his friends in on a deal
To float a new make of automobile,
Which had one H. Ford so badly scared
He was buying in, so's to be prepared.
Well, the stock certificates looked first-rate,
With a round gold seal and a notary's date.
So I bought this nonassessable stock,
Which was "good as the wheat" and "firm as a rock";
But on which no bank would borrow or lend.
And I have it yet.
And I had a friend.

I had a friend.
He was up-to-date,
And he handled nothing but real estate.
For, after all's said—you'll admit it's sound—
All wealth comes out of the good old ground.
So he had a Syndicate, duly planned,
To absorb the "unearned inc." of land,
And unless the Astors got in right quick
He could prove their decline by arithmetic.
Did I want to get into the game before
All the space was gone on the basement floor?
Now I do not say it was his intent
To absorb my coin with the "increment";
But I do observe that I miss my pile
And my friend still lives in a lordly style.
Well, let us endure what we cannot mend,
And be glad we're alive.
But I had a friend.

I had a friend
With an inside tip
As to how the market would rise or dip.
And the way to beat it, as any fool
Could see, was to form a friendly pool.
And of course I saw. And of course I was.
I never could quite find out the cause;
But just as soon as the pool was full
It was sucked bone-dry by a thirsty bull.
Nevermore for me till the bulls are penned
And the bears are chained.
But I had a friend.

I had a friend.
I could sing this song
In a dozen meters, short or long;
For every friend with a radiant dream,
Or a half-baked plan, or a too-ripe scheme,
Has brought it around to my humble house
As proud as a cat with a fresh-caught mouse.
And tho' every sense in my normal head
Has plainly proclaimed that the mouse was dead,
Yet I always saw, at my friend's request,
That mousey was taking a little rest;
After which he "would cause some folks surprise"
By growing at once to an elephant's size.
But never a friend, by any chance,
Ever brought me one of his elephants!
Yes; I might hit it yet, could I only defend
Myself from the fact—That I had a friend.

Accidents will happen!

Get window shades made to resist them

If window shades were put to nothing more severe than the mere handling of daily usage, almost any shade would give you reasonable service. But accidents will happen. Violent strains, despite your careful guarding, are bound frequently to occur.

Then, most of all, you'll appreciate the *difference* between Brenlin Unfilled and the ordinary shade material—then you'll understand why this famous shade is the most economical you can buy.

Brenlin Unfilled—a different material

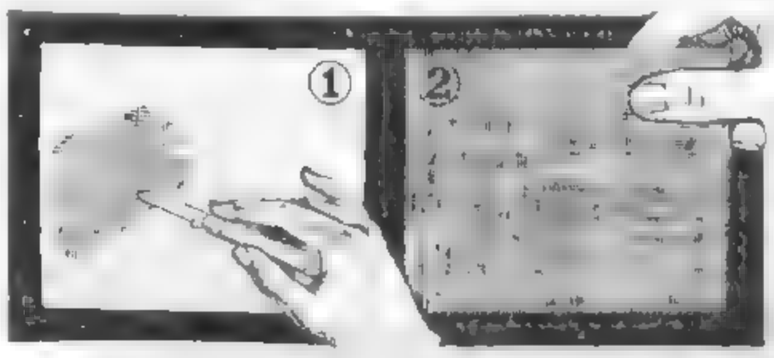
In making the ordinary shade material, a coarse muslin cloth is used for its base. To this cloth, before it is tinted, is applied a "filling" of chalk and clay. Note, in sample No. 1, how this "filling" loosens when lightly scraped with a knife.

You can easily imagine what happens when the shade is subjected to strain! The brittle "filling" loosens and falls out, leaving a "mess" of cracks and pinholes.

Now note sample No. 2 in the picture below—a Brenlin Unfilled Window Shade.

Note that its basic cloth is finer, stronger, more closely woven—*and that it contains not a particle of chalk, clay or any other filling*

Brenlin, as a result, is remarkably durable. It is fortified against strain, stubbornly resistant to the sudden attacks of sucking, snapping wind and to the constant stress of daily usage. The hottest sun cannot fade it, nor the inbeat of water spot it. It is supple, not stiff, yet cannot sag, bag or wrinkle.



To sum up, it gives two to three times the average wear—because from it has been eliminated that filling which is the greatest weakness of the ordinary shade

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town, ask for Brenlin Unfilled—*and get it*. It is perforated with this mark—BRENLIN—along the edge of every yard. Look closely for it when you buy and when your shades are hung. Brenlin is made in many rich, lustreless tones and in Brenlin DUPLEX, light on one side, dark on the other.

For windows of little importance Brenlin Filled offers the utmost shade value at its price.

Write for the Brenlin book today

It shows actual samples of Brenlin UNFILLED Shades in all colors and gives many helpful suggestions for artistic window treatment. With it we will send you the name of the Brenlin dealer nearest you, or tell you how to order direct. CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2011 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Unfilled Grade of

Brenlin Window Shades

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THE PEERLESS Eighty Horsepower Eight is a car of "dual personality." It has two separate and distinct power ranges—each highly desirable for its particular purpose.

You can have tremendous power and abundant speed when and where you want it, without the excessive cost in operating the superpowerful car in ordinary driving.

These great advantages have never before been offered in combination. They have been available only in two cars of entirely different and opposite types.

The "Loafing" Range

In ordinary driving you get the velvet smoothness, the keen flexibility and the graceful, effortless performance you would naturally expect from a Peerless.

This is the "loafing" range for your every day requirements and your motor is operating on half rations consuming so little fuel as to put many lesser powered cars to shame—most sixes, even many fours.

The "Sporting" Range

But open the throttle a little wider to release the double poppets.

Now you have a brute of a car of utterly changed character.

With the "sporting" range in action she has the superpower and thundering speed to cope with any emergency, to contend with any of the other master cars of the day.

A ride at the wheel of a Peerless Eight will show you a wider range of performance than you have ever before found in any one car. Let the Peerless dealer explain the double power range to you. He will gladly demonstrate.

The Peerless Motor Car Co., *Cleveland, O.*

Peerless Eight

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"All that the name implies"

New Price List
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Sporting Roadster	*$2250*
Coupé	*$2750*
Sedan	*$2890*
Limousine	*$3590*

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland
Subject to change without notice

A KISS FOR KINDNESS

(Continued from Page 19)

arms of hers round his neck, with the gold bracelets on her wrists jinglin', and she bent down to him—she had to bend down, bein' a whole head taller than whut he was—and she kissed him on the lips; not a sweetheartin' kiss, but the way his own mother might 'a' kissed him good-by, ef he'd had a mother and she'd been there.

"Some few started in to laugh, but stopped off short; and some started to cheer, but didn't do that, neither. We-all jest stood and watched them two. Herman's face turn't ez red ez blood; and he looked up at her sideways and started to smile that funny little smile of hisn—he had one front tooth missin', and that made it funnier still. But then his face got serious, and frum clear halfway acrost the hall I could see his eyes were wet. He backed off frum her and bowed purty near to the ground before her. And frum the way he done it I knowed he was somethin' more than jest a little, strange Jew peddler in a strange land. You have to have the makin's of a gentleman in you to bow like that. You mout learn it in time, with diligent practice, but it comes a sight easier ef you're born with it in you."

From his flat flask the old Judge toned up the contents of their julep cups. Then, with pauses, during which he took delicate but prolonged sips, he spoke on in the rambling, contemplative fashion that was as much a part of him as his trick of ungrammatical speech or his high bald forehead was, or his wagging white chin-beard:

"Well, purty soon after that we were all down yonder at old Camp Boone, and chiefly engaged, in our leisure hours—which we had blamed few leisure hours, at that—in figurin' out the difference between talkin' about soldierin' and braggin' about it, and actually doin' of it. There wasn't no more dancin' of quadrilles with purty girls then. We done our grand right-and-left with knapsacks on our backs and blisters on our feet. Many and many a feller that had signed up to be a hero made the distressin' discovery that he'd really j'ined on to do day labor fur mighty small pay in paper money, and monstrous slim pickin's in the way of vittles. Whut with drillin', and foragin' round fur enough to eat, and gittin' seasoned, and fallin' sick and gittin' well ag'in, and learnin' how to use our guns—such of us ez had 'em, because there wasn't more'n half enough muskets to go round and we used to have to take turns usin' 'em—we kept real busy fur about sixteen to eighteen hours a day, includin' week days and Sundays.

"All this time little old Herman was doin' his share like a major. Long before he could make out the words of command, he'd picked up the manual of arms, jest frum watchin' the others in the same awkward squad with him. He was peart enough that-a-way. Where he was slow was learnin' how to talk so ez you could make out whut he was aimin' to say. It seemed like that was the only slow thing about him.

"Natchelly the boys poked a heap of fun at him. They kept prankin' with him constantly. But he taken it all in good part and grinned back at 'em, and never seemed to lose his holt on his temper. You jest couldn't help likin' him—only he did cut such funny monkeyshines with the Queen's English when he tried to talk!

"Because he was so good-natured, some of the boys took it into their heads, I reckin, that he didn't have no real grit; or mebbe they thought he wasn't spunky because he was a Jew. That's a delusion which a good many suffer frum that don't know his race.

"I remember one night, about three weeks or a month after we went into camp, Herman was put on post. The sergeant mighty near lost his mind, and did lose his disposition, drillin' the countersign and the password into Herman's skull. So a couple of boys out of the Calloway County company—they called themselves the Blood River Tigers, and were a purty wild and devilish lot of young colts ginerally—they took it into their heads that after it got good and dark they'd slip down to the lines and sneak up on Herman, unbeknownst to him, and give him a good skeer, and mebbe take his piece away from him—sort of play hoss with him, ginerally. So, 'long about 'leven o'clock they set out to do so."

He paused and looked at Doctor Lake, grinning. I couldn't hold in.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, nothin' much," said Judge Priest—"exceptin' that presently there was a loud report and consider'ble many loud cries; and when the corporal of the guard got there with a squad, one of them Calloway County boys was layin' on the ground with a hole through his right shoulder, and the other was layin' alongside of him right smartly clubbed up with the butt end of a rifle. And Herman was standin' over 'em, jabberin' in German—he'd forgot whut little English he knowed. But you could tell frum the way he carried on that he was jest double-dog darin' 'em to move an inch. I don't believe in my whole life I ever seen two fellers that looked so out of the notion of playin' practical jokes as them two Blood River Tigers did. They were plumb sick of Herman, too—you could tell that frum a mere glance at 'em ez we toted 'em in and sent for the surgeon to patch 'em up.

"So, after that, the desire to prank with Private Felsburg when he was on duty sort of languished away. Then, when Herman took down sick with camp measles, and laid there day after day in the hosspital tent under an old ragged bedquilt, mighty sick, but never complainin'—only jest grinnin' his gratitude when anybody done a kind turn fur him—we knowed he was gritty in more ways than one. And there wasn't a man in Company B but whut would have fit any feller that ever tried ag'in to impose on him.

"He was sick a good while. He was up and round ag'in, though, in time to do his sheer in the first fight we were in—which was at Belmont, over acrost the Mississippi River frum Columbus—in the fall o' that year. I seem to recall that, ez we went into action and got into fire, a strange pair of laigs took to tremblin' mightily inside the pair of pants I was wearin' at the time; and most of my vital organs moved up into my throat and interfered some with my breathin'.

"In fact I made a number of very interestin' discoveries in the openin' stages of that there fight. One was that I wasn't never goin' to be entirely reconciled to the idea of bein' killed on the field of battle; and another was that, though I loved my native land and would die fur her if necessary—only hopin' it wouldn't be necessary to go so fur ez all that—still, if I lived to git out of this particular war I wasn't goin' to love another native land ez long ez I lived."

"Shucks, William!" snorted Doctor Lake. "Try that on somebody else, but don't try to come such stuff on me. Why, I was right alongside of you when we went into that charge, and you never faltered!"

"Lew," stated Judge Priest, "you might ez well know the truth. I've been waitin' fur nearly forty years to make this confession. The fact of the matter was, I was so skeered I didn't dare to stop goin' ahead. I knowed ef ever I did slow up, and give myself a chance to think, I'd never quit runnin' the other way until I was out in the Gulf of Mexico, swimmin'.

"And yit another thing I found out that day was that the feller back home who told me one Southerner could whip five Yankees, single-handed, made a triflin' error in his calculations; or else the Yankees he had in mind when he uttered the said remark was a different breed frum the bunch we tackled that day in the backskirts of the thrivin' little community of Belmont, Missoury. But the most important thing of all the things I discovered was about Herman Felsburg—only that come later.

"In the early stages of that little battle the Federals sort of shoved us back a few pegs; but about three o'clock in the evenin' the tide swung the other way, and shortly thereafter their commandin' general remembered some pressin' business back in Cairo, Illinois, that needed attendin' to right away, and he started back there to do so, takin' whut was left of his army along with him. So we claimed it ez a victory for us, which it was.

"Along toward dusk, when the fightin' had died down, our company was layin' alongside a country road jest outside the town, purty well tuckered out, and cut up some. We were all tellin' each other how brave we'd been, when along down the road toward us come a file of prisoners, under guard, lookin' mighty forlorn and low-sperrited. They was the first prisoners any of us had ever seen; so we jumped up from where we was stretched out and crowded up round 'em, pokin' fun at 'em. The guards halted 'em to let 'em rest and we had a good chance to exchange the compliments

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[illegible] the words of the song on them, and will be found de[illegible]			*Hong Kong	(No. 146)	Price .75
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Arrogant cigars I've smoked in my time—bluff, blustery fellows, all puffed up with the pride of sheer black strength. But they twitched at my nerves and brought me wakeful hours through the night.

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And now, from this cigar case I offer you the answer to all my smoking problems. ROBERT BURNS—ROBERT BURNS, mild and friendly the day and evening through, yet made with a gentle tang of ripe Havana.

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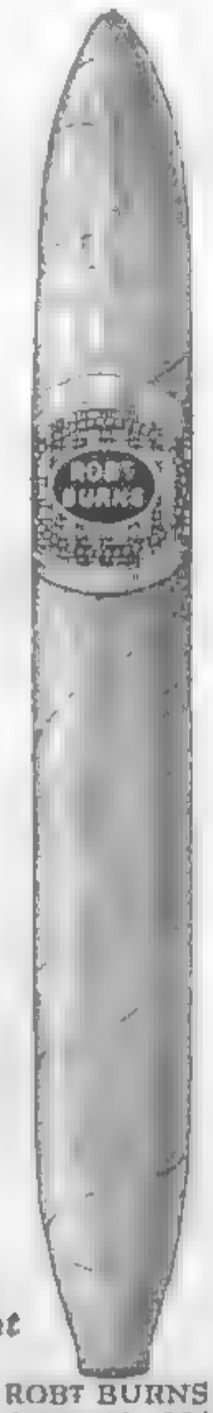

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of the season with 'em. Right in the front rank of the blue-bellies was one big furreign-lookin' feller, with no hat on, and a head of light yaller hair. He ripped out somethin' in German—a cuss word, I take it. Doubtless he was tellin' us to go plumb to hell. Well, suh, at that, Herman jumped like he'd been stung by one of these here yaller jackets. I reckin he was homesick, anyway, fur the sound of his own language.

"He walks over and begun jabberin' in the Dutch with the big sandy-haired Yank, and the Yank jabbered back; and they talked together mighty industrious until the prisoners moved on—about fifteen minutes, I should say, offhanded. And ez we went back to lay down ag'in I took notice that Herman had the funniest look on his face that ever I seen on almost any human face. And he kept scratchin' his head, like there was somethin' on his mind, troublin' him, that he jest simply couldn't make out noway. But he didn't say nothin' to nobody then—jest kept on scratchin' and studyin'.

"In fact, he held in till nearly ten o'clock that night. We made camp right there on the edge of the battleground. I was fixin' to turn in when Herman got up frum where he'd been squattin', over by a log fire, lookin' in the flames; and he come over to me and teched me on the shoulder.

"'Pilly Briest,' he says in that curious way of hisn, 'I should like to speak mit you. Please, you gecomin' mit me.'

"So I got up and follered him. He led me off into a little thicket-like and we set down side by side on a log, same ez we three are settin' here now. There was a full moon that night, ridin' high, and no clouds in the sky; and even there in the shadders everythin' was purty nigh ez bright ez day.

"'Well, old hoss,' I says, 'whut seems to be on your mind?'

"I ain't goin' to try very hard to imitate his accent—you-all kin imagine it fur yourselves. And he says to me he's feared he's made a big mistake.

"'Whut kind of a mistake?' I says.

"'Ven I j'ined dis army,' he says—or words to that effect.

"'How come?' I says.

"And then he starts in to tell me, talkin' ez fast ez his tongue kin wag, and makin' gestures with both his hands, like a boy tryin' to learn to swim dog-fashion. And after a little, by piecin' together ez much of his talk ez I kin ketch, I begin to make out whut he's drivin' at; and the shock is so great I come mighty near fallin' right smack off that log backward.

"Here's the way the thing stands with him: That night at the old market house, when the company is bein' formed, he happens along and sees a crowd, and drops in to hear whut's afoot. Presently he makes out that there's a war startin' up ag'inst somebody or other, and, sence he's made up his mind he's goin' to live in America always and make it his country, he decides it's his bounden duty to fight fur his country. So he jest up and signs, along with the rest of us.

"Of course from that time on he hears a lot of talk about the Yankee invader and the Northern vandal; but he figgers it that the enemy comes frum somewhere 'way up North—Canada or Greenland, or the Arctic regions, or the North Pole, or some of them other furreign districts up in that general vicinity. And not for a minute—not till he talked with the big Dutch prisoner that day—had it ever dawned on him for a single minute that a Yankee mout possibly be an American, too.

"When he stops I sets and looks at him a minute, takin' it all in; and he looks back. Finally I says:

"'And so you went and enlisted, thinkin' you was goin' to fight fur the United States of America, and you're jest findin' out now that all these weeks you've been organizin' yourself to fight ag'inst her? Is that it?'

"And he says, 'Yes, that's it.' And I says: 'Well, I wisht I might be dam'!' And he says, well, he wishes he might be dam' too, or in substance expresses seeh a sentiment. And fur another spell we two merely continues to set there lookin' one another in the face.

"After a little I asta him whut he's aimin' to do about it; and he says he ain't decided yit in his own mind. And then I says:

"'Well, Herman, it's purty tough on you, anyway you take it. I don't rightly know all the rules o' this here war business yit, myself; but I reckin ef it was made clear to the higher authorities that you was sort of drug into this affair under false pretenses, ez it were, why, mebbe they mout muster you out and give you an honorable discharge—providin', of course, you pledged yourself not to take up arms fur the other side, which, in a way of speakin', would make you a deserter. We-all know you ain't no coward, and we'll all testify to it ef our testimony is needed. I reckon the rest of the boys'll understand your position in the matter; in fact, I'll undertake to make 'em understand.'

"He asts me then: 'Whut iss false pretenses?' And I explains to him the best I kin; and he thinks that p'int over fur a minute or two. Then he looks up at me sideways frum under the brim of his cap, and I kin see by the moonlight he's blushin' ez red ez a beet, and grinnin' that shy little snaggle-teethed grin of hisn.

"'Pilly,' he says, 'mebbe so you remember dot young lady vot put her arms round me dot night—de von vot gif to me a kiss fur kindness? She iss on de Deexie side—yes?—no?'

"And I says to him: 'You kin bet your sweet life she is!'

"'All right!' he says. 'I am much lonesome dot night—and she kiss me! All right, den. I fights fur her! I sticks mit Deexie!' And when he says that he makes a salute, and I notice he's quit grinnin'."

"And did he stick?" I asked.

Before he answered, the old Judge drained his tin cup to the bottom.

"Did he stick? Huh! Four long hard bitter years he stuck—that's all! Boy, you mout not think it, to see old Herman waddlin' acrost that Oak Hall Clothin' Store to sell some young buck from the country a pair of twenty-five-cent galluses or a celluloid collar; but I'm here to tell you he's one of the stickin'est white men that ever drawed the breath of life. Lew Lake, here, will tell you the same thing. Mebbe it's because he is such a good sticker that he's one of the wealthiest men in this county to-day. I only wisht I had to spend on sweetenin' drams whut he lays by every year. But I don't begrudge it to him."

Through the grove ran an especially loud outburst of cheering, and on top of it we heard the scuffling of many yeomen feet. Judge Priest slid off the log and stood up and stretched his pudgy legs.

"That must mean the speakin's over and the rally's breakin' up," he said. "Come along, son, and ride on back to town with us in my old buggy. I reckin there's room fur you to scrouge in between me and Doctor Lake, ef you'll make yourself small."

The October sun, slanting low, made long stippled lanes between the tree trunks, so that we waded waist-deep in a golden haze as we made for the place where Judge Priest's Mittie May was tethered to a sapling. Even as the old white mare recognized her master from afar, and whinnied a greeting to him, I was moved to ask another question. To me that tale stood uncompleted:

"Judge, what ever became of that young lady who kissed him that night at the Richland House?"

"Oh, her? She died a long, long time ago—before you was born. Her folks lost their money on account of the war, and she married a feller that wasn't much account; they moved out to Arkansaw and the marriage turned out bad, and she died when her first baby was born. There ain't none of her family livin' here now—they've purty much all died out too. But they shipped her body back here, and she's buried out in Ellum Grove Cemetery, in the old Machen lot.

"Some of these days, when you are out there in the cemetery foolin' round, with nothin' much else to do, you look for her grave—you kin find it. Bein' a Christian woman, she had a Christian burial and she's restin' in a Christian buryin' ground; but, in strict confidence, I'll tell you this much more while we're on the subject: It wasn't no Christian that privately paid the bill fur the tombstone that marks the place where she's sleepin'. I wonder ef you could figger out who it was that did pay fur it? I'll give you two guesses.

"And say, listen, sonny: your first guess will be the right one."

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The workmen are getting the most from their efforts. They are efficient.

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This factory owner is only one of the 4,000 successful factory owners and managers today who have been convinced of the necessity and economy of using Rice's "Barreled Sunlight" on the ceilings and walls of their factories.

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"Barreled Sunlight" has come as the result of the evolution of interior finish for industrial plants. Our exclusive process of treating the vehicle which carries the pigment prevents the yellowing and flaking that make ordinary paints so bad an investment. "Barreled Sunlight" doesn't yellow like its imitations, and saves money on repainting. By the "Rice Method Specification," it can be applied over any new or old interior surface.

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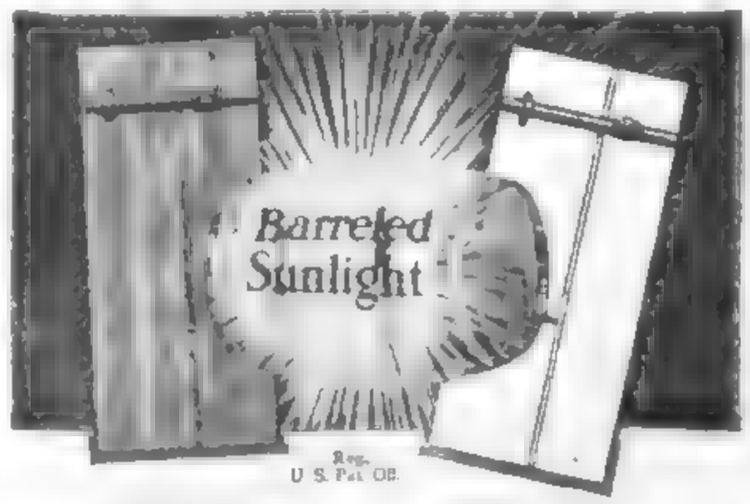

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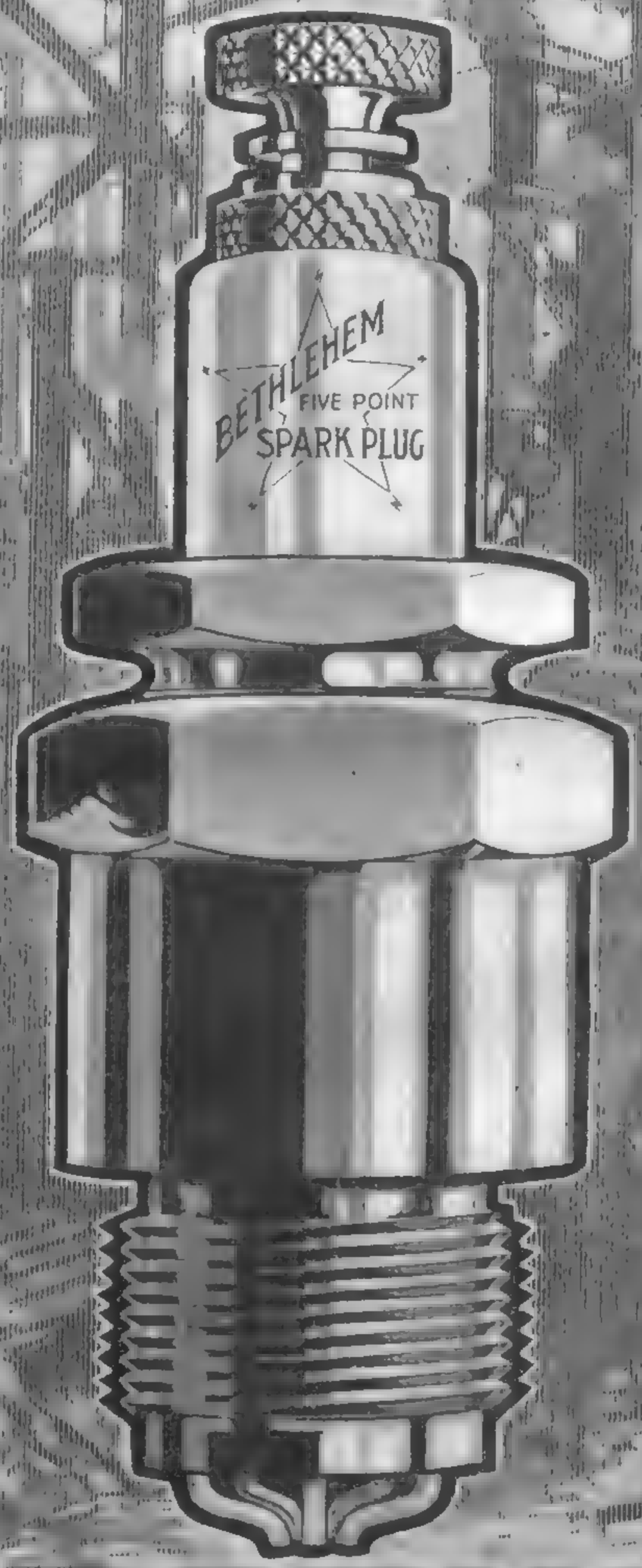

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MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 22)

"Oh, why not?" A long wait. "Don't you dare?"

"No."

"Oh, I see! Then, I suppose, I shall have to do the talking."

"Yes."

"Like a game of Forty Questions?"

"Yes."

She laughed.

"Well, am I ever to know who you are?"

How curiously his heart was beating! He was talking to his own wife—or, rather, he was listening to her, as he had listened every day for years. Why should he tremble?

"Have you seen me lately?"

"Yes."

"Where? Oh, I forgot: you can't answer. Well, you know this is hardly fair, making me do all the work of talking. You know I'm dying to hear your voice. Can't you say anything besides 'Yes' and 'No'?"

"No."

"Are you still in love with me?"

"Yes." But he could hardly get it out.

And then impulsively he snapped the receiver back on the hook. For some reason he couldn't quite bear to go on.

V

IN LESTER HOPE'S private office there was a well-worn track in the green carpet from the door to the window. Traveling that road, to and fro, working out difficult legal cases, he had walked many a mile. So now he walked, but not as a lawyer—this case was not one for the intellect; it was for the heart.

Well, what, after six months' perfervid correspondence with Pauline, had he accomplished? Had his passionate attempt served only to amuse her? Was it merely a flirtation by post? He couldn't quite believe it. At any rate, the affair should now be at the boiling point; if he hadn't yet won her he never would. Wherefore, at whatever risk, the time had come, he decided, to put his courtship to the test, and find out definitely whether he was still only Mrs. Hope's Husband or had indeed become Mrs. Hope's Lover.

He was sick of the suspense; sick of the artificiality; sick of the deception. To reveal himself, to confess the whole thing to her, laugh over it—and then to be together again where they were before they had gone astray—how he longed for it! If Lester Hope, thrown overboard, had really drowned, his ghost now haunted John Irons. The impossible, romantic situation had tired him; he wanted reality—he wanted his own wife back. But, to get her, he must win this last move! So, many a time, up and down he paced; many a letter he wrote before he wrote the one that, at last, he sent her. It was short:

"*My Dear:* Don't be afraid that I have lost my sense of humor; but to-day I must be serious. At any rate, the question I want to ask is quite in earnest. My dear, not knowing me in the flesh, perhaps you may have really got to thinking of me as a kind of disembodied spirit. But I assure you I am not. I am a live man. My love for you is real and human. It is so great that any attempt to try to express it would be futile. I can only trust that my sincerity has convinced you; that you have felt the truth; and that you care, as I care. So far I have been able to wait and hope; but I can't, any more. My dear, I must know now whether you can love me—do love me in the way I love you! We must meet; but before you ever see me you must answer me. Will you answer me?"

Next morning Lester went downstairs early. Pauline rose, and Pauline dressed. Down the curly staircase, clad all in white, she came a-singing. Thus capriciously, once or twice a month, this lady chose to grace her husband's breakfast.

But to-day, when she appeared in the dining room, her whimsical mood perturbed him. He found himself watching her as one watches a child with firearms. Why did she take this particular morning to honor him? he wondered. Why, as she airily sat down opposite him, had she to be so gay—to rally him on his own taciturnity? For, try as he might to respond in the same vein, that letter of his, awaiting her, hidden in the pile beside her plate, obsessed him; it fascinated him like a lighted bomb.

Laughing and chattering, she picked up her mail and looked it over.

"Oh, dear; three more wedding presents to be bought this month!" she remarked, sighing. "Really it wouldn't be a bad idea, for Helen Ramsay's, to give her one of my old manuscripts. She hasn't sold a story for ages—poor thing! After inviting every editor in New York to her literary dinners too!"

And then, while jocosely wondering what letters he was receiving at his office meantime—and how did she know he wasn't perhaps corresponding with some dangerous blonde?—her persiflage suddenly stopped.

In her hand was a yellow envelope. She gave him a look. For a moment she seemed uncertain whether or not to open it; but as his oatmeal seemed to interest him extraordinarily just then, she nonchalantly drew out the letter.

Lester, reaching for the cream, saw her face change quickly while she read. Then, as she laid the sheet aside, he admired her control; it was far better than his own. She had assumed woman's favorite disguise—a smile.

The rest of the meal was eaten in silence; quite the lady of the portrait was Pauline Hope.

"Good-by, Paulin '"

"Good-by, Lester'"

As he left he felt as he had often felt when, after doing all he could, he had seen a jury file out to consider the verdict. He closed the door. It was Pauline's turn again.

Corporations and corporation counsel, receiverships, appeals, exceptions, demurrers, rebuttals and writs of error confused him next day. His work was far behind; that day it fell behind still more. Lester Hope, attorney at law, sitting at a desk covered with papers, papers, papers—and a pale blue letter—harassed by questions and telephone calls and callers, read and reread legal documents endlessly without comprehension. To wit:

"It is understood and agreed between the two parties to this contract that I cannot do what you wish—I cannot!" What did that mean? "And it is furthermore agreed that if at any time you have no right to ask me—I know too little of you!" Ah, little enough did he know too! With a great effort he would try to separate the two documents, law from love, and keep "their heirs, administrators and assigns" from "I cannot answer. You must not write to me again." But such strange terms as "hereunto set our hands and seals" would persist in getting mixed up with still stranger sentences: "If you do persist in writing I shall be forced to place your letters in the hands of my husband!"

All he could get through his head was that, dreadfully, it was all over—his romance; and he had failed. The case of "Irons versus Hope" had been decided against him. He had lost Pauline a second time!

That night he had his dinner sent into the office and he worked long after the others had gone.

How often, of late, he had stayed there all alone with the one light at his desk—and Pauline! But now it all seemed changed—cold, empty, desolate. It was only an office now; something had gone that had once made it almost a home.

"You must not write to me again!" The secret, charming creature that in this dull room he had conjured up out of the failure of his married life had vanished, like a fairy, back again into the Unreal.

Where were those roses—that bunch of red roses? In the library, in the dining room, in her chamber, no sign of them he saw; and Pauline said nothing. Yet the florist had sworn he had sent them; that they had been received; and with them—yes, he was sure—the card, with the inscription: "Finis! J. I." Could Pauline possibly have thrown them away?

Weeks passed. . . . In spite of himself, in spite of her renewed attempts at comradeship, Lester became, with his wife, more—what was it?—distant? Self-conscious? Formal? Without the stimulus of her letters he found himself steadily more nervous and distraught. His experiment had failed; things between them were worse rather than better.

That Pauline thought so too was evidenced when, one day, she announced that she was going to visit her mother for a month or so. She wanted to finish her new

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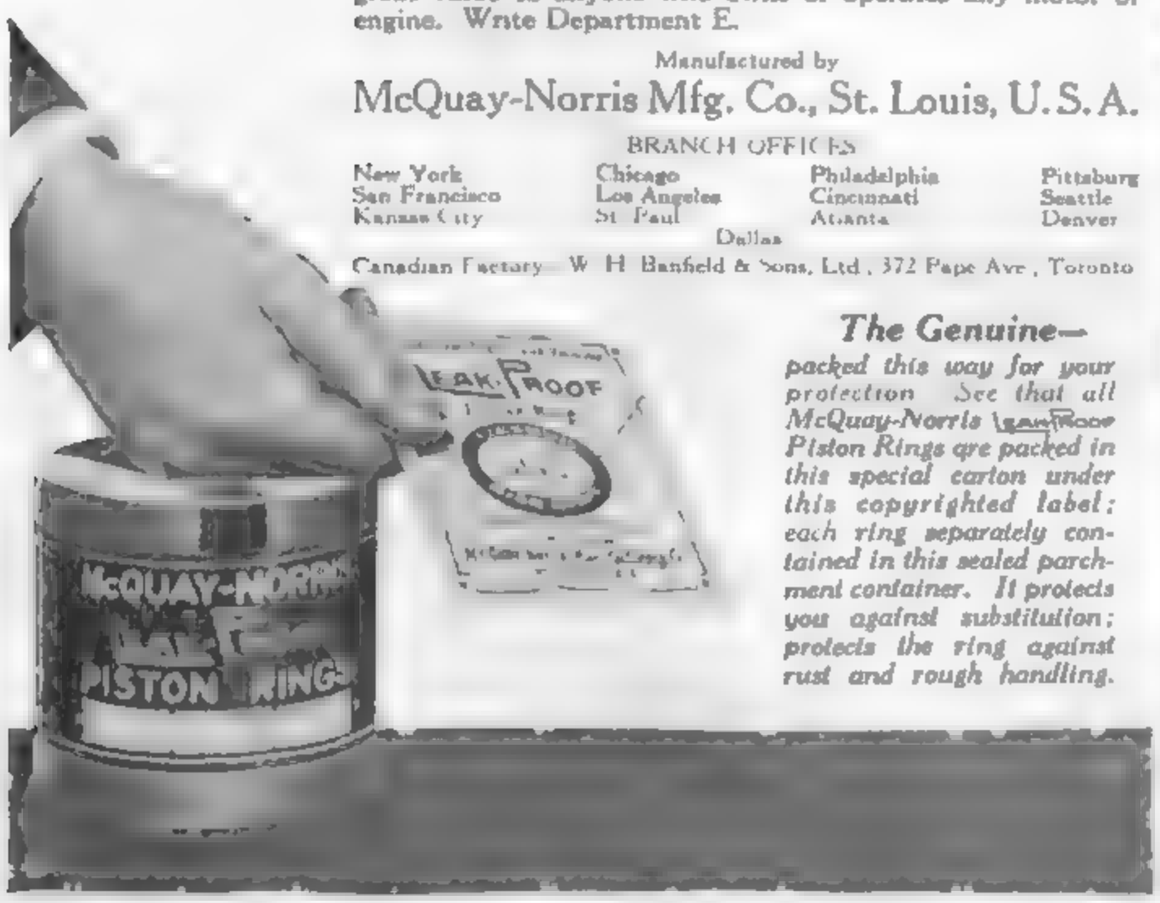

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novel in peace—that was her excuse; but mightn't she perhaps wish peace also for her conscience?—or her heart? So he wondered, left alone.

In the unusual quiet of the house—for nobody more famous than grocers and bill collectors disturbed Mrs. Hope's Husband when Mrs. Hope was away—he spent many a dreary evening in thought. And that evening was dreariest when—with what a pang he recognized that familiar pale-blue envelope!—he received his first duty letter from his wife.

It told of the weather; it told of the theaters; it told of the state of her health. The tears came to his eyes when he read her perfunctory commonplaces, dashed off in the same bold, rapid handwriting that had indited such spirited and gallant messages. Ah, both were drowned now—John Irons as well as Lester Hope!

Must he give her up? As time went on, stronger and stronger became his impulse, despite her command, to write to her just once more.

Would she really show the letters, confess everything, to her husband? And what, in the name of nonsense, if she did? A tragic little farce, that, for an evening by the fireside—he and Pauline pouring quicklime on the corpse of poor John Irons!

And then, on another dismal afternoon when, unable to work, he stood at his office window, moodily watching the smoke of a chimney opposite, blown about quite as fantastically as was he himself, the idea came to him: Why not, instead of forcing her to confess, confess himself? Why not make an end of the mystery—tell the whole wretched story of his negation, his wounded pride, his suffering, and let come of it what would? He had lost. The situation, at any rate, couldn't be worse. More and more he grew inclined to try it. He longed for the relief of confession. It didn't seem possible any longer to keep his misery to himself.

And so it was that one evening he sat wearily down at his desk in the office and, frowning, inserted a sheet of paper into his typewriter. . . . A half hour passed. . . . And then, almost automatically, he began to write.

It is only weak souls that are crushed by suffering; those of firmer fiber resist to the end, and that very resistance it is which finally forces the revelation of one's self in bursts of power. So in Lester Hope's mind the tension of months suddenly broke, and everything he had endured poured forth with the unconscious energy of pure feeling.

"I have searched my soul for phrases"—so Pauline, with her facile grace, had written: but Lester Hope toyed with no such pretty fallacy. His soul was ransacked by savage emotions that snatched mutinously at what terms they could find at hand and set them furiously at work to effect their revolt. Not like her filigree sentences did his flash and sparkle, like jewels artfully arranged. He took no thought of words—no adjectives he chose for mere literary beauty. The passionate, strong, suffering Idea led him fiercely, unerringly along the old, simple, forthright Anglo-Saxon ways. Unction is in all elemental impulse. True emotion has instinctive modes; it is as crisp as childhood, as dramatic as a tempest.

This night Lester Hope was freeing his mind simply and without shame. Like a prisoner who for months has been starved and tortured, now, bursting the bonds of discretion, bold Truth sprang out of him. . . . Glowing with his new liberty, rejoicing in self-expression, he wrote on and on. . . .

It was long after midnight when he woke from his absorption. Where was he? . . . He looked curiously about, saw that he was in a room—an office—there was a filing cabinet—oh, yes, his office, of course! He seemed to have come back from somewhere.

The floor was strewn with papers. How many papers there were! He picked them up and arranged the sheets, wondering why he had such a queer sensation—such a relief.

It was as if a high wind that had long been blowing in his mind had abated—and he was at peace.

It was the calmest moment he had known for many months when, lighting a cigar and tilting comfortably back in his chair, he began to read what he had written. When he had finished he was almost afraid of it. No; it was still hot from his brain's mint; he would put it away until he could get a cooler, better judgment of it to-morrow. In a reverie he finished his cigar. Then, folding the sheets into his pocket, he went home.

On the morrow, however, after rereading it calmly in his library, he saw that it would never do to send it to Pauline—not, at least, in that form. His pride forbade it. He had begun to tear up the pages regretfully, one by one, when he stopped, his eye fixed on the Winged Victory; and then

On the shoulders of his first idea another had suddenly vaulted, higher, more ambitious, more bold, and waved him on. Now he saw clearly what to do. That moment was climactic; for an instant he was more than happy—he was exultant, thrilled. Emancipation!

Insistent, that idea drew him, every night after dinner, back into that creative trance to write and rewrite, forge and file, hammer and polish, over and over and over. The vivid moment passed; and from now on his work was like a hard, slow, laborious fight, night after night of fatiguing effort, concentrated exertion, pressure. Only the artist knows that exquisite, that almost intolerable mixture of pleasure and pain. Only the artist and the mother suffer that delicious agony of creation.

Lester Hope wrote on and on. Even after Pauline had returned, he spent every evening writing at the office. And lo, as he wrote, the haunting ghost of his stultified self grew dim and dimmer! . . . Mrs. Hope's Husband was vanishing! . . . On and on he wrote; on and on and on.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE FRIENDS: By James W. Foley

I CALLED him John; he called me Jim;
Nigh fifty years that I knowed him
An' he knowed me; an' he was square
An' honest all that time, an' fair.
I'd pass him mornin's goin' down
Th' road or drivin' into town,
An' we'd look up th' same old way,
An' wave a hand an' smile, an' say:
"'Day, John!"
"'Day, Jim!"

I guess you don't real often see
Such kind of friends as him an' me;
Not much on talkin' big; but, say,
Th' kind of friends that stick an' stay.
Come rich, come poor, come rain, come shine,
Whatever he might have was mine,
An' mine was his; an' we both knowed
It when we'd holler on th' road:
"How, John!"
"How, Jim!"

An' when I got hailed out one year
He dropped in on me with that jeer
Big smile, upon his way to town,
An' laid two hunderd dollars down
An' says: "No int'rust, understand;
Or no note!" An' he took my hand
An' squeezed it; an' he drug away
'Cause there wa'n't nothin' more to say:
"S'long, John!"
"S'long, Jim!"

An' when John's boy came courtin' Sue
John smiled, an'—well, I smiled some, too,
As though things was a-comin' out
As if we'd fixed 'em, just about.
An' when Sue blushed an' told me—why,
I set an' chuckled on th' sly;
An' so did John—put out his hand—
No words but these, y' understand:
"Shake, John!"
"Shake, Jim!"

An' when Sue's mother died, John come
An' set with me; an' he was dumb
As fur as speech might be concerned;
But in them eyes of his there burned
A light of love an' sympathy
An' frien'ship you don't often see.
He took my hand in his that day
An' said—what else was there to say?—
"H'lo, John!"
"H'lo, Jim!"

Somehow th' world ain't quite th' same
To-day! Th' trees is all aflame
With autumn, but there's somethin' gone-
Went out of life, I guess, with John.
He nodded that ol' grizzled head
Upon th' piller of his bed,
An' lifted up that helpin' hand
An' whispered: "Sometime!—Understand?"
"By, John!"
"By, Jim!"

You Can't Move Too Fast for Chalmers "Porosknit"

No matter how fast you walk or run, or how strenuously you exercise, Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear moves with you—and keeps you cool.

Its little "holes" let the heat of your body escape and allow the fresh, cooling air to get to your skin, stimulating rapid evaporation.

Its fabric instantly absorbs perspiration, keeping you comfortable on the stickiest day.

Give this genuine "Porosknit" a severe test. Wear it when you are "playing your game"—it will produce a zone of coolness next your skin.

You cannot but be delighted with "Porosknit" Union Suits with the elastic Closed Crotch that cannot cut. Made of the best materials, well tailored to fit without tightness or bagginess.

Seams are reinforced; buttons well sewed on. Thorough washing is so easy that laundry wear and tear is much reduced.

Ask your dealer to show you Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear is guaranteed in every respect

For freight or passengers the concrete road is always ready for use.

Freight congestion would not be so likely or so pronounced if there existed systems of permanent highways which would permit regular movement of products from the farms to the railroad stations instead of the present spasmodic and irregular movement due to roads which are impassable in bad weather

WILD MEETING ENDS IN DEMAND ON WILSON TO HALT STARVATION

New York Tenement Women Plan Great Public Protest Against Enormous Food Prices After All-Night Meeting of Protest Which Was One of Wildest Gatherings Ever Seen in New York—Children Starving, and Mothers, While Food Manipulators Grow Wealthy—Resolutions of Wilson Ask Immediate Relief.

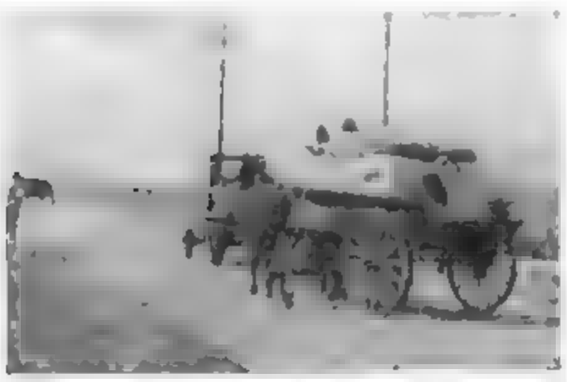
City Trucks Carry Food to Aid Baltimore

BALTIMORE, Feb. 25.— Mayor Preston, in an effort to lower food prices in Baltimore, has detailed twenty-four five-ton city trucks to canvass farms in the four counties surrounding the city to obtain produce. Potatoes, eggs, cabbage, spinach and onions are among the articles to be bought from growers and sold in the city at cost. The Mayor believes the plan will lower retail prices 25 per cent. Only a limited amount will be sold to each purchaser, to insure wide distribution.

—*Chicago Examiner*

—*Pittsburgh Press*

There's no freight congestion on concrete roads.



Good Roads Will Relieve the Food Crisis

THE food shortage is arousing city and country people to the urgent need of good roads. The railroads are so congested with traffic they cannot move farm produce to market fast enough to feed the population. By using wagons and motor trucks to the limited extent which our highways permit, to haul food into large cities, the extreme shortage has been relieved. But it is almost certain to happen again unless populous communities are supplied with a system of roads strong enough to bear a big volume of traffic. However short the crop, food of some kind could then be promptly moved, without danger of being blocked or spoiled in transit; and when it arrived in town, could be immediately delivered. There is food enough in the country if it can be freely moved from distant as well as nearby farms. A large tonnage goes to waste or is marooned by bad roads. The farmer loses his market and the consumer pays an exorbitant price.

Food shortage is not the only menace. Manufacturers are short of raw material and fuel to keep their factories going; merchants are short of goods and business is threatened with a tie-up. Unemployment may follow unless shipping facilities are improved.

Short Haul Trucking on Good Roads

will supplement long haul railroad traffic. Motor trucks are cheaper, quicker and more efficient for short distance work. They travel under their own power, independent of schedules, tracks, yards or locomotives. But they require roads as durable as concrete. Nothing less rigid will stand the pounding, thrusting and shearing effects of power-driven truck wheels. Scattered stretches of good roads are insufficient.

Connected Systems of Permanent Highways are Needed

They must be financed with money raised by bond issues, unless current road funds are much larger than is usually the case. Only in this way can highway hauling on any useful scale be made possible. Only in this way can the cost of the roads be fairly divided between the taxpayers of today who build the roads and the taxpayers of the future who also benefit from them. Only in this way can a substantial saving be made in the enormous cost of maintaining impermanent roads under heavy motor travel.

Voters Should See to It NOW

That a system of highways be properly laid out in their county or state.

That money enough be raised by a bond issue to build them now, and build them *right*.

That nothing less durable than concrete be adopted for all motor traveled roads. It has the strength and durability which makes it so universally used in great engineering works.

If there is a good roads bond issue up in your county or state, vote for it; if there is not, ask your legislators and road authorities to submit a bond issue to the people. The tax levy to pay it off is so light it won't be felt—probably 5c to 10c per acre of farm land and 50c to $1 per town lot annually for a period of 20 years, after which the debt is wiped out and the roads continue to afford good service.

The kind of road [illegible]

Let us give you facts and figures. Write for Bulletin No. 136.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA, Hurt Building
CHICAGO, 111 West Washington St.
DALLAS, Southwestern Life Building
DENVER, Ideal Cement Building
INDIANAPOLIS, Merchants Bank Building
KANSAS CITY, Commerce Building
MILWAUKEE, First National Bank Building
NEW YORK 101 Park Avenue
PARKERSBURG, Union Trust Building
PITTSBURGH, Farmers Bank Building
SALT LAKE CITY, Kearns Building
SAN FRANCISCO, Rialto Building
SEATTLE, Northern Bank and Trust Building

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

THE BATTALIONS OF THE HEARTH

(Continued from Page 15)

ly enough on the problem of furnishing nourishing meals at small cost. Nine times out of ten, when we go to a delicatessen shop we go because we are lazy and find it easier to waste a little money [illegible] N ne times out of ten when we serve an unappetizing, undernourishing meal it is because we have not set our brains working. We are failing home, family and country when we fail to use every ounce of energy in economizing food, money and time.

If housekeeping was done in the simplest way many parasite daughters could be released for industrial work. They will be needed. The men who volunteer for the army will leave positions vacant, many of which must be filled by women. Further, there will be a demand for a greatly increased output of ammunition, a call for many workers in munitions, skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled. Men and women s lled in other trades will go into munitions on account of the high wages certain to be offered. There will perhaps be an oversupply of people for munitions, while many of the other industries suffer. Work will be failing in one direction while it is opening up in another. As was the case in England, there may be, for a time, a period of industrial depression, when many men and women with no margin of savings will be thrown out of work. This will be followed by a time of confusion, during which unemployed workers will be trying to get new positions at the same time they are fighting with increased prices.

Here is an opportunity for the American girl to do welfare work for those who are unemployed, and to deliver her own productive power over to something worth while. If Miss Country Teacher could be spared from her farm she would work in a factory. Failing that, if she had a maid she would let her go into the munitions while she and her mother took care of the housework. The money she saved from the maid's board and wages she would give to some war-relief fund. Or perhaps, because the local shoe factory was hampered by lack of workers, thus helping to paralyze industry, she might send the maid to work there. Be certain that whatever Miss Country Teacher could give to relief work would be needed.

Miss Daughter-of-the-House, give help at the same time in industry and in welfare relief. Go into a factory and learn to work; it will be good for you. Or take training and then enter an office. If this war should go on long enough you may have to do it for your own support; but in the beginning do it as war work. Turn your energy into money for those who are hurt by the war.

Real Sacrifices Required

There will be thousands of soldiers called away from good positions to train and to fight. The allowance the Government gives them will, in many cases, be much less than their previous earnings. They have wives and children or old parents to support. Their families will have to come to a lower standard of living, unless you help with relief funds. The wives of soldiers will have to go to work, perhaps with detriment to their children, unless you intervene. The appalling high prices, which mean loss and pain just as much as the wounds of the soldiers, will affect thousands of men and women and children civilians, unless you are ready to make sacrifices. The more of a parasite you are, the less you will do. The more of a clear thinker and unselfish patriot you are, the more you will do.

Perhaps, Daughter-of-the-House, when you give money to relief organizations you will give only a little; you will not make a real sacrifice. Your mother will say:

"I suppose we ought to give something to these various relief clubs. I was thinking about getting a new opera cloak; but I don't really need it."

"I can organize the girls into an anti-treating club, and save that way," Daughter-of-the-House will say.

Far from getting the opera cloak, mother and daughter should form an old-clothes league. In war it ought to be counted a dishonor for women to wear new and unnecessary modes. For, aside from the waste involved in too many clothes, cut in rapidly dying styles, it is wrong to use the hands of tailors and seamstresses and milliners for work on superfluous clothes when the Government could use them in ways that will mean the saving of life, as well as the economy of industry. We should take pattern by those patriotic Englishwomen who will buy only clothes that are absolutely essential so long as there are soldiers in trenches and sailors upon ships who need shirts and uniforms.

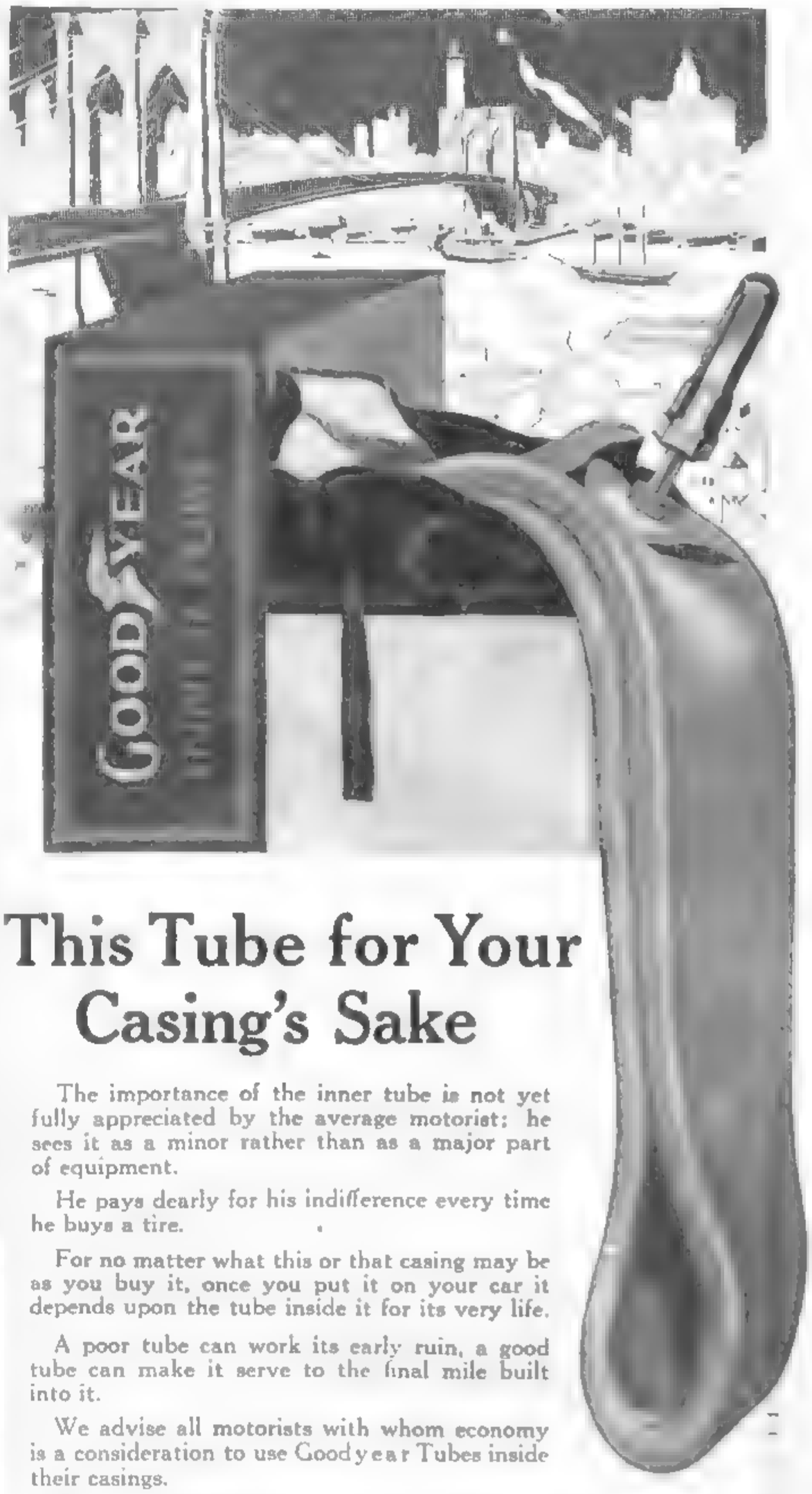
Maybe the opera cloak will not be bought; but only a little of the money it represents will be likely to be given away, because the cost of living will rise, and "appearances must be kept up." Daughter-of-the-House will be very glad of the excuse of the antitreating club, for it will insure her a new hat, as good as the one she had last summer. Mother and daughter will use street cars instead of an occasional cab, and they will cut down somewhat in entertaining. Their relief work will take some conspicuous form, such as tearing bandages with a congenial group. For this is human nature; and besides, mother and daughter have not actually realized the war. Perhaps they may; some wounded soldier may bring it home to them, or the loss on the field of someone dear to them. Or perhaps the example of women who do not care about keeping up appearances so much as they do about aiding the country will help.

Practical Preparedness

We shall not be likely to see women driving transport wagons or express vans or street cars, or acting as conductors and milkmen and postmen. We shall probably not have corps of women signalers, or many hostlers, blacksmiths, carpenters and "cowmen." A good deal of direct war work there will be, and it will doubtless draw many volunteers, just because it is direct and picturesque. The patriotic impulse of many women will be satisfied only when they are actually serving the concrete soldier. Besides our Red Cross societies we shall have national and state and local voluntary aid detachments, ambulance brigades, hospital committees, camp committees, recreation committees, war-refuge committees, hospitality committees, girl guides—and canteens galore! No personal need of soldier and sailor but will be cared for, and any woman can easily put herself into connection with some of these organizations. As in England, there will be some struggle against overlapping. But if we do as well as our English sisters we shall, in time, be guilty of less and less squandering of energy and resources, and give more and more competent service.

After the American woman is sure she is fitted for the work, direct or indirect, for which she offers herself, she should stick to it as tight as a leech. She should not be so detrimental as were various irresponsible voluntary workers in England at the beginning of the war. Miss Phyllis, a voluntary hospital aid, would tell the matron casually that she would not be on duty from Friday to Monday, because she was going to a house party. She seemed to think that as she was not taking money she did not owe utter faithfulness to her job. The government soon put voluntary workers under the same rules as paid workers. Indeed, many workers who were once voluntary are now paid. Some ask for pay, because the rise in prices and the death of their men at the Front have brought them to need of earning. Others prefer to be paid because they like to see what they are worth in money; then they turn the money over to some relief organizations.

Already numberless women have put themselves upon record as wanting to help the country practically. A few have done so as individuals; millions have done so as organizations. One woman wrote to her newspaper, telling of her preparedness. She was a bit too contemptuous of the women who call conferences to discuss what can be done; a bit impatient of the woman who cannot think out for herself a capable program. She brought up her two boys in outdoor life, where they learned shooting, swimming, paddling, kit packing, trail blazing and woodcraft lore. After the European War began she had her sons enlist, and they served last year on the Mexican border. She then learned to be an



This Tube for Your Casing's Sake

The importance of the inner tube is not yet fully appreciated by the average motorist: he sees it as a minor rather than as a major part of equipment.

He pays dearly for his indifference every time he buys a tire.

For no matter what this or that casing may be as you buy it, once you put it on your car it depends upon the tube inside it for its very life.

A poor tube can work its early ruin, a good tube can make it serve to the final mile built into it.

We advise all motorists with whom economy is a consideration to use Goodyear Tubes inside their casings.

We build them particularly to guard against underinflation, the commonest cause of tire failure.

We make them up from many paper-thin sheets of fine rubber, laid layer upon layer and vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

They *hold* air.

Even the valve patch is vulcanized *in*—not stuck *on*—and the tube as a whole is built thicker, that it may last longer.

For sustained and severe service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type. It is especially thick and vigorous, slightly higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

"War Loans and the United States"

The Story of War Financing and Its Bearing on National Growth

HISTORY proves that the sacrifices and discipline of War have served to increase thrift, create efficiency and develop resources. The financial record of American Wars is one of patriotism and vision. War obligations have been readily met and economic progress made.

For the first time in its history, the United States has now become a creditor nation, and by meeting the needs of other nations is able to strengthen its own financial and commercial position.

Every citizen is concerned in the situation presented and its relation to its own affairs.

How American Wars since 1776 have been financed and these War debts discharged; the economic effect of War loans in this country and in Europe; lessons taught by experience and the opportunities offered for the future are described in a booklet entitled "War Loans and the United States," issued and sent upon request by the

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

Capital and Surplus	**$40,000,000**
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Careful confections that melt on your tongue

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expert shot. She also learned to support herself in business. Finally she registered in the National Special Aid Society for three different tasks to which she could be assigned in time of war. Others, who believe in cooperation, have written as individuals to the newspapers, suggesting that women's organizations, already active, should be placed under Federal control, and centralized and coördinated under a women's bureau in Washington, which could act as a clearing house for women's work. All women able or willing to enlist for full or part time could be enrolled, with a record of their training and qualifications.

Women's organizations have set themselves to thinking of the needs of the hour. Thanks to the clubs and the suffrage societies, the women of America have a splendid machinery for service. Through the suffrage organizations especially they have learned grasp, penetration and the quick adaptation of means to end. The individual woman who wants guidance can turn to one or many of these sources of help. Prominent among them is the Red Cross, accustomed for long years to yeoman service in time of local and national need. There are cities of twenty thousand inhabitants in which there has been, so far, no Red Cross branch; but the women of some of these cities have now realized the need and have begun to form units. Some of the well-established units in the larger cities have arranged, in collaboration with other societies, to give courses in hygiene and sanitation, symptoms of disease, the use of sick-room appliances, the general care of patients, and the making of surgical dressings.

There is the National American Woman Suffrage Association, the executive council of which has recently met to consider carefully the capacity of woman help. It did not wish to offer fruitless promises of assistance to the Government, and it has prepared a practical program. The Congressional Union stands ready to serve; the New York State Woman Suffrage Association, perhaps the best organized in any state, has already offered its half million women to the governor of New York for any work he may designate.

There are seven million clubwomen of the National Council of Women, who have put themselves on record as ready to serve in time of war. They have voted to establish immediately at Washington a national clearing house for women's labor. Every woman will be expected to send to the bureau a statement of her qualifications for national service. The collection of registration cards will be made through the twenty-three organizations of the council; and when the cards are assembled a national census of women's labor will have been accomplished.

A Woman's Clearing House

Late in January an institution was formed which should be of fundamental value to the nation, whether we are forced into war or not—the National League for Women's Service. Its organization committee consists of women well known in a dozen states, though the main officials hail from New York. Its National Commandant, Miss Grace Parker, spent some two months in London studying the various organizations there that have been working along different routes of service. The emergency program of the league shows that it has profited by the experience of England—her mistakes as well as her successes. The league expects to have a clearing house of information about women's organizations that develop constructive patriotism, to coördinate the work of women's organizations, and to develop the resources of women by means of a standardized nationalized program of activities. It intends to recommend to the proper governmental agency a registry of the woman power of America, and a woman's bureau, under the Federal Government, which shall deal with the work and welfare of women.

In grouping the responsibilities and interests of women into eleven national divisions, from home economics to signaling, map reading and camps, each division with subdetachments and officered by captains and commandants, the league has used to advantage the ideas of the English women. Whether American women will ever be called upon by their Government to assist as signalers or motor drivers is a large question; but there is no question of the truth of the old axiom that the more we learn, the better it is for ourselves. There can be no question, either, as to the value of the obligatory physical training hour a week, for at least three years, to develop discipline, team spirit, and other desirable qualities. The office of this excellent organization is 105 West Fortieth Street, New York.

There are many other useful organizations, such as the National Special Aid Society, where people may register their qualifications; the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania, various church bodies; W. C. T. U. associations; political-study societies; city service leagues—and women's clubs in general. In towns where the women's organizations of every nature are federated better work will doubtless be done. A big central organization is likely to be stimulating. But, however excellent a central organization, its usefulness is impaired if the suborganizations are not well handled; however well handled a suborganization, its value depends upon the worth of the women who compose it. There are plenty of women in the big cities of this country fitted for a manager's job; potentially they are also in every village. They have been trained in Dorcas societies and Granges, or in women's clubs. The more efficient of them have gone on from the education afforded by a single club to that given by a federation of clubs and by suffrage societies.

Intensified Emotions

One important problem remains: What is the Government going to say to us? All we can do is to offer ourselves and our practical plans. Is it going to behave as the English Government did at first, and more or less ignore the advances of the women? Or is it already endowed with the sweetness and light which will enable it to see we have schemes that are workable?

Recently a New Haven woman stated in a letter to a New York newspaper that she had inquired of the War Department whether, in the event of war, there would be opportunity for women to offer their services to the Government; and had been answered in the negative. Women are not especially closely welded to the Government; perhaps our closest ties are the Children's Bureau, the Women's Department of Federal Employment, and the Department of Education. We should like a more complete union.

Something is wrong with this nation, just as there was with England when the war began. England was not only unprepared in arms but inert in moral fiber. She was passive, sluggish, prone to talk, to delays, to profitless musings, to mental sleep. Her soul had grown opaque and murky. Now that soul is incandescent. The men and women who were blind and unready have, after painful confusion and loss, awakened, and have joined hands in a concerted action that is going to win this war and build up a new nation. Just as much as England did, do we need revivifying. We, who could be so rich, have not only squandered our physical resources, but we have become poor in spirit and mind. As Elihu Root said recently, at the Congress of Constructive Patriotism, in a memorable analysis of our national characteristics: "Life has grown easier; sacrifice harder. . . . America needs the reawakening of the spirit of a free, self-governing democracy."

From the safe citadel of our homes we women could have helped better than we have done to build up a moral defensive bulwark for the United States. We and our men have been careless, extravagant, irresponsible, proud, inadequate. We could have striven against that lavish national waste of ten billion dollars a year. With our men, we could have helped make our nation as great as we think it is; we could long ago have mobilized splendid resources—moral and physical, industrial and political.

Now in the midst of our blindness and unpreparedness, our chance has come to help redeem ourselves and our country. We stand on the threshold of a great opportunity. The tragic possibilities of war have intensified our emotions; have partly torn away the veils of illusion and inertia and self-deception in which most of us are wrapped. We are almost open-eyed; our consciousness is enhanced.

Now is the appointed time for us to rouse ourselves fully; to get out of ourselves all the work that is in us—something we have never yet done; to contribute our due share of service to our homes, our state and our nation—so that, in the best sense of the words, that nation shall not perish from the earth.

"I've Never Looked at the Bearings"

"I know that car of mine like I know my own father," said the Seasoned Motorist.

"Mighty little of it that I haven't examined at close range in the twenty thousand miles I've driven it.

"I've gone over the engine dozens of times, I've learned how the carburetor works and how the valves operate. I'm as familiar with every grease-cup, joint, bolt or cotter-pin as I am with my fingers and toes.

"But in all that twenty thousand miles, I've never as much as looked at the bearings. They never needed it.

"They haven't even needed adjustment — I've just greased 'em.

"That's the kind of bearings I always want—the kind I can forget about. They're Timken's. That's all I know.

"But my experience has taught me one thing and that is that when you buy a new car it's wise to pay as much attention to the things that never gave you any trouble in the old car as to the things that did give you trouble, and that you want to change.

"I want Timken Bearings in my next car because I know they stand up and I won't have to worry about them for a minute."

This man is one of thousands who ride on Timken Bearings without ever stopping to think that there are bearings in the car.

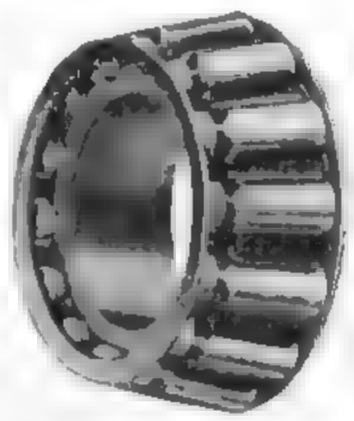
No motorist has to think about Timken Bearings after he begins to drive a car in which they are installed.

But that's all the more reason why he *should* think of them before he buys a car.

And that's not difficult, for the majority of the manufacturers of high grade cars have found Timken Bearings to be best for use at the points of severest service and—even though they cost more—include Timken Bearings among the high quality features offered to car buyers.

Our free booklet, A-7, tells the complete story of the different kinds of automobile bearings. Write for it.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio



TIMKEN BEARINGS

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior—a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger—48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

John W. Bate's Extras

Which Make Mitchell Cars Distinct

Here are some facts which you should prove before you buy a fine car. Surely nothing else in Motordom is any more important.

John W. Bate has for 30 years been a famous efficiency expert. He has given 14 years to the Mitchell car.

This factory is his creation, designed for this single type. Our present cars were evolved by him, through hundreds of studied changes.

He spent one year in Europe, to combine in Mitchells all the best of European standards.

So the latest Mitchells, in every detail, typify the ultimate efficiency.

These Two Objects

Mr. Bate's first object was factory efficiency. To build a great car, in the finest way, at the lowest factory cost.

He spent millions of dollars to that end. This whole mammoth plant was built and equipped for the purpose. Nearly every part—including our bodies—is built under Bate methods here. And those methods save us, on this year's output, at least $4,000,000.

Next he applied efficiency to the car. He made over 700 improvements. He aimed to make the Mitchell the finest of fine cars. And to make it a lifetime car.

31 Extra Features

His factory savings pay for extras, which most like cars omit. There are 31 distinct features—all costly features—which are rarely found in cars. Things like a power tire pump, a dashboard engine primer, a ball-bearing steering gear, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment, etc.

100% Over-Strength

In the past three years, part by part, he has doubled our margins of safety. Now all important parts are twice as strong as needed. That is proved by tests.

Over 440 parts are built of toughened steel. All safety parts are oversize. All major strains are met with Chrome-Vanadium.

Gears are tested for 50,000 pounds per tooth. Bate cantilever springs—used for two years—never yet have broken. Not a single one.

24% Added Luxury

Our new body plant this year gives another big saving. That enables us to add 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming. This makes the Mitchell the luxury car of its class. And all our bodies are exclusive, built and designed by our experts.

Go See the Results

Go see these extras—extra features, extra beauty, extra strength. Under other methods, such things are impossible at Mitchell prices.

See also Mitchell Junior, which is nearly like the Mitchell, but a little smaller size. You will agree that no such values are elsewhere shown in fine cars.

Do this now. In May and June we are always oversold.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

TWO SIZES

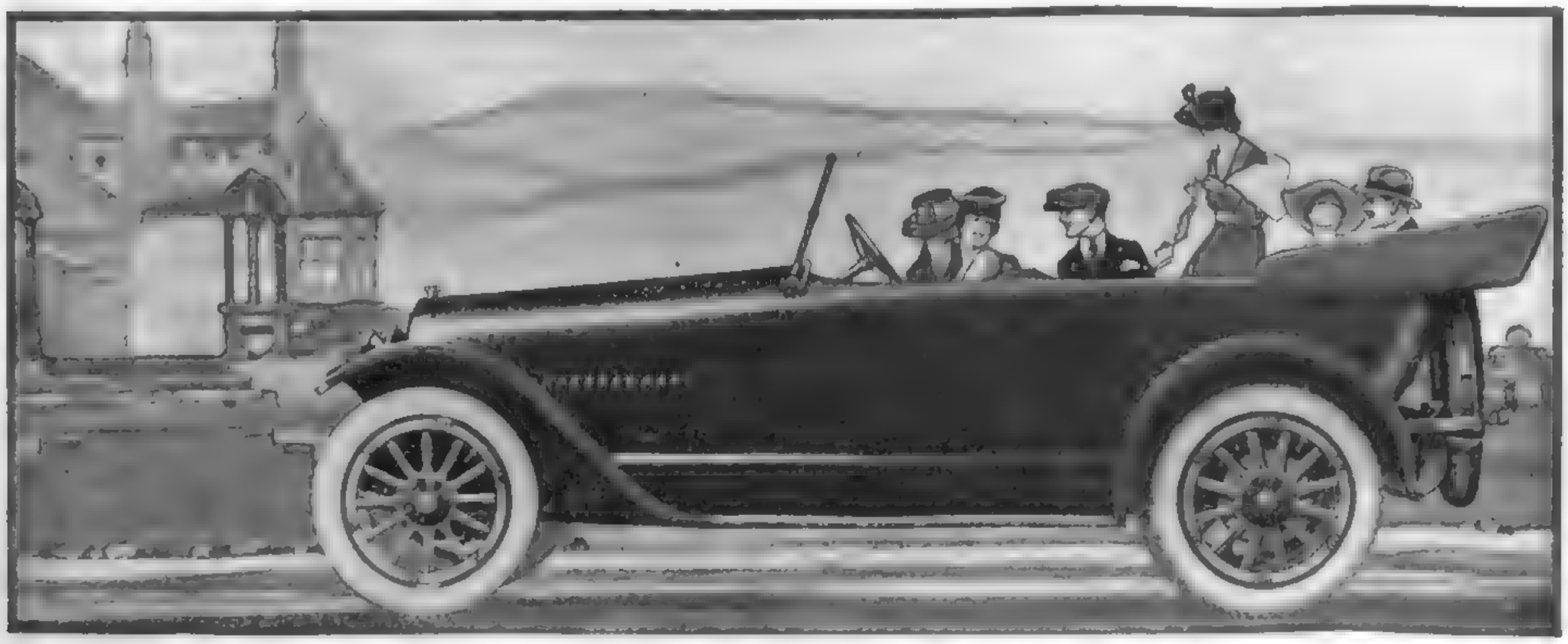
Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also six styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also new Club Roadster.



THE COMMERCIAL CLUB IN OUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 27)

manufacturing a product, locate their factories in the town that offers them the best advantage in three things—not one of which is a bonus:

1. Access to raw material;
2. Cost of production, labor, water and fuel;
3. Nearness to market and facilities for distribution.

If the Commercial Club can convince any manufacturer that their town has an advantage in all three of these—usually in only two of them—they will get a factory without a dollar of bonus.

If the town cannot offer these advantages, why want the factory at all? A factory that cannot make a profit is as dead a weight to a town as consumers who cannot pay their grocery bills. It would be a better stimulant to trade to make up a fifty-thousand-dollar bonus and spend it among themselves than to waste it on a red-brick elephant at the edge of town.

If the town wants a factory very much—and we are not discouraging the want—the best results will come from discovering its resources and getting them before men who really have factories to locate.

A town should welcome new men, new enterprises; and it should be willing to give something in return for benefits. But almost any legitimate manufacturing concern would much rather locate in a town that could offer it some real advantages than in one that merely offers a bonus. And most of the successful ones who have received bonuses would have located in the same towns without bonuses. In the long run, it is better to dig up resources than cash donations, and intelligent publicity is worth more than a subscription list.

An obvious good is often a subtle curse. Neither town nor individuals can go out and directly pluck what they want. It takes a chain of events to pull in a ship of fortune. Real good is cumulative. It usually requires a combination of causes to bring about the simplest effect.

We need more people? Get a factory and it will bring more people. We need more employment? Get a factory and it will furnish more employment.

It is an obvious good—too obvious, for it seldom works that way. It is instinctive to try to take or buy what we want. We cannot get it that way. We must earn it. We must furnish a permanent, suitable environment for it. Hired guests, hired boosters, hired factories, are rarely worth an evening's dinner.

The New Editor's Factory

In the first place, the Commercial Club can learn the difference between a question and a knock; can learn to distinguish between a man who wants to be sure and the man who wants to kick.

The "boosting" element in a town has come, all too often, to look upon every man who says "Wait a minute; let's investigate" as a knocker.

It takes courage to stand up in the face of a well-fed booster club that has just been inflated, like a balloon, with hot-air hopes of a big rise for the town, and tell them they are preparing for a swift downhill slide and an icy landing. And the man who has pluck and loyalty enough to do it deserves something better than to be termed a "knocker," "kicker" or "taxdodger."

Lucky is the town that has at least one citizen who loves it with level eye and even pulse; whose conviction of what is really good for the town is based on headwork, and not on feeds and phrases.

A new editor came to a Missouri town. He was not only new to the town but new to his job. He had read and absorbed signs and mottoes stuck up in offices: "Come in without knocking and go out the same way!" "Be a booster, or be damned!" and so on.

Therefore, he felt that his job to win the public was cut out for him. He would start something. He had once taken a seven-day trip through Colorado, and accidentally had learned that a large building in a small town was a sugar-beet factory, and its pay roll was many thousand dollars a week.

This new editor got some soil out of a neighbor's garden, sent it off, and inquired whether it would grow sugar beets. The reply was that it would.

He at once began correspondence with "parties in Chicago" who wanted to build a two-million-dollar beet-sugar factory in the Missouri town. The editor ran large, enthusiastic front-page articles on the wealth and population that were knocking at the town's door.

All that was required, he asserted, was a site from the town, and an agreement from the farmers to lease ten thousand acres of land to the company at seventy-five dollars an acre a year. If that could be secured all was fixed.

The rival newspaper, the following week, punctured the bubble, and inadvertently earned for its editor the name of "knocker," by suggesting in a paragraph that if the farmers proved obstreperous and refused to lease the land at seventy-five dollars an acre—it might be bought for sixty-five!

Many a town has been mulcted because the wild-eyed boosters have sandbagged into silence all careful investigation by swinging at every questioner the taunt, "Knocker!"

Cold-Blooded Obstructionists

Every town and commercial organization should discriminate between the chronic pessimist and the man of real caution—the man who objects to public good to save himself a little expense, and the man who objects because he believes it will save the town a foolish investment.

The Commercial Club has its own troubles. It faces the worst sort of opposition—that of inertia. In every town are both business men and private citizens who want all the advantages of a good town without giving either time, tax, or even commendation, in return. They are cold-blooded, selfish, lumpish obstructionists, who never contribute anything to the community but "I don't see what they are doing that for!"

The temptation to swat these, and swat them hard, is great; and they deserve it. But do not class with these the fellow who sees a great deal but talks little, and is brave enough to point out the broken leg in the booster's hobby horse.

One of the most important tasks of any Commercial Club is to bring about a spirit of unity—a feeling of common loyalty to the town. This is both its best and hardest task.

A town is naturally full of jealousies. The smaller the town, the more numerous the cliques, and the bigger the prejudices.

There are always some who want to and some who don't; some who will and some who won't. And there are always conflicting interests.

Real-estate men who have lots to sell and vacant storerooms to rent want more business men, more population. Often the established concerns do not want new competition. Bankers would like to have the vacant rooms round the square filled with mercantile establishments—but not banks. The leading stores would rather have two or three more banks go in.

Hence, any movement of a Commercial Club to do things for the town—in fact, its very organization—is likely to start contention. And directly there is an element outside that opposes everything the club undertakes.

Many attend no meetings—except an occasional mass meeting, to sneer at every prospect proposed. Then there is the part of town south of the track, which is aligned against the north town; and the City Council, known as the City Hall Ring, has its trouble with it always.

No wonder, seeing that the easiest way to get them all interested is to bring in some outside good which competes with none of them, the Commercial Club so often buys a factory, or hires one to be moved to the town. But often, in striving for these big, obvious, material results, the more subtle but finer elements of town progress are overlooked.

The best way to bring about a spirit of unity in a town is to get all the people to doing something together—something that allays instead of stirs up selfish antagonism. A strawberry day, a melon day, a feast or fruit day, a farm congress, anything that

In recipes for cake, muffins, corn bread, doughnuts, etc., calling for the use of eggs, fewer eggs may be used by adding a small quantity of **Royal**, a cream of tartar **Baking Powder**, about a teaspoonful, in place of each egg omitted.

The following tested recipes are practical illustrations of this method which produces delicious, appetizing food at a considerable saving in cost.

BRAN MUFFINS, for HEALTH

1 cup bran
1 cup graham flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon brown sugar
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons shortening
No eggs

The old method called for 1 egg

DIRECTIONS:—Mix thoroughly dry ingredients and add milk and melted shortening. Beat until thoroughly mixed and bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes.

SPANISH CAKE

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
1½ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon

The old method called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS.—Cream the shortening, add the sugar, then the beaten egg yolk, and mix well; add alternately, a little at a time, the milk and flour which has been sifted with the baking powder, salt and cinnamon; fold in the white of egg beaten stiff. Bake in loaf pan from 40 to 45 minutes, or in individual cake tins from 20 to 25 minutes.

DOUGHNUTS

2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
⅔ cup milk
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 cups flour

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening, add sugar and well-beaten egg. Stir in milk. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together and enough additional flour to make dough stiff enough to roll. Roll out on floured board to ⅓ inch thick. Cut out and fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a piece of bread in 60 seconds. Drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Booklet of practical recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free on request. Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 104 Fulton Street, New York

Royal Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes, which has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.

No Alum **No Phosphate**

Kyanize VARNISH

Floor Finish

is the answer to every inch of worn flooring, every scratched staircase, every worse-for-wear baseboard and every other bit of interior woodwork about the home.

It banishes discouraged-looking floors, stairs, and wood trim with a glossy coat of lasting newness—that won't soften, crack, peel or turn color.

And because Kyanize Floor Finish is the toughest, most durable varnish known, it is best not only for this severe underfoot service—it is exceptionally fine for furniture and all interior woodwork.

USE KYANIZE WHITE ENAMEL for all white work on wood, metal or plaster inside or outside the house. It imparts a perfectly smooth porcelain like surface that will not chip, peel or crack. Easily applied—quickly cleaned with a damp cloth.

This is the Sign of the Kyanize Dealer

If there is no Kyanize Dealer in your locality send us your Dealer's name and 10 cents for postage. We will send you a trial can (clear or any color) and brush to apply it. Don't fail to mention the color you want. White Enamel if desired.

Boston Varnish Company

Fine Varnishes and Enamels

Everett Station, Boston, U. S. A.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON **PATENTS**

MUNN & CO.

620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUST PUBLISHED **A VENDETTA OF THE HILLS**

By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

"A superb story of western mountains and valleys that men and women like to read. Sure to be one of the six best sellers. At your bookstore, $1 35 Or of CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Put Your Fittings in a FITALL

and always have everything conveniently together—just where you want them.

Holds your brushes, shaving outfit and any toilet articles in original packages you may wish to carry—holds them firmly in the adjustable spaces with the self-locking straps.

Three large extra pockets, for wash cloth and other articles, are a great added convenience.

All FITALL Kits are for men and women, and a wonderful comfort for anyone who travels.

FITALLS come without fittings or fitted, as you prefer. Made of attractive waterproofed fabrics and flexible leathers.

Price $1.00 and up.

Your dealer should have FITALLS—write us if he hasn't. *Descriptive booklet free.*

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago

Manufacturers of EKCO Make Leather Goods

Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries

will give the whole town one common interest, is a long step toward community spirit.

Last year Chillicothe, a town of ten thousand, gave a four-day farm congress. The people made up two thousand dollars for the expenses. Booths for displays were erected, and a temporary hall built, where lecturers from the state university and other speakers, and the band, instructed and entertained the visitors. Liberal prizes were given for all sorts of farm products, and for cooking and handwork. No entrance fees were charged; no admission. Everything was free. All clubs, the schools, the churches, lodges—the whole town, in fact—were given work to do; and they did it with a spirit and zest never before seen in the town. The whole community was brought into a fuller sense of unity, and the feeling between town and country was much warmer because of the congress.

It is not so much what is done, as getting all the people to cooperate; and this can best be attained when there is no money directly made by anyone. To get a citizen to give one hour's time or a dollar in money to a cause from which he is to reap no direct benefit is an important advance in municipal consciousness.

People must be willing to pool some of their rights, some of their time and some of their money for the common good before they can hope to have a good town.

Better even than congress and trade days would be a playday—if any genius could invent a game in which the whole town could enter with zest and merriment.

A Commercial Club should early become impervious to criticism of its lack of spectacular activity. Some of the best work is always invisible. A state of being must be attained in the town which makes living pleasant as well as possible before any desirable increase in population can be gained and kept. Before this state can be brought about, sentiment must be created, roused, manufactured—produced in some way that makes certain conditions possible and others impossible.

It is true there are municipal accidents, just as there are accidental individual successes. Some towns have happened—almost. A village at the forks of the creek, or a hamlet on the side of a hill, has been the cradle of some infant industry; and the town has grown up with the business. But we cannot depend upon an unknown uncle dying in the West and leaving us a car of potatoes or a sheep ranch. Neither can a town live on accidental good fortune. We have to earn. And the first step in earning is to be fitted for it—competent to handle good fortune if it does come.

Clean Up! Brighten Up!

First, the town must be made a good place to live in. And it must look like a good place to live in!

Materialists—and the Commercial Club is usually ninety-eight per cent strong on material results—usually overlook the commercial value of the æsthetic. A man may live in a pigsty and get used to it; but even he notices the difference when he gets out. A town may be so used to dog fennel and ragweed on the streets, and mosquito-breeding ponds along the lower road, and tin cans and rotting rags in back alleys—that it does not have nerves and the blues and chills every time it sees itself. But the stranger who sees it afar off, even from the car window, does not stop unless he is compelled to; and then gets away on the first train. Moreover, the looks of a town unquestionably affect the spirit of its people. And a raggedy town has a raggedy soul.

Instead of sweating to raise a fifty-thousand-dollar bonus to hire some alleged manufacturer to come to town, the Commercial Club had better raise five hundred dollars to clean up the town and make it fit to come to.

Trash cans and street sweepings should not be left to the Women's Wednesday Club. The Commercial Club should make sentiment—big, solid sentiment—in favor of every modern device for keeping the town clean and sanitary; and it should even back the city council and push it, if necessary, into having free garbage wagons, employing an official grasscutter, and keeping the public property in such shape as to be a perfect example.

It is easy to say that bread is more important than flowers. And it is. The most important things in the world are bread and shelter. But ninety-six per cent of the people in the country towns and small cities are above the bread line. At least ninety per cent of them have some luxuries. The first and most important luxury is a pleasant environment. Practically all the people see the town every day.

If the streets are clean, the lawns well clipped, flowers in the yards, the air sweet, the water clean—one does not require either wealth, taste or culture to enjoy that. Consciously or unconsciously, every person on the streets gets some sort of pleasure from a town of that sort. It makes people want to stay. And when people want to live in a town—when it is so healthy, so attractive, so pleasant that they love to get to it and hate to leave—they are going to invent their own occupations and build their own factories. They will find ways of earning a living.

The Commercial Club should be, in a way, a big, influential public advocate and prosecutor. It can and should make it exceedingly unpopular for its members or other citizens to do certain things. Fake sales, for instance. Any dealer who gets in an old stock of shoddy goods, marks the price up one hundred per cent, and then draws a line through it and marks it down eighty per cent, and advertises a "below-cost sale," should be branded by the town as a fake.

Sales are legitimate. Everybody loves sales. A town that never has sales is not a popular trading point. But they should be real sales, honest sales.

Guaranteed Bargain Sales

The Commercial Club of a county-seat town in the South has solved that problem beautifully. They have a big sale day one Saturday a month. Almost if not every man in town conducting any sort of business belongs to the club. Each of them who has any goods in his store or his factory that he is willing to close out at cost or below cost makes a list of these goods and files it with the advertising committee. He must specify the quantity, brand and quality, and actual cost price—and the price at which he proposes to sell them. The committee knows merchandise; and unless the goods are actually offered at cost, or less, they will not be listed. And if a member willfully misrepresents, or fails to live up to his advertisement, he is excluded from membership.

Barney & Company will have two hundred pairs of shoes of odd sizes—they go in at one dollar a pair. Hensley has twenty sets of blue china plates he wishes to close out. Collins has fifteen monkey wrenches he wants to unload.

This advertising committee takes all the offerings and prints a big sales sheet, like a newspaper. Each merchant is given exactly the same space. The small corner grocer who has only a three-hundred-dollar stock is given the same space for his offering of a dozen cans of corn, at six cents a can, as the fifty-thousand-dollar department store has for its one-thousand-dollar suit sale. This keeps down jealousy and makes the small dealer willing and eager to coöperate.

The sales sheet is sent broadcast over the country for twenty miles. The advertisement, on a smaller scale, is run in both the weekly papers.

The farmers, usually suspicious and hard to be convinced, have come to know they can absolutely trust these advertisements. The goods are just as represented and the prices are not doctored for the sale.

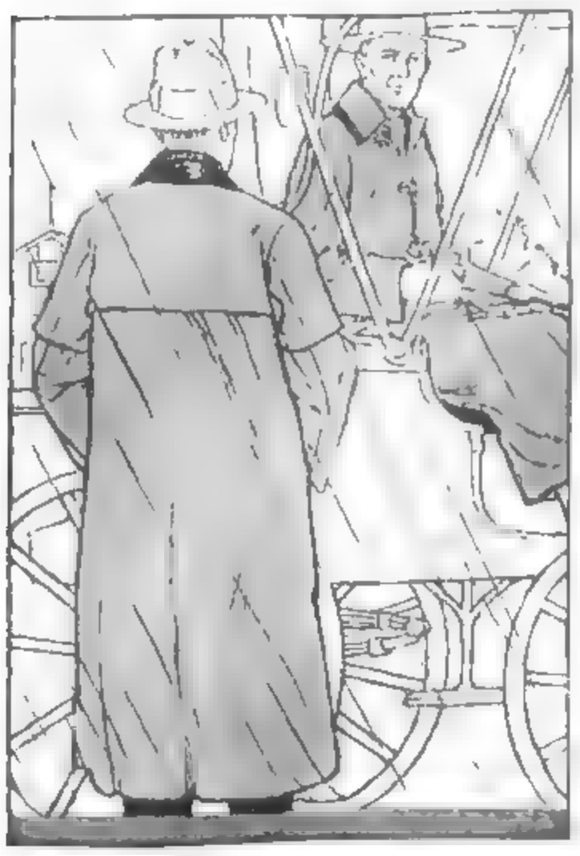
On sale days the square is black with automobiles, the hitching racks full, the sidewalks a moving crowd of shoppers. They come as far as thirty miles. But that is not all—on every other day of the month the business of the town has increased over thirty per cent in two years.

This profitable coöperation serves a double purpose—it gives both unity and authority. If it is profitable to belong the club can prevent its members from doing things that would hurt the town, as a whole.

Nothing hurts a town more than an overcharge. All Americans—almost all—resent being gouged. A man will pay a big price without uproar if it is the regular price. If he knows he is to pay twenty dollars for an article he pays it without a thought; but to charge him seven cents for a five-cent article makes him mad all day—and he'll still think about it Sunday week while the doxology is being sung.

Twenty years ago, when shaves were ten cents each, a man stopped at a little city, intending to locate. He went into a barber

(Concluded on Page 113)



Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Look for this label on your coat

Raynster US

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Name That Establishes a New Standard of Value For Weatherproof Garments.

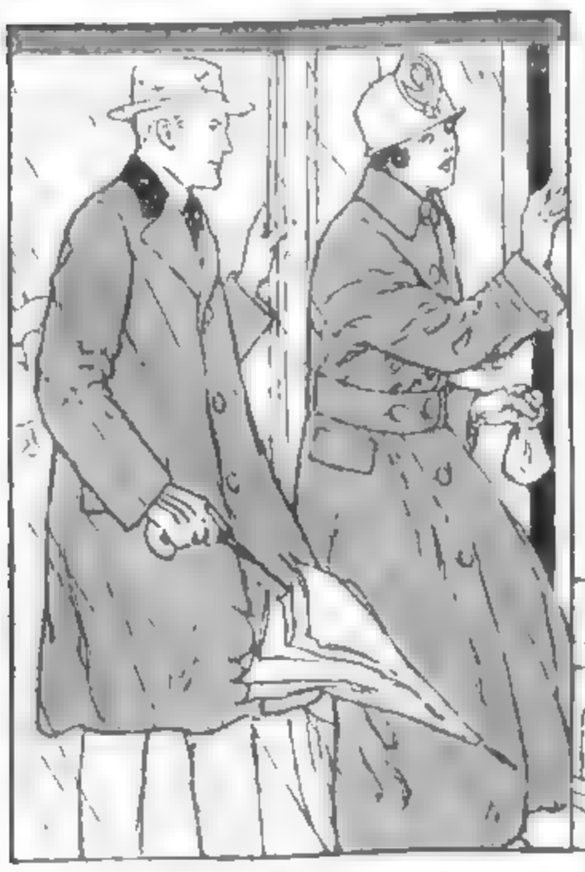
FROM this day on, wherever you live, whatever your occupation and needs, and whatever you want to pay, you will be absolutely sure to get a rain or storm coat of dependable quality—a standard money's worth—if you get a Raynster. There is a Raynster for everybody—for men, women, boys, girls.

Of heavy rubber, black or tan, leather-tough, in many models for the farmer, teamster, policeman and other outdoor men whose work requires stout clothes. Of smart, dressy "CRAVENETTE" PROOFED fabrics in a multitude of weights and weaves, conservatively tailored, for every business man and every season. Of daintier materials, modishly cut in styles for little girls and big girls and their mothers.

There are Raynster single or double texture models in a wide variety. There are boys' strong Raynsters for boys' rough wear. And there is the KipperKote, smartly modeled after the trench coat of the English officer, for the chap who dresses with a bit of dash.

In appearance they are all different, but in honesty of value, material and workmanship they are all alike. Back of every Raynster are the reputation, facilities and resources of the United States Rubber Company, the largest manufacturer of rubber goods.

You should be able to get a Raynster from a dealer in your community. Look for the store showing the Raynster sign in the window. Look for the Raynster label, it bears the honor mark of a great company. If you do not readily find a store that can supply you, write us at the address below, mentioning your overcoat size, and we will see that you get a Raynster.



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES US RUBBER SYSTEM

United States Rubber Company

(Clothing Division) **New York**

Warner-Lenz mean a full, bright, well-diffused light without glare. They are legal anywhere.

What Engineers Say
About Warner-Lenz Light

These quotations are from letters written us by car makers. Some are written by their engineers-in-chief. All come from men who best know the motor driver's needs. And who equip their cars with Warner-Lenz at seven times clear-lens' cost.

Legal Everywhere

Note that one great reason is that Warner-Lenz are legal anywhere. Without them, different sections call for different lights.

They make dimmers unnecessary, save for economy when a car is standing.

You can drive with your full light through any city or on any road. You have light in plenty—a wide-flung light that's very much like daylight. A light that reaches 300 to 500 feet ahead. Yet there is no blinding glare for passers-by or for any coming driver.

For Safety's Sake

Note how they mention safety. That means safety for you and safety for those you meet.

Warner-Lenz spread the light to nearly 180 degrees. They light nearby as well as far away. They light the roadside as well as the road. They light your turns and corners.

Glaring headlights throw a straight, distant beam. It is sometimes too high, sometimes too low; and sometimes—at turns—away from the road ahead. Warner-Lenz light everything around.

Note also what they say about adding to the beauty of the car.

Mark the Comparisons

Mark what they say about comparing Warner-Lenz with others. In adopting standard equipment, makers like these compare everything in sight. And they do it scientifically.

All these great makers, after those tests, have adopted the Warner-Lenz. They pay the price to get it to add greatness to their cars. We know of no car maker who has adopted a rival lens.

Go Do Likewise

Go equip your car with Warner-Lenz, as these makers now equip their output. It costs but a trifle, and it takes but a jiffy. Simply displace the old lenses with these.

Over 350,000 motor car owners have done this in nine months. Others are doing it as fast as we can supply the lenses. The time is fast coming when a car without the Warner-Lenz will seem seriously deficient.

Make the change today. You don't know when this wide-spread light may save an accident. And this one little change will multiply the enjoyments of night driving:

See your accessory dealer, or send direct to us. But be sure to get the Warner-Lenz—the lens these makers chose.

These 16 Makers
Put Them on Every New Car

PACKARD
MARMON
STUTZ
WHITE
PEERLESS
FIAT
FAGEOL
LENOX
BIDDLE
HAL TWELVE
SINGER
McFARLAN
OHIO ELECTRIC
DANIELS 8
PATHFINDER
DOBLE STEAM

WARNER-LENZ

Mr. A. P. Warner, Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer, personally guarantees every pair.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Prices of Warner-Lenz
Per Pair

Diameter in Inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3 50
9¼ to 10¼, inclusive,	4 00
10¾ to 12, inclusive,	5 00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Note

If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

Reasons for Adopting

Packard—

"We use Warner-Lenz in our large headlights to reduce the glare, and provide well-diffused light. In our small driving lights we use them to increase amount of light."

Peerless—

"Our principal reason for adopting Warner-Lenz was 'Safety First.' Then the diffusion was sufficient to meet the various laws."

Pathfinder—

"To give Pathfinder owners the best lamp equipment possible under existing traffic regulations. And to make motoring safer and more pleasant."

Hal Twelve—

"A careful test of all the different lenses on the market convinced us that Warner-Lenz is far ahead of all the rest."

Stutz—

"We like the appearance, and the way in which they work. They distribute the light and soften it, but do not interfere with the quantity."

Doble Steam—

"Because of our policy to use nothing but the best."

McFarlan—

"Your lens has the approval of every state to which we are shipping."

Fageol—

"The best all-round light diffuser which has been submitted to us."

Daniels—

"The most satisfactory solution of the anti-glare problem."

Singer—

"It gave us a better driving light, and practically eliminated all glare."

Biddle—

"We know of no better non-glare device on the market."

Ohio Electric—

"We have read a great many compliments not only for the light giving qualities of these lenses but also for their handsome appearance."

(Concluded from Page 110)

shop across the street from the depot and the barber charged him twenty-five cents for a shave. The visitor was so mad he took the next train out—and is now doing a million-dollar-a-year business in another town.

A state fair in one of our best agricultural states has been killed by the town's raising prices during fair week. This fair has splendid equipment and is supported by the state. It started with a big attendance. But the town in which it was held practically doubled prices for fair week. Bus hire jumped between Monday and Tuesday from twenty-five to fifty cents; shines from five cents to ten cents; room rent doubled; and at every turn visitors were charged more for little extras and little services than customary.

Of course it made them mad; and the town was shortsighted enough to allow it year after year, until the attendance dwindled and dwindled, and the fair was practically a failure. Still worse for the town, it made thousands of enemies, who never miss a chance to say "I hate that place!"

Now in this town of the coöperative advertising club any dealer who charged a stranger more than a regular customer, or who raised prices on rush days, would be expelled from the club and ostracized in town.

Many Commercial Clubs, in their zeal to land a big fish, with fifty thousand dollars' worth of bait, forget that minnows have a way of growing. There is a surprisingly large number of small factories—one-man, two, three or four men factories. An Eastern town of ten thousand inhabitants, which thought it had no manufacturing interests, took a census one day and found it had forty factories. No one in town would believe it until shown the list.

The broom maker, the cigar maker, the candy kitchen, the ice-cream factory, the weaver of rag rugs, the maker of window sashes—scores of small factories that require no special room or costly equipment—are not particularly dependent upon location. Unlike a large factory, to which a cent a hundred in freight rate may make the difference between success and failure, they can move about. One town may offer as good opportunity as another. Hence, they locate in the place where they would rather live.

Infant Industries

And the town that makes itself a good place to live in gets these; gets traveling men who have a choice of towns in their territory; gets the general agents for insurance companies; gets men of independent means, who can choose their own towns.

Moreover, almost any town has in it a possible business genius, an inventor, an organizer; and, if given a little encouragement—not cash—when he grows into big business he will stay with the town if the business permits.

The Commercial Club can encourage these by inviting them to their meetings, getting each other acquainted with their work, and arranging occasional displays of home products. Neither the club nor the manufacturer can expect people to buy an inferior or higher-priced article merely because it is made at home. But the club may help the one-man factory to make known the real merits of its products—and besides, make the manufacturer know that they are interested in his enterprise.

The feeling that the town wants its citizens to succeed is its strongest hold on them; but the feeling that nobody cares drives them away.

Interest is the breath of life. One meets people that it is a torture to sit or ride or walk with for half an hour. They are dull, flat, dead in the head and insipid in the face. Towns are that way.

Other towns, not so favorably situated, not so wealthy, not so large, have spirit. It is not hustle. Most of us instinctively hate hustle. It is a sort of freshness, a kind of hopeful feeling that something is going to happen here.

This most intangible of all things is the most important of all. Not money, or culture, or education, makes an individual. His spirit, his personality—the life in him—are far more important. It is so with towns. The feeling in the air as you walk down the street is of vastly more significance than the smoke rising from brick stacks at the edge of town.

If the town is not overbuilt, if it is clean and sanitary, if there is a touch of beauty, and it is interesting—this feeling follows. A town must be interesting to its people to be interesting to visitors. There should be in a town, as in a good story, a sense of something important about to happen. In our Puritanic zeal to kill evil we too often kill everything. Prohibit debauching things; but encourage play, celebrations, healthful sports, tennis, golf, swimming pools, fishing, free picnic grounds. Every possible opportunity and encouragement should be lent to healthful, pleasurable amusements.

Added to these, if the town can do something unusual once or twice a year—some big event for a town of that size—it adds a feeling of expectance through all the months.

In that rich country where the West and East meet is a small city that is more widely known than any other of its size in the Mississippi Valley. One can travel over a dozen states and hear of that town—and never once hear a "knock." It is always praise. The town is prosperous in a quiet, steady way. It is clean; it is beautiful. It has excellent public buildings, in good taste. But the thing that lingers with the visitor, the thing that leaves that distinct, pleasurable feeling, is the courtesy of the town.

A Visit to Courtesy Town

A stranger arrives, feeling a little lonesome and blue. It is a thousand miles to his home. He does not know how business is going to be, but he knows how bad it has been. He has had a bad night in the sleeper. He is ready to hit back on the slightest provocation.

He starts up the street. A well-dressed, busy-looking man passes him.

"Good morning, sir!" He gives his hand a friendly wave.

The stranger half turns and looks after him.

"Must have thought he knew me," says the blue visitor; but half a block farther on he meets another man.

"Fine morning!" The citizen nods and smiles.

Directly the visitor begins to feel a change in his spirits. This is a friendly town; and that is a nice Park over there—the squirrels are at play in the trees and the grass is very green.

Now it is no concerted action on the part of the inhabitants of this town. It is a spirit of friendliness, started somewhere, sometime, which has bred a general courtesy and consideration for each other, and for the stranger within their Square.

Visitors, entire strangers without any special claim to consideration, will be pleasantly greeted half a dozen times in walking round the Square. And much oftener than not, if one starts to board a street car the man in front steps to one side and waves the stranger in first.

A man may fight fiercely to hold his own in business; but he does not need, at least in a small town, to fight to get ahead of someone in the elevator, or up the car steps, or at the post-office window. And no matter how strong the competition is in a town, business and personal courtesy makes it easier and pleasanter for everybody.

The stranger feels it and remembers it; and now and then it causes one to buy a corner lot and build, and another to come back half across a continent and locate in this town of pleasant memories.

There are almost as many mottoes as there are factory promoters. But it might be useful to a Commercial Club to have a few more on their walls:

1. Do not hire people to come to your town. You might have to hire them to leave.

2. If the best thing you have to offer a factory is a bonus—keep the bonus.

3. Publicity does not consist in bragging about what you have not got to people who do not care what you have, but in convincing the man who wants to know that you really have it.

4. Speak to the stranger on the street. He may be the man you are looking for.

5. Extend to the visitor in the town some of the same courtesy you would to the visitor in your home.

6. A good hotel is a better advertisement than a thousand billboards.

7. If you love your town, show it by doing or giving some things you do not expect a profit on; then you will get a profit on some things you do not expect.

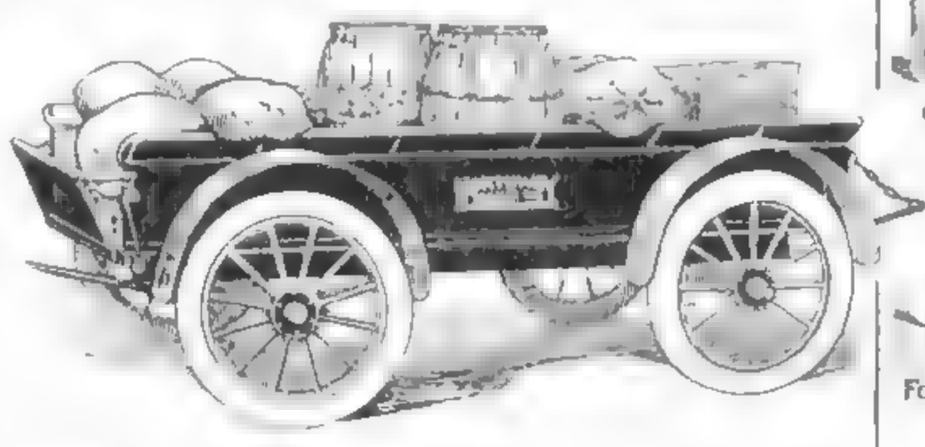
NORTHWAY TRAILERCAR

Every Automobile May Earn a Profit

Many an automobile or light-truck owner has a hauling or delivery problem which that auto is ready and waiting to handle—

More quickly, conveniently, efficiently, at less expense, than it can be handled in any other way.

All you require is the handy, quick-attachable NORTHWAY Trailercar hooked on behind the auto—*any auto*, from a Ford to a Packard or a truck. (A motor vehicle will pull three times as much as it will carry—*easy.*) Attached and detached in an instant, without tools.



MODEL 20 NORTHWAY—Capacity, 1 Ton (conservative rating); shipping weight, knocked down in crate, 850 lbs. Standard automobile construction, high-grade axles, wheels, springs, hardwood chassis beams, etc. Fully guaranteed. Price, $225 complete.

MODEL 14 NORTHWAY—Capacity, 1400 lbs.; shipping weight, KD., crated, 750 lbs. Fully guaranteed. Price, $195 complete.

The **NORTHWAY** is a real, practical, successful, four-wheel vehicle, designed right and built right, to travel smoothly, to absorb shocks, and eliminate jolting or sidesway. IT TRACKS with the drawing vehicle, follows accurately in all kinds of city and country traffic. Makes the automobile instantly available for business or pleasure, as required—prevents damage to the mechanism, paint or upholstery. That's why the women folks endorse it.

The **NORTHWAY** "was not built in a day." Has been on the market two seasons, tested in actual service over thousands of miles under all conditions. Has made its way to the front solely through the "boosting" of satisfied owners.

DEALERS—There is a big demand for a successful four-wheel trailercar, the NORTHWAY. We have good purchaser inquiries from nearly every selling territory. We need an energetic dealer to handle this business in every county. The profit in the NORTHWAY line is liberal, and it is *all profit.* There is no troublesome "service problem" after you have sold a NORTHWAY. It will stand up alone and give satisfaction, with no more care than is given to an ordinary high-grade wagon. Prompt deliveries being made at this writing (Feb. 26, 1917). Write now for terms and territory proposition.

Just pin this coupon to your card or letterhead and mail it.

Northway Trailercar Co.

Successor to Rochester Trailer Co. Soundly financed by conservative business people actively interested in the management of the Company. No stock for sale.

144 Boulevard, East Rochester, N.Y.

All Over The Farm

Speed with Safety

For Dairymen

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All Delivery Purposes

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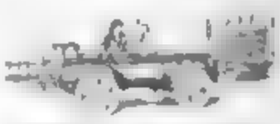

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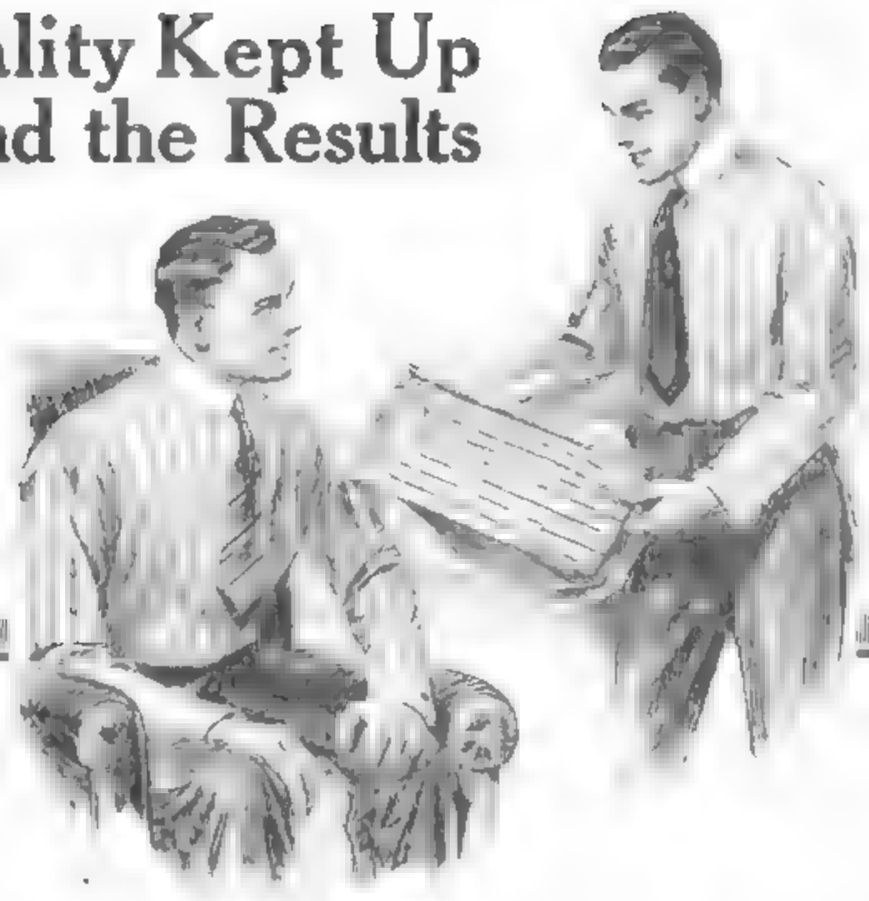
Northway Trailercar Co. E Rochester N.Y.

COUPON

Please send illustrated booklet of Northway models showing high-grade construction and varied uses.

Name——

Quality Kept Up —and the Results



The way this shirt comes back from the laundry proves the advantages of buying shirts with "Quality Kept Up". A glance tells you that it's one of those

HALLMARK H.H.&CO. SHIRTS

See the colors—fade-proof. See the French cuffs—stripes evenly matched. See the finish—perfectly made. See the freshness and fineness of the cloth—high count Quality.

The one big thing you *want* and *get* when you buy HALLMARK is SATISFACTION—nothing less. Every shirt carries our guarantee of Standard in Fabric, Fast Colors and Workmanship.

Say HALLMARK to your good dealer and get the Satisfaction that comes from "Quality Kept Up"—and *value* at the price you like to pay.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

The square point SLIDEWELL collar illustrated is TICKER, the "Round Corner" style is ROTARIAN—ask to see them.

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STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER TOO

STUDENTS AND TEACHERS for VACATION WORK write us NORTH RIDGE SANITARY BRUSH CO. DEPT. A-3, FREEPORT, ILL.

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $2.15
From Factory Direct To YOU By Ex. or Parcel Post Prepaid

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—filler that is too short to [illegible] our 5c. grade. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Call them 'Diamonds in the Rough.' All [illegible]. Only 100 at this [illegible]. Assorted sizes. Money refunded if you don't receive at least double value. When ordering [illegible] or Cert'd Check or Money Order. Your check accepted. Our references: Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank.

To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will extend the privilege of ordering, for 50c additional, one of Edwin's "SAMPLE CASES" containing one sample cigar each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Genuine Value—priced up to $12.00 per 100. Include this in your order—it's the biggest sample value ever offered.

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When in New York SAVE MONEY by Patronizing One of the 100 EDWIN Retail Stores

SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.

Obtainable in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c. attached—all Dealers.

2 Packs Playing Cards Tally-ho quality, sent for 30c (elsewhere 50c) Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston

THE CHINESE PARLIAMENT

(Concluded from Page 30)

As it stands, nearly every present member of the Cabinet has impeachment proceedings pending against him; but none will amount to anything.

Even the remote Chinese sense of humor has intervened. They laugh impeachers out of the place now.

There is a great diversity of opinion in China as to the fate of party government or its desirability. The Chung Hua Pao, one of the most influential of Chinese papers, in discussing the matter in mid-January, said, after commenting on the formation of many groups or factions into so-called parties: "The general opinion, however, does not accord small independent groups a long existence; and forecasts of the organization of great political parties—which will stand in Chinese politics as the Democratic and Republican parties do in the United States—are frequently advanced. The press has been very active of late in discussing the theories of political parties, and the ways and means by which they can be introduced into our country.

"Though admitting the desirability of having two principal political parties of equal strength, to which the country can intrust the task of administration and opposition, it is our belief that the time is not yet ripe for great political parties in our country."

One of the great Chinese of the time, Mr. Liang Chi-chao, who is identified—in a way, at least—with the Chinputang, has been recently in Peking, and has said publicly that China should not have parties at the present time. There is much other opinion of the same sort. The reason is very simple: China, as it exists to-day, is a Republic, but not a democracy. If the party system prevails, one to administer and the other to oppose, the profitable functions of the men who control China at the present time will cease, and new men and new methods will come in. These Chinese and certain foreign nations do not want party government; they hope to continue the present oligarchal government, and to hold themselves as the component parts of the oligarchy.

That is why these deliberations of the Chinese Parliament, notwithstanding their crudeness and inexpertness and clumsiness, are so important to China; for the future of the country, as a Republic, rests on the sort of Constitution that is secured, the sort of government provided by that Constitution, and the powers accorded to Parliament itself. That is what all the political gyrations in China mean; and that, also, is the reason for much of the international activity now being displayed. There is no present intention of allowing a Constitution to come into force that shall in any way decrease, limit or circumscribe the powers of the military, the military governors, or the men who are at present in control, if that can be helped.

The present Constitution, as adopted on first reading, early in January, is a mere outline of what the definite Constitution will be if the Chinese politicians have their way. Nor will there be absence of certain foreign intrigue in shaping the provisions of this basic law. The difficulty with the Parliament that is charged with this most important work is that it is a body of mediocrities.

There is no outstanding figure in it; no real statesman or patriot; no man of first class ability. Such men as there are of this stamp in China are not in Parliament, but are working on Parliament with their various ends in view. The strongest influences are in favor of a sort of modified military dictatorship; but there is real opposition to this, and a few earnest Republicans—albeit even the men who freed China are open to the suspicion of being in friendly relations with the country that now seeks to control China.

Parliamentary critics, of whom there are many, including the interests I have referred to in the preceding paragraph, hold that the present Parliament is impossible, with its Senate and House having no real difference save in numbers, and doing the same things. There is no responsibility, either governmental or parliamentary. The government officials do as they please, and Parliament cannot check them; and Parliament does as it pleases, and laughs at the Cabinet and the Executive. The Cabinet does not report to the Parliament or to the President.

Nobody reports anything or assumes any responsibility.

The only way, except by force, to get rid of the Parliament is for the Senate to vote dissolution by a two-thirds vote; and that cannot be obtained. This plan is modeled on the French idea, and there has been no dissolution of the French Chamber in many years. This Parliament has adopted but one law since it went into session last September—a law relating to state burials. It has discussed a law for "compassionate allowances" for the families of members who die. That, and mulling over the proposed Constitution, is all it has accomplished.

The political situation in China is such that the only place where parties prevail is in the Parliament—that is, the Quomintang and the Chinputang have meanings in Parliament and among the members, but not much meaning among the people. Hence, the men who go to Parliament go generally by spending money for the place; not because they are Quomintang, or Chinputang, or anything else, but because they pay for their elections. They select their political affiliations after they get to Peking. The whole parliamentary situation is chaotic and absurd; but it is the best there is at present.

It is not possible to say when the new Constitution will be adopted and a basic law provided. It took from September until mid-January to complete the first reading; that first reading left much to be changed, secured and determined. The real and ultimate fate of China will depend in large measure on what happens to that Constitution during its second and third readings.

With that Parliament, and because of the many unscrupulous outside influences and forces, anything may happen to it; and it is quite likely many things will.

The Housewife's Plea: By James W. Foley

LOCK the turnips in the closet; double-bar the smokehouse door,
Where the slice of ham is hidden; bolt the cellar bin once more,
Where the cabbage and potatoes have been sealed and stored with care;
Spring the padlock on the ice box—there's an ounce of butter there;
Take the milk up to the attic or to some safe hiding place;
Put the celery and onions in the leather jewel case;
Dump the pearls and rubies anywhere about the place you please,
But make room for the spinach and the sausage and the cheese.

There's a sliding panel somewhere in the drawing-room or hall—
Go see if you can find it and the drawer within the wall;
We must hide the lard and sugar—throw the deeds and papers out
And put the rutabagas in—we can't leave them about;
Put the plate and glass and silver in the coal box down the stair,
The plate chest's for the eggs—and throw the silver anywhere;
Now step into the closet that the hammer's hanging in—
I want to drive another spike to shut the flour bin.

Is the pork chop well secreted? Did you bury the soup bone
Where one of us can find it if he comes back home alone?
Did you turn the combination when you shut the safe just then?
There's a leg of chicken in it—better go and look again.
Rip the mattress just a little till I hide this slice of bread;
Hide that string bean in the stovepipe—no, the fireplace, instead;
I'm so much afraid of burglars—these are truly trying days
And with father and the children I am going out to graze.

Buy A Detroit Jewel "Special" Gas Range, And Cook And Bake With Ease

Now every woman can own a labor saving Gas Range with the latest improvements and conveniences, at a reasonable price—Making the Detroit Jewel "Special" in vast quantities is the reason.

Over 30,000 of this model were placed in homes last year—conclusive proof of its extraordinary value and adaptability to every family requirement.

It is a gas range that is easy to operate because of the position of the oven and broiler—height and size of the cooking top. *Each detail is planned correctly.*

It is a gas range which bakes perfectly because the oven is constructed the Detroit Jewel patented way. The two oven burners regulate the heat to meet every requirement. *The most wonderful baking results are obtained.*

It is a range which is easy to clean because all the exposed steel and iron parts are finished in baked Ebonite—a finish which wipes clean with a cloth. *No stove polish is required.*

It is a beautiful and sanitary range, because it is equipped with white porcelain enamel door panels, burner tray, valve handles and broiler pan. *Every woman wants a porcelain equipped range.*

It is an economical and durable gas range because it possesses the patented and exclusive features which have established a world-wide reputation for Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges. *Low gas bills are assured.*

You take no risk in buying this range, because it is made by the Largest Stove Plant in the World—a concern which has specialized in the manufacture of gas ranges for the past 21 years. *Over two million Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges have been sold.*

See the Detroit Jewel Special Gas Range before buying. It is sold by over 2,000 gas companies and dealers. Watch for their announcements and window displays. *Write us if you fail to locate a dealer.*

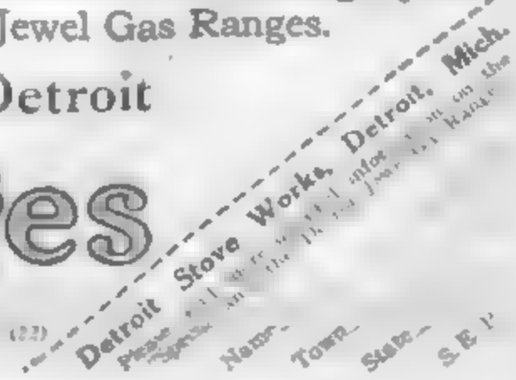
You can secure this range with the oven at the right or left of the cooking top—with a heat-resisting Pyrex Glass oven door, or with a white porcelain splasher for the high shelf. *A style to satisfy every buyer.*

If you want to know more about this "extra value" gas range, mail the coupon. We will also mail a booklet which illustrates all the leading styles of Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges.

Detroit Stove Works—*Makers of Over 100 Styles of Gas Ranges*—Detroit

Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges

"They Bake Better"



GORDON
-a lower
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ARROW
form-fit
COLLARS

THE MUSCLES of the shoulder are bridged by the curved cut top and band of an ARROW *form-fit* COLLAR. This permits the collar to sit up close and straight and it does away with gaping and sagging in front. The very comfortable fit and smart sit of the ARROW *form-fit* COLLARS are due to the curve cut in bands and tops. *2 for 30 cents*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N. Y.

WRAITHS

(Continued from Page 9)

"I've got your number! Don't think I don't know what you are. You're sore, like all the rest of you. You were too thick to take your chances when you got them; and, because you were, you hated men who got ahead of you. It's like all you clerks. You were dumped; so you put on a smug look, playing you were honest. You sneered and snarled about the men above you. You were sore—you always were sore—whenever they made good!" Then, having slapped the bag's leather sides again, Mr. Bleet stuck out his jaw. "All right, Selden," he sneered. "How much of this do you want? How much have I got to divvy with you?"

The heat, the passion of Mr. Bleet's glowing anger seemed curiously to have swept over Selden much as the sea sweeps over a level stretch of sand. The sea subsiding, the sand revealed itself as level and as undisturbed as ever.

"Well, well? How much do you want?" snapped Mr. Bleet; and Selden gravely smiled.

"I don't want any of it," he said.

The banker stared at him, bewildered. Nothing, indeed, could have left him more amazed—nothing, unless Selden had said he wanted all of it.

"None?" he interrogated.

Selden nodded; and after another stare Mr. Bleet flushed with a tinge of rage.

"Say," he snarled, "what are you trying to put across?"

Selden shook his head.

"Nothing, Mr. Bleet," he replied, his tone as deferent and conciliating as before; and the banker stared anew.

"Nothing?"

Then, with a start, a momentary little panic of consternation, Mr. Bleet wondered whether he had jumped too swiftly at conclusions. Was it possible that the dolt, Selden, still did not suspect what money was in the bag—that it was half a million, and that Mr. Bleet had stolen it? His heart gave another leap. If it was not too late —— If—if ——

"Unless you hurry," said Selden, "you will be late for your train, Mr. Bleet."

The banker blinked, wincing.

"What train?"

"The midnight train. The one you're taking to-night, sir."

Mr. Bleet peered at him acutely.

"How do you know I'm taking a train?"

Selden's reply was as imperturbable as ever:

"Sloan knew, Mr. Bleet. This evening he followed you to the station. Then he followed you to your club. Afterward he went with you to the steamer. From there he followed you here."

Though staggered, Mr. Bleet curled his lip contemptuously.

"Did he?" he sneered.

And, with a little deprecatory gesture—that and another brief smile—Selden replied:

"He has been doing it for years."

"What!" cried Mr. Bleet.

Selden nodded quietly.

"He knew, though he could not prove it, that you took that ten thousand dollars years ago. You were a successful man; but, having taken money once, you were sure to take it again. He knew he had only to wait."

A pause followed. Mr. Bleet peered at his tormentor as if he meditated violence. No doubt he might have tried it, too, but that he remembered Sloan stood outside in the hall. Between them, the two held the upper hand. He dared not face that man outside.

It was Selden who broke the silence; and at what he said Mr. Bleet gaped again. He could not fathom the man at all.

"Unless you hurry, Mr. Bleet," said Selden, "you will not catch your train."

Unless he hurried? At first, Mr. Bleet did not comprehend. A moment later, though, the significance of it seemed to break upon him; and, his eyes leaping, he picked the bag from the desk. The fool would not accept any of that money. Probably he had some weird notion that it might soil him. Mr. Bleet, however, lacked any such notion. If Selden meant to let him go, he must not wait. The fool might change his mind.

"All right; I'm going," said Mr. Bleet; and, the bag in his hand, he had started for the door, when Selden stepped in front of him.

"What's wrong?" demanded Mr. Bleet. "You said I c'd go, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Selden; "but you cannot take that bag."

Mr. Bleet comprehended then.

Rage swept him; and, despair rising with it, he poured on the other all the fury that boiled within him. It was a rancor no less venomous because of its impotence; but Selden only waited patiently until the storm had worn itself out.

Then he said:

"You must go now, Mr. Bleet."

"What!" cried the banker. "Go, penniless? Go, leaving here without a cent? I start life like that again?"

The tragedy, the staggering horror of it, swept from him every last vestige of manhood and self-respect; and he raised his voice, storming and whimpering by turns. First he pleaded; then again he sought to bribe.

"Here—look!" he cried, flinging open the bag. "I'll go shares, Jim! I'll give you a quarter—no, half! You can take half, Jim—you and Sloan; no one will be the wiser! Take it, Jim! No one'll find you out! You will, won't you? You won't turn me out without a cent! Think of it! A man like me—an old man! I'd die without it, Jim! It's my life—my life, I tell you! You wouldn't take it all—would you? Would you, Jim?"

Selden slipped a hand into the breast of his coat.

"I will give you money, Mr. Bleet. I have my savings with me."

"You!"

"Joe," said Selden, for the first time calling the banker by his given name, "you and I once were lads together. If you'd been a brother I could not have thought more of you. Come; there's the money, Joe."

Mr. Bleet struck up his hand. The next instant he scuttled toward the door. But Selden got there first.

"Give me that bag, Mr. Bleet!" said Selden; and, with a grip astonishing in one of his age and slenderness, he laid hold of the banker's wrist.

Mr. Bleet, with a cry of pain, shrank down; and the bag was in Selden's hand.

"You must go now," said Selden; and, with the bag held away from Mr. Bleet, he urged the banker resolutely into the hall.

Mr. Bleet, as he passed out at the door, made a last frantic clutch at the treasure Selden had wrested from him; but, flabby and frail, he had no strength to match the other's vigor.

The door closed behind him and he found himself in the hall.

Out there, he heard Selden speak again:

"Sloan will see that you take the train, Mr. Bleet. If you do not, you will have only yourself to blame. Good night—and, Joe, good-by!"

Mr. Bleet did not reply.

He did not look about him. Shambling along, he staggered down the hall. As he passed out by the door he did not see the silent figure that detached itself from a shadow by the stairway and fell in step behind him. Mr. Bleet sensed it, though; and, with a shudder, he scuffled on. He did not wish to look behind.

Outside, snow still fell; and as he reached the stairway's foot he paused for an instant, debating wildly which way he should turn. Then a slow footfall crunched the snow behind him and, with a cry, Mr. Bleet sped on.

Wraiths? Men that Wall Street had ruined? The place was full of them! He himself was a wraith; and as he fled onward, hurrying through the snow, the banker crooned and wailed to himself.

"Damn!" he cried, weeping it. "Damn! Damn!"

At nine o'clock the bank opened for the day. Two hours later, assembled from every quarter of the town, its directors congregated in the board room. Everything was known now; but, far and beyond the amazement roused by Mr. Bleet's astounding downfall, was the astonishment evoked by the two gray figures from the cellar, who had returned half a million dollars of the loot.

The board room hummed with it.

"Blest if I understand it!" murmured the chairman.

He was a portly middle-aged gentleman, with tan spats, side whiskers, and the manner as well as the appearance of a bishop.

The Best Man Wins

There is a great game playing which will give the victor the industrial championship of the world. Under the lash of war, Europe has mastered the methods of *quantity production*—the methods largely accountable for American world-dominance in certain lines such as agricultural machinery, sewing machines and automobiles. American manufacturers can no longer write the rules for this game.

After the war, financial conditions will give European manufacturers new incentives for trying to win the leadership from us.

The best methods will win.

For America to win requires Standardization applied to product and to methods, involving the use of every tool or appliance that will improve the work and *also* save time and money. In metal work this leads to Gages, and especially LIMIT GAGES.

In the making of almost every metal product (and many others) Limit Gages can be used to the utmost advantage. Each type of machine has its own requirements of accuracy or limits; a variation permissible for parts in a lawn mower would never do for a bicycle. Using a Limit Gage set to those limits, an inexperienced workman can check the dimensions of thousands of parts in a day, and do it with an accuracy measured by tenths of thousandths of an inch. Parts thus gaged will be interchangeable and will positively fit into the complete machine.

This means a saving of time and trouble in assembling. Since parts can be gaged as fast as made, errors are quickly discovered and corrected, so that rejections are minimized and material saved. Thus the use of Limit Gages insures more accurate, more rapid, more economical production.

Read these paragraphs again, slowly, picturing what they mean in your shop or in making your product.

Gages for all kinds of work form only one line of G. T. D. products. There are, in addition to a complete line of taps and dies, several new and greatly improved thread cutting tools, such as the Gun Tap (the tap that does not break until worn out), the Acorn Die and the Wells Self Opening Die.

For more detailed information on Gages or any of the Taps and Dies, send for the Bulletins—"The Gun Tap," "How to Measure Screw Threads," or General Catalog 37.

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation

Gages-Taps-Dies

THREADING MACHINES, REAMERS, ETC.

Greenfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Unvarying Quality and unusual length of Service—a combination which affords positive satisfaction to wearers of
PHOENIX SILK HOSE
Made of finest thread silk obtainable. Dyed by the new and exclusive STAIZ FAST process
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"Nabbed Bleet, you say? Then let him go? Why didn't the fools hold him? We'd have paid them handsomely—handsomely, sir!"

The bank's attorney, to whom this was addressed, shrugged his shoulders whimsically. It appeared the two cellarmen had known Bleet for years. Once they had been friends.

"Friends!" snorted the chairman. "But we'd have paid them, wouldn't we?"

Again the attorney shrugged his shoulders.

"That isn't all," he said—"the two had that money in the boiler room all night. No one but themselves knew they had it, either."

"What!" cried the chairman.

The attorney nodded.

"They could have kept it, had they liked."

Again the venerable chairman exploded.

"What! And they didn't?"

"Sounds queer, I know," returned the lawyer. "They said, though, that Bleet left so with them it didn't pay to be——"

The chairman sat back, his cheeks puffed out in wonder; so that he resembled the effigy of Boreas graven on a middle-century map.

"Say! Say!" he stammered. "Where are they? Send for the pair at once!"

But that, it seemed, was impossible. Early that day the two had left for Connecticut, where they had bought with their savings a little farm. The police, however, could, of course, get them if they were needed.

The chairman did not require it. His florid face still expanded, he sat back, twirling his finger tips feverishly together. Now and then a murmur, half a snort, half a sneeze, was heard to escape him.

"Had it—and wouldn't get away with it! Had it—and wouldn't get away with it! H'm! H'm!"

Sense and Nonsense

Talking Zuluese

THERE is a certain pool and billiard hall in New York, much frequented by writers, baseball players and others of the learned professions. Also, the establishment is a favorite loafing place for a number of more or less interesting characters. Among the regular habitués is an elderly gentleman known as "the Major," whose conversational specialty is to claim a close personal acquaintance with the habits, customs, languages and royal families of all of the out-of-the-way places of the earth. It has been estimated that if the Major had visited all the far countries he says he has visited, and had spent the time in each of them he says he spent there, he would now be something over three hundred years old.

Not long ago someone in his presence mentioned Zululand. That was enough for the Major. For twenty minutes he entertained the audience with an account of an expedition led by him into the uttermost wilds of Zululand, where, according to his statement, he was entertained for many months by a chief, from whom the Major professed to have acquired a fluent knowledge of the native tongues and dialects.

The next day a newspaper artist, who was born in Spain and who has a complexion almost as dark as a Moor's, dropped in. Seeing him, the proprietor had an inspiration. He told his plan to the artist and to half a dozen others; and then, followed by the rest, he led the illustrator over to where the Major sat and introduced the pair to each other, giving to the swarthy stranger an unpronounceable name.

"Major," added the proprietor, "this gentleman is a Zulu who has been in America many years. He is homesick for the sound of his own language again. That's why I have brought him to you."

This was the cue for the dark conspirator. Clinging fast to the Major's hand, he poured out a rambling stream of mingled Spanish and Portuguese, with a series of clucks, grunts and gurgles interpolated.

The Major listened intently until the other paused for breath. Then, with a mighty snort of disdain, he wrested himself free; and as he broke through the circle he was heard to say to the proprietor:

"Never allow that person to come near me again. Why, the lowbred ruffian doesn't speak anything but Low Zuluese!"

Father's Favorite Claim

THOSE who in their youth, or subsequently, have been addicted to the good old American game of Seven-Up will the more readily appreciate a little tale which Frank I. Cobb, chief editorial writer of the New York World, tells.

Cobb, who was born in Kansas and reared in Michigan, went once to a small town in the latter state to call upon an elderly uncle on a matter of business. He arrived about suppertime. His aunt received him and welcomed him, telling him that her husband would probably be along shortly.

Time passed and still the old gentleman did not appear.

"I wonder," said Cobb, "whether Uncle Henry has been detained at his shop."

"Oh, no," said his aunt in a resigned tone. "He's down at Number Two Engine House, claiming Low."

All Joking Aside

DURING a homicide trial in the mountains of West Virginia a lanky native took the stand to testify to the good character and peaceful disposition of the prisoner at the bar. When he had given the accused a glowing testimonial the prosecuting attorney took him in hand for cross-examination.

"Look here," he demanded: "isn't that the mark of an old knife cut you've got across the lobe of your left ear?"

"Yas, suh, it is."

"Well, who inflicted that wound?"

"Bill, thar, done it, one time."

"By 'Bill' do you mean the defendant here?"

"Yep; he's the feller."

"I see you also have the scar of a bullet wound in your right cheek. Who made that?"

"Bill."

"On still another occasion didn't Bill, as you call him, gouge one of your eyes almost out?"

"That's a fact too."

"Now then, in view of the injuries you yourself admit having sustained at his hands, how do you reconcile your sworn statements of a minute ago that the defendant is an individual of a peaceable and law-abiding nature, and a good neighbor?"

"Well, suh," said the witness, "Bill is one of the nicest fellers you ever seen in your life; but I must say this—he's a powerful unpopular pusson to prank with!"

The Changeable Hound Dog

THE attitude of one of the more conspicuous spellbinders on the Republican side in the last presidential campaign, who started forth with the avowed intention of directing the attention of the country at large to an impending crisis in our national affairs due to Democratic inefficiency, and wound up by viewing with alarm the ousting of a petty Republican officeholder in order to make room for a Democrat, in alleged violation of the Civil Service rules, reminded Judge J. C. Flournoy, of Washington, of a hound dog, regarding which a Kentucky pioneer used to discourse.

This is Judge Flournoy speaking:

"The old gentleman's name was Husbands. He used to tell me that when his father came out over the Wilderness Trail from North Carolina he brought with him the fastest, the best-bred and the keenest-nosed hound that had ever been seen in the infant settlements beyond the mountains. But the dog suffered from a temperamental defect, which militated against his success.

"At sunrise he would start out on his own hook after deer. He would jump a buck and run him for miles. When the buck was on the point of exhaustion the hound's nostrils would catch the taint in the air where a fox had crossed the trail, and he would instantly decide that, after all, fox was what he had come for; and he would turn aside to pursue the fox. Perhaps an hour later, when the chase was growing warmer every minute, his keen nose would detect the presence of a rabbit, and he would go after the cottontail, with the inevitable result that by four o'clock in the afternoon that hound would be thirty or forty miles away from home, in a swamp, with a chipmunk treed!"

Teeth "on edge"? Take warning!

When you find that biting certain things sets your teeth "on edge" *go promptly to your dentist.*

And if with this "on edge" feeling you have sensitive, bleeding gums, lose no time in seeing him.

For these conditions that seem so innocent are early symptoms of a gum trouble which causes the loss of more teeth than are lost through decay.

So take warning before it is too late, and begin to treat this gum trouble without delay

What dentists prescribe

Ask your dentist what you can do to keep your sensitive gums and teeth healthy *after* he has treated them—how you can continue to treat them yourself. Ask him about Senreco Tooth Paste. He knows the formula.

Senreco Tooth Paste is more than a cleanser It contains agents especially helpful for sensitive conditions of the teeth and gums—the very agents that dentists themselves apply in their practice. That is why they recommend it so highly for daily use, and prescribe it to follow up their own treatment for these conditions.

A dentist's letter

One dentist writes (name on request): "*A young man came to me in October last with very badly inflamed gums. I treated him and gave him a mouth wash which had no effect. He came in this morning for a filling and called my attention to his gums. He says they are all right now and feel fine. He bought a tube of Senreco Tooth Paste and says it wasn't a week before they were all ...*"

Start using Senreco today. Let its helpful agents begin restoring your gums to healthfulness. Within a few days you will notice a marked improvement

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The first time you use Senreco you will get a wonderful new sense of mouth cleanliness. You will actually feel it cleaning your teeth as no other tooth paste ever did. This is because Senreco directly attacks the film that causes tartar, and because it contains a soluble substance that really polishes the teeth without harming the enamel.

Once you have had your dentist remove the tartar from your teeth, Senreco will keep them free from it

Senreco costs only 25c the large tube, although it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. Get a tube at your druggist's or toilet counter today. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c direct to "Senreco," Cincinnati, Ohio. Enjoy the healthy, cleanly feeling Senreco gives to the teeth and gums. Notice how brilliantly white Senreco makes your teeth.

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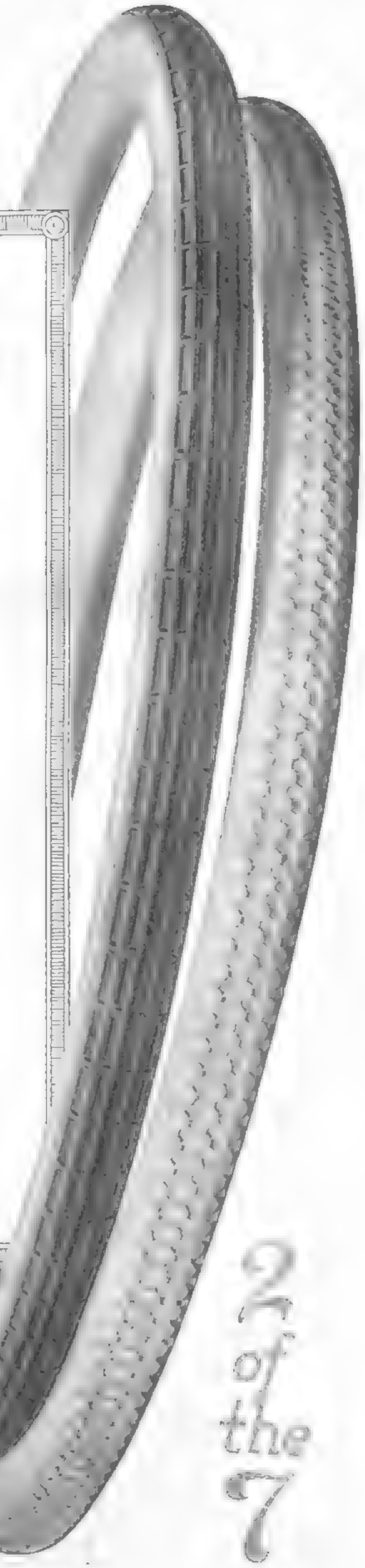

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HOBOHEMIA

(Continued from Page 6)

"Say, McCabe, how do I get on the inside with this hunch of intellectual giants?"

"Make love to Mrs. Saffron. Watch Red. He does it badly and promiscuously, yet it suffices to keep him in the foreground."

Two minutes after, when Red had departed, Mr. Brown leaned confidentially toward Mrs. Saffron and crooned just as though she were not a radical leader:

"Honey, I could slay our young friend for monopolizing you. Why do you think I came here? To see you!"

Mrs. Saffron didn't seem in the least indignant.

"Well, you do see me, don't you?" she replied affably.

Whereupon Mr. Brown forgot that he was to be modestly retiring, and with a high percentage of perjury informed Mrs. Saffron that she was fair to gaze upon and charming to talk to, that her revolutionary efforts were the one thing that inspired him in his poetry, that he wanted to buy her some more drinks and lots more cigarettes, and that he didn't care a hang who saw them holding hands under the table.

Ysetta, who had been ignoring Mr. Brown, began to notice that he seemed to be able to get along with the lofty Mrs. Saffron. Then she discovered that the whole table listened to Mr. Brown when he told about the latest Russian novelist, Zuprushin, and his novel Dementia. She amazedly saw that Mrs. Saffron was urgently introducing her "nice boy," Mr. Brown, to the other nice boys, Jandorff Fish and Gaston Rakowsky, who listened feverishly as Mr. Brown outlined the plot of Dementia, which, apparently, had recently been translated from Russian into French.

The unlettered business man demanded fiercely of the master novelist, Jandorff Fish—temporarily employed by an interior decorator:

"Why, surely you've heard of Zuprushin?"

"Certainly I have! In fact I have one of his books at home, in French, though I haven't got to it yet."

Abigail Manx, who had joined the bunch without invitation, declared:

"Of course Zuprushin is superior to any American writer, but he doesn't compare with Artzibashef, or even Andreyeff."

Max Pincus deserted Ysetta to get on the bandwagon.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" he roared. "Mr. —— Your friend, Ysetta, iss right. Zuprushin is the ver' latest manifestation of the somber Russian soul!"

"I told you so!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Look, Pincus: you've read your Zuprushin in the original, while the rest of us only know him in French. Don't you think that Dementia is infinitely more—oh, you know."

"Oh, yaas!"

"But Gray—Zuprushin's new novel, Gray—the one that hasn't been translated from the Russian yet—can you tell me about it?"

Though he was rather vague about the plot and characters of Gray, Mr. Max Pincus gave a discourse on its "vital motivation" which really did him credit, considering that Zuprushin was now only about twelve hours old.

When Mr. Pincus had turned again to Ysetta, and Jandorff Fish and Abigail Manx had sunk into a bitter wrangle as to the reason why there were no Zuprushins in poor sodden America, Mr. Brown went the verbal rounds of the rest of the table, and one by one he asked the yearners whether they were good little radicals and knew their Zuprushin. They did, oh, indeed they did!

Again Mr. Brown indicated to Mrs. Saffron that he was desirous of buying her a fresh box of cigarettes and a lot more drinks, that if they two could get rid of all these Little People they would stride across the mountains together, and that he cared less than ever who saw them holding hands. To which Mrs. Saffron listened with mockery and delight.

Max Pincus, fulfilling the onerous duties of genius, had to go over to another table and make love to some girls who had just come in. Ysetta was left stranded. She turned to Mr. Brown with more interest than he had seen for many months. But he paid no attention to her. He wanted her to be just a little jealous, and ——

And he was surprised to find that he was actually enjoying making love to Mrs. Saffron. Although she devoured his compliments raw he was none too sure that she was not thoroughly on, and in the game of trying to find out what she thought he was not excited by Ysetta's naïve tactics. When the Liberté closed for the night Mrs. Saffron was telling him the story of her life—at least one version of the story.

The Hobohemians stood unhappily on the sidewalk—exiles with no smoky place to go, though it was only one o'clock and the talk just beginning to get interesting.

"All of you come over to my place!" cried Mrs. Saffron.

"Shall I come?" Ysetta asked timidly.

"Oh, you—you most of all, funny little child from the West!" purred Mrs. Saffron.

But as she looked over Ysetta's shoulder into the eyes of Mr. Brown her expression indicated that it wasn't Ysetta she liked best of all.

Though the socks-trade strike and the Dakota mine strike had both been planned there, Mrs. Saffron's flat was not exciting, except that pillows were used in place of chairs. The talk faltered. There were only eleven people there, instead of the jolly crowd at the Liberté, and they discussed scarcely any subjects except the war, sex, Zuprushin, Mr. Max Pincus' paintings, birth control, eugenics, psycho-analysis, the Hobohemian Players, biological research, Nona Barnes' new way of dressing her hair, sex, H. G. Wells, the lowness of the popular magazines, Zuprushin, Mr. Max Pincus' poetry, and a few new aspects of sex. So the party broke up as early as two-thirty, and they all went home to get a good night's sleep for a change.

Mrs. Saffron had invited Mr. Brown to come in for tea, and bring "your nice little friend, Ysetta."

Ysetta had overheard this, and after a strained silence in the taxi on the way home, she observed:

"Dennis, do you know that you forced your attention on Mrs. Saffron to such an extent that one would almost have thought it was you that took me to the Liberté! And you promised to be so careful. What were you talking to her about anyway?"

"Oh, about Zuprushin."

"Well. . . . Well, I must read some more Zuprushin too. . . . When I get the time. . . ."

"Sure."

Mr. Brown grinned in the darkness. But he was in a turmoil, whereof these were the component parts:

Three hours of mixed drinks and cigarette smoke.

A feeling that Ysetta would have to be thoroughly spanked.

A feeling that he ought to feel that Mrs. Saffron was a crank, but ——

A feeling that he would jolly well like to know whether she really liked him or was merely having a good time with him.

V

THE office of the D. J. Brown Literary Productions Company, in the Knee Pants and Overalls Building, on aristocratic Fifth Avenue, was in full activity. Bill Hupp was busy with the telephone, getting little notes about Zuprushin and Denis Brown, the poet, into all sorts of publications, from the New York papers to the Zoölogical Quarterly Review. The stenographer was on the jump, with manuscript copying, and letters to editors. Oliver Jasselby arrived weekly with children of the brain which were to be incubated by the Productions Company. Mr. Brown supervised everything, and when he had time actually did some writing. In the morning he devoted himself to *vers libre* and one-act plays; in the afternoon he turned out short stories and a novel for M. Zuprushin.

The Zuprushin brand rapidly became their chief line of manufacture. The verse of Denis Brown didn't sell very well, and it attracted no attention, while the readers for the Hobohemian Players and the Cockatoo Theater turned down all his plays. His name wasn't foreign enough! But Zuprushin was so popular with the radical magazines that after the publication of his two stories, The Faun of Folly, and Fog of the Samovar, in Direct Action, his American agents, Messrs. Brown and Hupp, received dozens of letters from small but fiercely iconoclastic magazines asking for contributions.

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There may be a wonder as to how Mr. Brown, of the Inland Lumber Company, could write the stories of M. Zuprushin of Moscow.

Efficiency, always efficiency.

First, he would secure a thoroughly disagreeable plot from Mr. Oliver Jasselby. Then he would think of the meanest possible character. He preferred a gentleman who was the descendant of a prince with paralysis and a gypsy with kleptomania. By preference the lad suffered from vodka, carcinoma, neurosis, Anglomania, vegetarianism, cocaine, and artistic vision. He killed his baby sister because she insisted on playing with dolls, which he regarded as a weakness unworthy of the Great Russian Gloom. Whenever he gave the toast "The ladies, God bless 'em!" he always made a slight change in the verb.

Mr. Brown would sit and brood about this hero till he hated him ferociously, then dictate a lucid but not necessarily polished account of him, occasionally referring to Mr. Jasselby's plot for suggestions as to what the lively spalpeen could do next. As Mr. Brown's knowledge of Russian daily life was comparatively slight, except for having once sold an old suit to a Russian Jew in Northernapolis—an incident which had caused him to distrust the whole Tartar race—he wisely laid the scenes of his stories in Northernapolis or New York.

He shipped the product in to Mr. Bill Hupp, who had once been on a newspaper copy-desk and was qualified to put in the adjectives, the spelling and the punctuation. Then it was routed to the latest member of the staff, Mr. Mischa Knippensky. Mr. Knippensky was a slender, sallow, bad-tempered young man who worked on a Russian weekly.

He inserted the Russian names and local color, and a few jolts of pessimism carefully culled from Pryzbyszewski, Artzibashef, and Dostoieffsky.

When the masterpiece left Mr. Brown's own hands it would read thus:

"This fellow John Henry is sitting in his room and he looks out at the mist rising from Muskrat Creek and thinks the creek is getting low, the banks are so muddy, just then a Twin-Two car goes up Main Street past his window and turns onto Floral Avenue and stops in front of the Hartford Lunch. John Henry says, Gee, I don't hardly know whether that is an automobile or my heart pounding. I got to stop smoking so much, now wouldn't I look like a boob dying of smoker's heart when I could get more publicity by croaking myself or pinching a horse and getting shot up by a deputy. I guess maybe I wouldn't mind kicking off by biting J. Edwin Bindle and getting hung. Just then Gwendolyn De Vere trots into the room. 'I made a get-away after all, she says, my mother is gassing with Mrs. Fluff, and I sneaked out on her.'

"John Henry kisses her, then remembers how she bores him. 'I got to go down to the office and get out a form letter,' he says, he grabs his top coat and just as he gets to the door she grabs his razor and cuts her wrist, it bleeds something fierce. 'My Gosh, cries John Henry, I bet I get hung for this, probably I better commit suicide after all.'

"Memo: Bill: See what you can do along above line. It's rotten, but you get the idea. Tell Knippensky to get in lots of the agony stuff here, and get the copy out of him before you pay another advance. D. J. B."

After the joint efforts of Bill Hupp, Mischa Knippensky and the stenographer, the gay little paragraph would be transformed into the following:

"The room was crepuscular. A mist, vague, choking, chill as the tomb and inescapable as the burden of continued living, rose from the sluggish Neva. The hoofs of a horse racing down the Nevskii Prospekt echoed like the tick of a death-beetle. . . . Were they hoofs? Or his own heartbeats? He had been smoking too many cigarettes of Cairo, Ivan Nicholaievitch thought. He must stop smoking. . . . It would kill him else—him who was so proud, who had planned to die in some manner more dramatic, more fine and tender, than by too much smoking. . . . He forgot the sinister fingers of the fog as he treasured the superb ways in which he could die. . . . Lingering consumption, a duel, the barricades, hashish, suicide. . . . Yes, most of all, suicide. They would find his body . . . Corpse . . . Crushed, scarce recognizable . . . They would cry: 'One of us, at least, has found something interesting to do, in this meaningless treadmill of life.'

"Polina rushed into the room. 'I have come to you!' she cried. 'My husband sits sodden with a decanter of vodka before him. I gave him the vodka, the dear little father vodka.' Ivan Nicholaievitch kissed her violently. 'You are so strong, so brutal, so wonderful, Ivan Nicholaievitch,' she said. He put on his caftan, started for the door. 'Why do you leave me?' she groaned. 'You smother me,' he said. 'I was in the midst of a speculation which would have solved all the restless quest of this transitional age.'

"Polina took from the table his little pistol and quietly shot herself. He looked at her. 'She really is dying,' he marveled. Though that strange gentle soul of his was ruffled by her utter thoughtlessness, he added no word of blame. He sighed, 'And it was such a little pistol. I would not have thought it would have killed her so dead. . . . It is time to go down to the barracks, and flay a soldier. To keep up discipline. . . . Is it not humorous that one should keep up discipline now, when the question that would console all noble beings for having to live is wavering in solution in my mind—hanging or suicide—a splendid hanging, under the fresh morning clouds, kicking at the banal sky in an ecstasy of torture—or suicide at midnight, alone, palsied by the funereal fog of Mother Neva?' Ivan Nicholaievitch went sadly out and closed the door. . . . Polina bled a good deal, but presently she was dead. . . . Quite dead. . . . In the kitchen Genitchka could be heard shucking an onion and grumbling that the milk had curdled."

VI

THOUGH the tales of that grand old fake author, M. Zuprushin, revealing the somber hinterlands of the Slavonic temperament, issued from it, yet the office of the D. J. Brown Literary Productions Company was not scary, as ordinary readers of Zuprushin might have imagined. Mr. Brown and Bill Hupp worked at large roll-top desks; they wore green eye shades and silk shirts and long cigars; they yelped excitedly "Landed an item in the Literary Review, Denny"; or, "Gosh, Bill, I got a humdinger of a detail for the hero of Mute Madness. You know where he kills his grandmother? I'm going to have him chew a strand of her blood-stained hair and whisper 'It tastes gritty.' Class, what?"

Mr. Brown was used to the bustle of an office, to telephone bells and typewriters and the bang of elevator doors, and the activity of his new establishment was an inspiration to him. Whenever he desired to describe the vast solid silence of the steppes, he went out and listened to the stenographer pounding his machine and whistling The Honey-hu-hu Rag.

The stories of Zuprushin in the magazines, and the mention of his coming novel, Dementia, in the literary columns, were seriously received. Mr. Brown heard comments on them every time he went to the Café Liberté, to Mrs. Saffron's or to Ysetta's. He would in a very few weeks be able to tell Ysetta the truth, and take her back to Northernapolis without being spiritually henpecked.

There was only one trouble in regard to Zuprushin. He had no one theory of life which the Hobohemians could grasp and talk about. Something could be done along the line of feminism. You could always get a hearing in Hobohemia by discovering a new way of repeating that women were the equals of men. Then why not declare that women were the superiors?

You who daily hear of the theory of katanthropos will scarce believe it, but it originated in the mind of Mr. Brown, lumberman, and was fully developed by him after reading two articles on biology in the cyclopedia, and asking Mischa Knippensky, translator and scholar, for a couple of good snappy Greek words.

Katanthropos means that men are to women what drones are to the worker bees. It is derived from the Greek "kata," meaning "down," and "anthropos" meaning man—and as the two words together don't mean anything in particular, they have enormously puzzled the college professors, who have explained the combination in nine-page articles ballasted with footnotes. I now reveal the truth, which is that "katanthropos" was Mr. Brown's simple-hearted translation of "Down with the men."

In two stories in Direct Action, Mr. Zuprushin used the word "katanthropos," and in an article in Psycho he came out flatfooted and said what he thought about

(Continued on Page 125)

After an emergency job on the car it's good to have handy

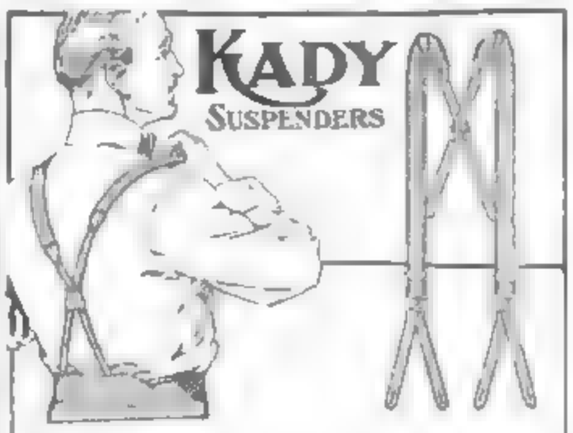
Goblin Soap

Removes Grease and Dirt Quickly

Keeps the skin soft and smooth. Excellent for children's play-stained hands

5¢

For Toilet and Bath



Make trousers hang as they should, adjust to all motions, never strain or pull when you stoop or lean.

Buy a pair, wear them a week, and if you are not satisfied your dealer will return money.

Every pair sold under positive guarantee. Be sure to buy the genuine with name KADY on buckles. 50c and 75c at leading dealers

The Ohio Suspender Co., Mansfield, O.

Rider Agents Wanted

Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new Ranger "Motorbike" completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, ... and skid rests. Choice of 44 other styles, colors and sizes in the famous Ranger ... line.

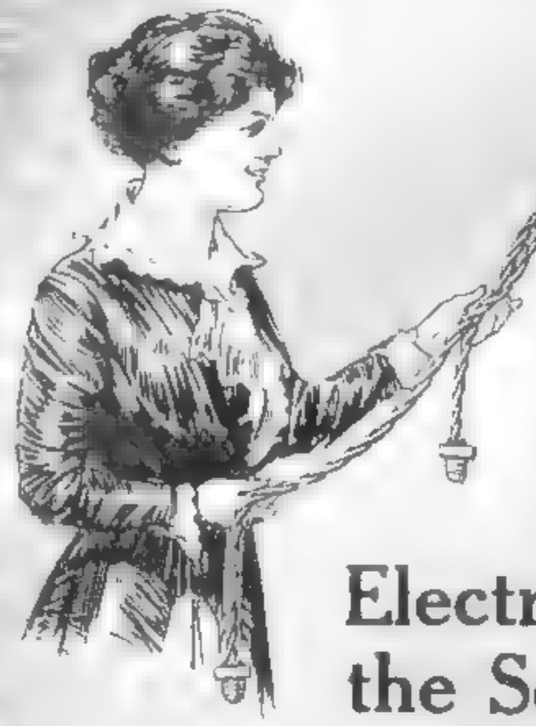
DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 DAYS' TRIAL. Send for our free catalog and particulars of our factory-direct-to-Rider marvelous offers and terms.

TIRES Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY but write us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. R-55, CHICAGO

The Servant Problem-Answered

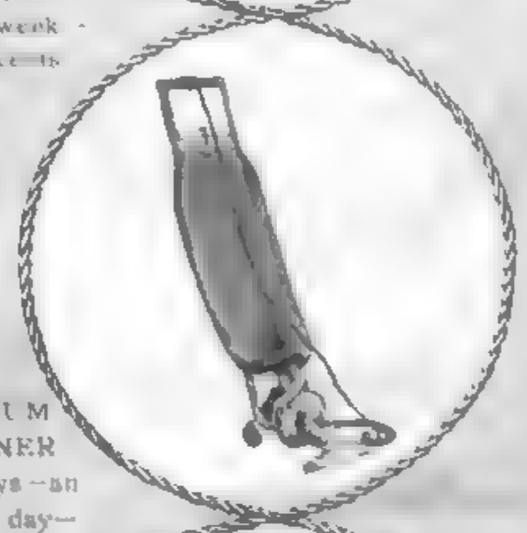


MAZDA LAMP
Enough light for a week—45 cents

IRON
5 hours—a week's ironing—20 cents

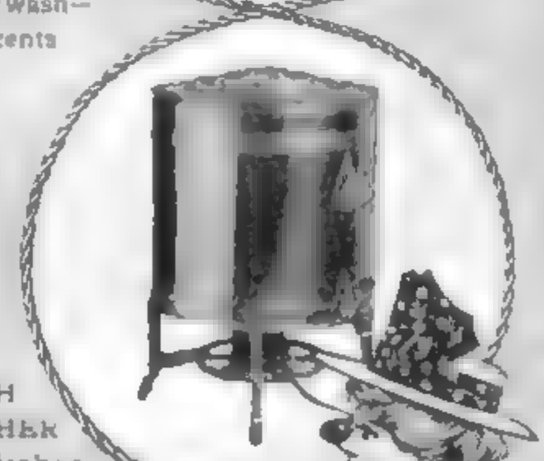
TOASTER
Toast for seven breakfasts—4 cents

SEWING MACHINE
5 hours' sewing a week—17½ cents



VACUUM CLEANER
Six days—an hour a day—4 cents

WASHER
The weekly family wash—3 cents



DISH WASHER
The dishes for 21 meals—4 cents

Electrical Household Helps Tie the Servant to the Housewife

WHY are you having trouble in keeping a girl—even in getting one? Why do girls prefer working in a factory to working in homes? As a housewife you are vitally interested in the answer.

The war has practically stopped immigration from Europe—that's one reason. But the most important reason is the unattractiveness of housework—the long hours—the dull, ceaseless drudgery.

The remedy is right at hand—in your electric light sockets. It is *Electricity*—the labor saver—the final answer to the servant problem. Just as certain as an electric fan brings cooling breezes, just so sure will electricity make housework more attractive—to you as well as to your servants.

The weekly electric-light bill in this average home is 45 cents and only 36½ cents more for operating all these appliances.

These labor-saving Household Helps—and many more—all with the quality mark "Western Electric"—are easy to buy and they soon pay for themselves.

If you have a servant problem in your home, why not find out how electricity can help you solve it?

Write today to our nearest office for your copy of Booklet No. 74-Q, "Mrs. Bright's Way."

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

New York, Buffalo, Newark, Philadelphia, Boston; Atlanta, Richmond, Savannah, New Orleans, Birmingham; Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Detroit; Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Minneapolis; Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Dallas; Denver, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Oklahoma City, Houston; San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

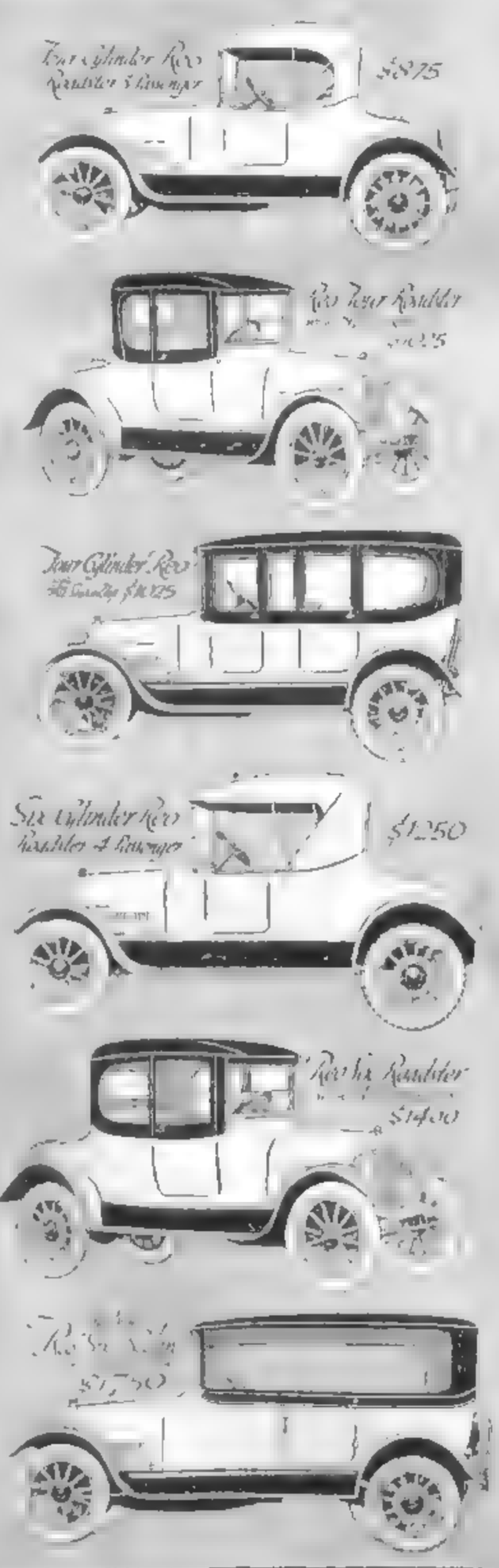
Western Electric

Reo the Fifth
Five Passenger Touring
$875

REO

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

Six-Cylinder Reo
Seven Passenger Touring
$1250



Get Your Reo Now — It Is Imperative

AGAIN WE CAUTION YOU—as we did last April and the year before and each year before that—that there won't be, can't be, enough Reos to go round. Many must be disappointed.

THAT ONLY THOSE who order now and take delivery as soon as the local dealer can supply them, can hope to be numbered among the "Lucky Ones" who will drive Reos this season.

APRIL ALWAYS BRINGS the biggest demand of the year—the big Spring demand starts then. May and June only accentuate it.

OBVIOUSLY, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for any factory to manufacture in those months enough cars to fill the orders that dealers will book in that period.

IN THE CASE OF REO, it has never been possible for us to make enough cars in the Winter months to supply the Spring rush.

IN FACT, NEVER since the first Reo left the factory has there been a time when it was possible to make enough cars to supply all who wanted Reos.

OF COURSE WE COULD have more nearly caught up with the demand, did not the Reo policy prevent. Were we, in short, willing to sacrifice quality in favor of mere quantity considerations.

FINANCIALLY, REO IS one of the strongest concerns in the world. Among manufacturers the Reo plant is regarded as the "Model Automobile Factory."

SO YOU SEE THERE'S NO OBSTACLE in the way of large quantity production save that which we have deliberately placed there ourselves.

THAT REO POLICY, established at the inception of Reo, has never been changed. Exigencies of the moment influence that plan not at all.

WE REO FOLK are not, never have been, ambitious to make all the automobiles—only the best.

MERE VOLUME does not appeal to us. We covet a reputation that to our way of thinking is far beyond that.

THAT YOU KNOW REO QUALITY—that it is splendidly appreciated by motorists generally—is amply evidenced by that very demand.

SO AT THIS TIME 'twere a waste of words to tell you more of Reo quality.

OUR MESSAGE TO YOU—a suggestion of most vital import at this time—is to delay not another day the selection and ordering of your automobile.

AND IF YOU'VE DECIDED to cease experimenting and buy a Reo, see to it that your Reo dealer is advised in the form of an actual order—else you may again be disappointed.

THERE WON'T BE—can't be—enough Reos to go round. Reports from Reo Dealers everywhere tell the same story, sound the same warning.

SO DON'T DELAY—today won't be a minute too soon.

All prices are f. o. b. Factory, and are subject to increase without notice

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LANSING, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 122)

katanthropos. He pointed out that among the lower animals, though the males might be showier than the females, they were merely parasites; and he suggested, with that powerful irony of his, that in our own human experience men certainly are the most complete dubs that can be imagined, and, therefore, women must be better.

Aside from being old as the hills, and biologically incorrect, katanthropos was really a nice new theory. All of Hoboken instantly began to talk about it. It almost wiped out psychoanalysis and sex-inhibitions as the popular topics for discussion at the Liberté. Mr. Brown himself couldn't keep up with the latest twists given to it. If he sat with Ysetta at a table for two at the Liberté Max Pincus would come darkly lumbering in, drag another chair up to their table, demand that Mr. Brown buy him a drink, make love to Ysetta, then plunge into a monologue on katanthropos.

Mr. Pincus didn't exactly say so, but he let it be inferred that long before Zuprushin had been heard of in America he, Max, had met him in Little Russia and heard all about katanthropos from the lips of the Master—sure, Max called him "the Master."

Mr. Brown was really impressed on the evening when Gaston Rakowsky informed the group that all of five years before he had talked over katanthropos with Herr Professor Dr. Hans Heinrich Wukadinovitch, of the University of Bonn.

Mr. Brown was grateful to them for helping him to lay the groundwork for a good paying business. Meantime, he was getting into literary society. He found that all he had to do was to be around, and he would be invited to at least nine parties a week. Some agitated lady, with back hair that ought to have been subjected to universal training, was always getting up a studio party, and wildly looking for guests, and inviting whole tablefuls.

He found that he could not keep up with his literary-social engagements. The Liberté group was only the beginning. There were at least three hundred distinct artistic groups in town.

There were crystal-ball and table-tipping parties at large bare studios in uptown loft buildings; teas in duplex apartments near Central Park; anarchist songfests in cellars on Mulberry Street; "quaint" restaurants on Washington Square, where social workers and writers went for dinner; lunch clubs of young editors and writers and artists, who disapproved of the Liberté, and talked solemnly about the publishing business; dinner clubs composed of ex-soldiers of fortune who wrote tales of adventure; poker parties at which literary but raucous young men drank growlers of beer; a social set frequently attended by dowagers with lorgnons; and even a commuting literary set, which would invite you to week-ends. All he had to do was to be at one party, and he was asked to nine others. So that the last state of that man became a lot worse than the first; and Mr. Brown's notion of a real entertainment was to go home, play his own records on his own phonograph for half an hour and go to bed.

He met almost every well-known writer and artist in America—and the sight considerably saddened him. He got used to asking "Who's that meechin' jack rabbit of a man over there drinking tea with his chin and talking about his lumbago?" and hearing the horrified reply: "Why, that's the most famous writer of cow-puncher stories in America!"

Sometime during these social explorations Mr. Brown discovered that Ysetta was becoming interested in him—and that he wasn't quite sure that he was still in love with Ysetta. Ysetta had too much Northernapolis air in her system to get herself ever really to like the thick-lipped, blue-faced fervidness of Max Pincus. She was always a little bewildered at the Liberté. Once Mr. Brown became a favorite and an insider, she began to admire him. She assumed that they two had been comrades in the fight for Culture back in poor Northernapolis.

Mr. Brown should have been gratified. But, like every business man, he was excited by pushing through a deal; and now he was interested in the game of literary success for its own sake. At first he had gone to parties only to see Ysetta; now she was not present at half the gatherings he frequented, and he called her up for tea only once a week.

So she began to telephone him, to implore him to take her for walks in the country. She began to call him "Big brother" whenever there was moonlight, and to sigh contentedly if he held her hand. When he informed her that M. Zuprushin had read one of his free verses and had actually written to him—he showed her the letter, which was in Mischa Knippensky's very best French—Ysetta almost kissed him. But he did not notice her intention. At that moment he was engaged in thinking "Time to beat it—due at Jane Saffron's."

For in the midst of his social rush he managed to see Mrs. Saffron at least three times a week. Whenever he thought Mrs. Saffron was in love with him, she would laugh at him; whenever he thought he bored her, Mrs. Saffron would whisper:

"Denny, dear, I need you near me this evening. These boys of twenty-five, with their theories, are so old. But you have the heart of eternal youth and daring. I suspect you of having been a gallant soldier."

It is yet to be discovered that the firmest pacifist objects to being told that he has been mistaken for a gallant soldier, or that the most solid business man finds anything ridiculous in the statement that he has a heart of eternal youth. Mr. Brown could always be depended on for tea at Mrs. Saffron's.

He may have dreamed of Ysetta's pale pure face, framed in an oval by her corn-colored hair, but that does not imply that he still desired to be her private worm, ready to be trod upon at all hours. He was beginning to feel that he, too, was a person with a Soul, and that he would free the same or bust something.

At which dangerous period in the history of Mr. Brown's soul, was published Dementia, the first complete novel of Zuprushin.

VII

SO FAR, Zuprushin's message of Katanthropos and Gloom had been known only to the hardy thinkers of the cigarette belt. Now it was to be revealed to the whole hungry land. Dementia, by Serge Zuprushin, translated from the Russian by Mischa Knippensky, had been completed, accepted by a revolutionary publisher who had four times been pinched upon complaint of the Worchester Purity Society, and was now to be issued.

The newspaper world was prepared in advance. Mr. Brown and Bill Hupp had gone down to the East Side, picked out one Moe Witzig, a prophetic-looking Russian Jewish ol' clo' man with a long black beard and an epileptic derby, kidnaped him, disinfected him, photographed him, and released him in a state of wealth and bewilderment. Moe Witzig was a respectable kosher man who read nothing but *Vorwaerts*, and he might have been astonished to learn that in every newspaper and magazine art room in America was his picture, labeled "Serge Zuprushin, the most startlingly pessimistic of Russian novelists."

Dementia, as published, wasn't exciting to behold. It had a gray-blue cover, and a bilious frontispiece presenting a large unkind gentleman staring at a young woman in a painter's smock. But the jacket was a striking thing in green and crimson, announcing that Dementia was not a book for children or old-fashioned moralists, but that it was "shot through and through with a brilliant and perilous genius."

The advertisements also murmured modestly that it was shot through and through with this brilliant genius; and two weeks after publication, when the reviews began to come in, there was the strangest coincidence—one which shows the solidarity of thought in our land. Thirty-six out of fifty reviews asserted that while Dementia was not a book "for children or old-fashioned moralists" it certainly was shot through and through with that same kind of projectile.

In a month the real critical articles, by college professors, were appearing. Mr. Brown was slightly dazed to find out what a genius he must be. He was more dazed when he read a disquisition by James Jouse, the celebrated British novelist who had left England during the war because he felt that the British were becoming almost prejudiced against his friends the Germans. Mr. Jouse made a few scornful references to the poor American boobs who dared to criticize the titanic personality of Zuprushin, and told chattily about meeting Zuprushin in Paris. Zuprushin had said to him:

"Jim, you are the only one of the blooming Britishers who can understand my philosophy, and of course no American ever will."

Mr. Brown was pleased to find that at the end of his article Mr. James Jouse let

Barrington Hall Coffee Is the Same Price Today As When Potatoes Were 30c a Bushel

Cut the Coupon and your household expenses by using

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

IF YOU are making the mistake of using cheaper coffee to cut down food costs, we want you to know that Barrington Hall, by reason of high quality and a process which preserves the full strength of each coffee bean, makes enough more coffee to the pound to bring the cost *per cup* lower than that of coffee selling at 10c less.

By cutting the coffee bean into tiny granules of uniform size, correct brewing is made possible and you will be delighted to find that Barrington Hall is also distinctly superior in flavor and more healthful than coffees not possessing the advantage of the Baker-ized process.

Study the above figures carefully. Then test Barrington Hall yourself, at our expense, for economy, flavor and healthfulness. It is sold by over 50,000 grocers at 40c a pound in sealed tins. (45c in the extreme West and 50 to 60 cents in Canada.)

Send for the complimentary trial can and booklet explaining our process. Or buy a pound tin to-day. No doubt your grocer has it now. If not, he can easily order from one of our many wholesale distributors who are located in all cities throughout the United States and Canada.

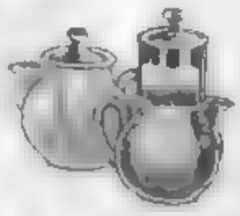
BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY

116 Hudson Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

246 N. Second Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FOR DRIP OR FILTER COFFEE POTS

If you use a drip or filter pot, be sure to try PUL-VO-DRIP Barrington Hall. This is Baker-ized Barrington Hall Coffee reduced to a still finer granulation which gives perfect results by the drip process. If you prefer, we will send you a sample of PUL-VO DRIP Barrington Hall in place of the regular Barrington Hall. When the sample is sent, we will explain how to obtain, free, a PUL-VO-DRIP Porcelain Pot made of glazed Guernseyware. Both coffee and pot have been tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.



No Soiled Hands—Spoiled Clothes—Ruined Dresses
Easy to Fill and Does it Well
New Parker Patented Clip Held in Place Like a Washer
PARKER
SAFETY-SEALED
SELF-FILLER

The ink simply cannot burst through because there are **no holes in the wall** through which it can get out.

IT IS SAFETY-SEALED.

That's why you can carry it upside down or in any position without danger of leaking. Not until the cap is removed and the SAFETY-SEALED button revealed, do you fully appreciate the advantage of a Parker Self-Filler.

See one—at all dealers, $2.50, $3, $4 and $5.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wisconsin
NEW YORK RETAIL STORE—Woolworth Building

Means—No holes cut in wall of barrel—no openings, levers or rings where ink can get out to stain clothes or person.

Paint Your Car better for $5

AutoNamel (not a ...) ... tough, undentable, smooth as glass ... on new cars, etc. One coat equals four of ordinary paint. Lustrous, lasting as best shop job. Used successfully by owners everywhere; GUARANTEED by famous piano-finish firm. Write for intensely interesting proofs.

AUTONAMEL CO., 91-97 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Purity Cross Welsh Rarebit

Just heat—then serve on toast or crackers. PERFECT. ... only 20c and 35c AT ALL FINE GROCERS ...
Purity Cross Inc.
Model Kitchen, Route 3 D, Orange, N. J.

Auto Lighting for Bicycles

Get a Delta complete electric lighting system. ... great for night riding. $1 brown searchlight 300 ... $1.75 up
DELTA ELECTRIC CO.
Dept. 10, Marion, Ind.

JAP ROSE SOAP
FINE FOR SHAMPOO

the public right in on a letter which Zuprushin had written to Mr. Jouse all of seven years ago, before America had even heard of Zuprushin.

"Gosh, that's a fine letter," sighed Mr. Brown. "I don't know where I got that line about Tartar temperament, but it sure sounds good. I've been plumb wasted on the Inland Lumber Company, if I wrote a letter like that seven years back."

Far beyond the reach of the novel itself was carried the theory of katanthropos. It became the favorite word of the hour. Vaudeville teams used it, and sob-squad newspaper women asked their readers to write in what they thought about it; cartoonists began to make fun of it—to spell it "catanthropos" was always knockdown humor; ministers denounced it; a Boston women's club defended it; a prominent anti-suffragist blamed it on the suffragists, and a suffragist on the antis. Katanthropos was an easy word—once you had learned to accent it on the *an* and to look superior while you said it—and millions added it to their vocabularies. If a teamster's wife in South Bend wished to convey her impression that her husband was a drunken bum, she made a sound like "you old katanthropos," in the belief that it was a new cuss-word; and if a polo player at Coronado wanted to show off before a curly-headed débutante, there was no possible means of preventing him from being witty about katanthropos.

The Zuprushin vogue began to get away from its starters.

Hundreds of women, from twenty to fifty, wrote to M. Zuprushin, care of his publisher; and Mr. Brown and Mr. Bill Hupp were dismayed as they read that every one of these women had crushed souls, and that they were using Zuprushin and his theories as excuse for eating all the candy they wanted, or deserting their husbands, or refusing to wash dishes. Messrs. Brown and Hupp were reasonably strong for suffrage, but as the diabolical word katanthropos was fired at them in scented feminine notes they began to wish to take M. Zuprushin and beat him to death.

It was Ysetta herself who finally frightened Mr. Brown.

He was under the impression that Ysetta was still in love with him, as she had been for all of five weeks. He was tired, one early evening. He wanted to be quiet. With a realization that the use of the expression would have got him court-martialed for espionage, in Hobohemia, he confessed to himself that he wanted to feel "homy." He telephoned casually to Ysetta that he was coming up.

He pictured her dear serious face—so fine and clean and keen, compared with the wallowing Pincuses and the weary Mrs. Saffrons.

But he found Ysetta pale and abrupt and furtive. There was a change in her flat too. The picture Beethoven in Paris was gone, and in place of it hung a clever bit by Bakst, portraying a pea-green gentleman reclining beside a crimson bootjack and a delicately mauve caterpillar tractor.

"What's trouble, Ysetta?" said Mr. Brown comfortably.

"Yes. . . . Yes, you may as well know now, and send the news back to Northernapolis, and be shocked with all the rest of your provincial neighbors and my family."

"Why, gee, honey, I've canned every last shackle now. I'm as free a soul as the head waiter at the Liberté."

"He isn't free. He interrupts geniuses like Max Pincus to make them pay dirty, sordid, disgusting little bills."

"Something to that. Yes, I wouldn't call a head waiter that had as hard a job as that anything like free ——"

"And you, Dennis, despite your apparent interest in *vers libre*, you are at heart a Puritan."

"Oh, no! Not that!"

"Yes! And you might just as well know that I have decided to enter into a free union with Max Pincus."

Mr. Brown said a number of things which could not be reprinted except in a book by Zuprushin. He had learned to look calmly upon the "free union"—which means marriage to a man who is too near to get a marriage license now or a regular court divorce three years from now. But it was different to think of Ysetta in the same embarrassment. At the end of his few well-chosen remarks he classified Max Pincus as a "fat, dirty-fingered, unmanicured, hoggish, conceited, ignorant, loafing canvas-spoiler."

"Even if I did agree with you," said Ysetta in a bored manner which Mr. Brown recognized as an imitation of Mrs. Saffron, "I should still take Max under my wing and let his child-mind develop; because you see I have been converted to katanthropos, and I realize that, as a woman, I must control the inferior male."

"Kat ——" groaned the stricken father of katanthropos.

"Yes. I have been reading Dementia, and I see what a thinly sentimental nation ours is. If I am unhappy with Max—and it may be that you are quite right in saying that he doesn't bathe—my inner self will be developed by the splendid suffering. . . . 'Kicking at the banal sky in an ecstasy of torture.'"

"Say, for the love of Mike, do you mean to say you like that horrible Zuprushin rot?"

"My dear Dennis, your mode of expression—the elegance of your 'love of Mike'—excuses you from belonging to the group that can appreciate Zuprushin!"

"Now look here; you know perfectly well that I used to be one of the best little members of the Zuprushin Sewing and Conversation Circle, but I've come to see that the man's plain crazy."

"Oh, you think so, do you!" said Ysetta in a manner not entirely different from the way in which young women talk to fresh young men in Northernapolis.

Mr. Brown took a long breath. He said coldly, carefully:

"It may interest you to know that I have information from Paris that Zuprushin is a myth! A hoax! Some French journalist just faked him up!"

Ysetta neither fainted nor cried "My hero!" She changed the fingering on her cigarette and answered:

"And it may interest you to know that last night, at the Liberté, I met James Jouse—you know, the English novelist—and I heard him telling Max and Abigail that he has known Zuprushin personally for years! Oh, such a man! He says that Zuprushin drinks vodka before breakfast, and scorns all of us feeble Westerners who can't stand manly drinks."

"Say, look here, you aren't trying this manly vodka before breakfast stuff, too, are you? I should almost think that was carrying your religious fervor too far."

"No. I tried to drink some vodka once and it tasted like a sneeze. So I admire Zuprushin all the more."

"When do you pull off this free union with dear old Max?"

"Well, I don't know. I haven't proposed it to him yet."

"What d'yuh mean 'proposed'?"

"Why, my poor Dennis, if I believe in katanthropos, naturally I shall direct both my life and his."

It was indeed a homy evening at Ysetta's.

VIII

MR. BROWN left Ysetta's flat at nine-thirty to attend a conference with Bill Hupp at the office. He found Mischa Knippensky, the translator, there, unusually sallow and nervous. Mr. Brown looked at him with distaste.

"Say, Denny," said Bill, "we got a letter from the Women's Radical League asking us, as Zuprushin's agents, to get him to come over to this country and lecture. They got a lot of pull too. Sort of a society anarchist bunch."

"Nothing doing," grumbled Mr. Brown.

Mischa Knippensky broke in:

"Yes, there is something doing."

"What d'yuh mean?"

"I think I'll have Zuprushin come over. Come over from the East Side of New York, anyway! I can find a good ringer for him, and tell him what to say."

"What have you got to do with it, Knippensky?"

"Everything! I wrote him! You furnish a clumsy Yankee idea, and I make it live!"

"Yes, and you got paid for it."

"Yes, and I get paid a lot more for it, Mr. Brown! Either I get a fifty-fifty cut on the royalties of Dementia, or I bring Zuprushin over to lecture—and remember I'm given in the book as his translator and representative."

Bill Hupp was doing Swedish movements with his large square hands. He begged "Shall I choke him or just punch him, boss?"

"Wait."

While Mr. Hupp and Mr. Knippensky glared at each other, Mr. Brown sat and smoked and thought.

(Continued on Page 129)

Cheney Cravats

PERHAPS the most extraordinary thing about this distinctive neckwear is that it costs no more than commonplace neckties. It isn't much trouble to look for the name

CHENEY SILKS

in the neckband, and it's certainly worth while.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St., New York

HUMAN INSTINCT Versus MECHANICAL ACCURACY

WHICH WILL YOU TRUST?

THE LEEDAWL DOLLAR COMPASS

is a mechanical indicator of direction. It is only human to make mistakes—the **Leedawl** is always right. It leads you in a straight line—it takes you there and back over the shortest possible trail—best of all, it knows the way, no matter how unfamiliar or wild the country.

The **Leedawl** stands alone in its price class. Its jeweled needle, silvered metal dial, snap-in beveled crystal glass, white metal case and screw top are features unequaled in a $1.00 Compass.

Ask your dealer to show you the Taylor-made line of compasses: Leedawl, $1.00; Magnasole, $... Pedal, $1.50; Gydawl, $2.00; Liquidite, $2.00; Aurapole, $2.50; Meridian, $3.50; Cuebymite, $3.00

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Set of 3 ... $2.85

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Talk for ten minutes with any man who owns a Paige car. You, then, will realize that the most priceless assets of this company do not appear on our financial statement as "Bills Receivable" or "Plants and Machinery."

The *loyalty* of our owners; the implicit *confidence* of our owners; the warm *friendship* of our owners—these are the things that have made the Paige Company what it is today.

These are the assets that money cannot buy. These are the assets that fire and flood cannot destroy. These are the assets that have built an impregnable bulwark of Reputation and Prestige around the name Paige.

Call them intangible, if you will, yet these are the things that have made *possible* "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

Stratford "Six-51" seven-passenger	-	$1495 f. o. b. Detroit
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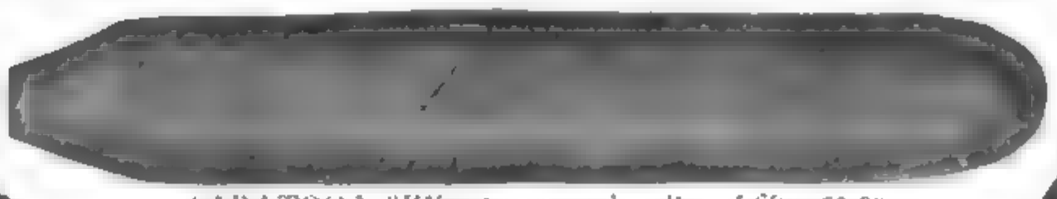
Complete line of enclosed cars

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

RICORO

CORONA SIZE—7 cents each. Box of fifty, $3.25

PANETELA SIZE—6 cents each. Box of fifty, $3.00



SARATOGA SIZE—6 cents each. Box of fifty, $3.00

the "Self Made" cigar

Made in Porto Rico

YOUR Share in a Great Success

If you are accustomed to the finest imported cigars at high prices, try RICORO and *save half* your cigar money. If you are a "nickel" smoker, pay the extra penny or two for a 6 or 7 cent RICORO and get *double value* for your money.

The history of RICORO is a romantic story indeed. The first RICOROS were made to order for a group of tobacco magnates—men who *knew tobacco* and who could afford anything they wanted. It was made to their own specifications of what a fine cigar should be.

It was made of Porto Rican tobacco because these experts knew that Porto Rico grows the finest *mild* tobacco in the world. It was made *in* Porto Rico because experts also know that the best cigars must be made *where the tobacco grows*. The tropic atmosphere—that fine bouquet which distinguishes the *imported* cigar from all others—must be rolled into the cigar *in the tropics*, before the tobacco is shipped.

When RICORO exactly suited the taste of these experts it was placed on sale. And because it was imported from Porto Rico and paid no duty, it was sold at *half* the price of cigars imported from elsewhere.

RICORO'S success was sensational. Without advertising RICORO soon sold a million a week. Only after this tremendous "self-made" success was it decided to advertise RICORO and share this great cigar value with smokers everywhere. RICORO sales then trebled within a few months. Now every fourth man who buys cigars in a United Cigar Store asks for RICORO. And men who buy RICORO once, buy it always.

This great success means something to *you*. You can *share* it if you will. *Every RICORO smoked saves the smoker many times what it makes for us.* You draw a dividend every time you smoke—when you smoke RICORO.

RICORO sells at 6, 7, 10 cents and up to two for a quarter, depending on size and shape.

Will you accept your share? Try RICORO today and start your dividend.

THANK YOU.

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact smoke suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service.

If more convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Use order blank on coupon at lower right-hand corner of this advertisement.

CIGARS UNITED

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY (send to nearest city named below):
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

Find enclosed $ for which send me, express charges prepaid, RICORO Cigars
50 CORONA SIZE 50 PANETELA SIZE 50 SARATOGA SIZE
Mild, Medium or Strong. (Scratch out sizes and colors not wanted
It is understood that if after smoking three cigars they are not satisfactory the [illegible]
order to me or to my [illegible] charges prepaid, for return of the total amount remitted.

Name

Address *Place*

(Continued from Page 126)

"Knippensky," he said, "I think I'll let you bring Zuprushin over."

"Oh, thank you!" caroled Mr. Knippensky, and took leave.

"Look here," said Bill Hupp: "I thought you said you had come to hate Zup as much as I do."

"Sure do I, Bill. If we told the truth about him nobody would believe us, though. But I think maybe I see a way to slaughter him."

IX

WHEN he left the office Mr. Brown started on a walk, the object of which was to keep away from the Liberté. He told himself that he hated Hobohemia even more than, in Northernapolis, he had imagined he would. He walked briskly. He found that his steps tended to turn toward the Liberté, but that was merely because in that locality the streets were not so much torn into trenches and shell-pits by the subway. As he walked, violently anxious over Ysetta, loathing himself for having invented Zuprushin, he began to think of the Liberté as a warm and entertaining place. He felt lonely in these quiet side-streets. Mrs. Saffron would be at the Liberté, with her curious exciting smile; and maybe that good soul Jerry McCabe, of Direct Action. He needn't go near the nuts like Max Pincus and Abigail Manx. . . . It would have taken Mr. Brown seventeen minutes to walk from his office to the Liberté, if he had been going to the Liberté. But as his chief object was to keep from going there, it took him all of twenty-seven minutes to get there.

He bolted in, and threw off his melancholy as Mrs. Saffron hailed him, "Come join us, Denny." He sat down with Mrs. Saffron, Max Pincus, Abigail Manx, Jandorff Fish, and a man he had never seen before.

The stranger was introduced. He was no other than that monumental British novelist, the personal friend of Zuprushin, Mr. James Jouse.

Mr. Jouse was almost prominently dressed. He wore a light tan overcoat with a wine-colored collar, a check suit, a crimson waistcoat with canary-yellow buttons, a terra-cotta tie with a brass pin placed diagonally, two thumb rings of opal matrices, yellow shoes with rubber soles, and spats. A walking stick four feet long and a pearl-gray derby hung on his chair. From this débacle rose his round, smooth-shaven, red, foolish face, a bang of rope-colored hair, and a long Chinese tobacco pipe with a brass bowl, which he kept refilling with pinches of powdered tobacco. This refilling was of advantage in that it interrupted his talk, and the most important fact about his talk was that it ought to have been interrupted. It boomed an insulting bass, while Mr. Jouse informed his hearers—which meant everybody within a block of the Liberté—that England was an ignorant nation; that he had left England during the war because he could not stand its insular attitude toward his friends the Germans; that America was an ignorant nation, also insular; that we were ignorant of our only geniuses, Whitman and Max Pincus; that sex had an inevitable tendency to be sex; and that he, Mr. James Jouse, was the only modern who could appreciate Zuprushin.

Mr. Brown suddenly realized that he wasn't being paid by the Inland Lumber Company to stand Mr. Jouse. He interrupted:

"Strikes me that this Zuprushin is simply a fad."

Mr. Jouse came to a thunderous halt. He looked Mr. Brown all over. The Jouse fans began to snicker. Mr. Brown felt uncomfortable.

"Ah?" said Mr. Jouse. "It is very amusing to get the Typical American Business Man's opinion of a great spirit like Zuprushin. I take it that you are a business man."

"I certainly am!" growled Mr. Brown.

"Ah, my friend! You see? Only the Germans have been able to appreciate James Jouse's penetrating vision. Now, my friend, have you found that your brain—which is doubtless a most tremendous brain for business problems—has it been able to stand the strain of reading clear through one whole chapter in Zuprushin?"

Max Pincus was laughing so merrily—Mr. Brown saw that if he did his duty, and beat both Mr. Pincus and Mr. Jouse, the Liberté would be in an unfortunate state. He ran away, pursued by the thunder of Mr. Jouse's voice and the lightning of Mr. Jouse's waistcoat. He found a perfectly respectable restaurant, into which he was sure no Hobohemian had ever gone. Pathetically solitary, he ate a Swiss-cheese sandwich, while on the back of a couple of envelopes he wrote the following hate song:

I, Dennis J. Brown—of Northernapolis, by golly!—do hereby hate and do cuss out, for keeps, all authors of the following classes:

High brainy authors who do scorn and contemn commercialized writing guys.

Husky writing guys who play golf and wear brokers' ties and scorn high authors and otherwise try to pretend that they are not authors also.

Radical authors with a mission.

Lady optimists.

Writers of moral stories about cowpunchers.

Writers of immoral sex stories.

Authors with social position, especially those related to the best families of the South.

Authors who write about the broad prairies of the Middle West.

Authors who write about the broad ocean at or adjacent to California.

Authors who write about authors.

He scratched his head for a moment, then firmly added to his list:

All other kinds of authors.

X

THERE were no more masterpieces emanating from the office of the Brown Productions Company. The stenographer and Oliver Jasselby had been discharged. All day long Mr. Brown and Mr. Hupp sat around and hated Zuprushin and waited.

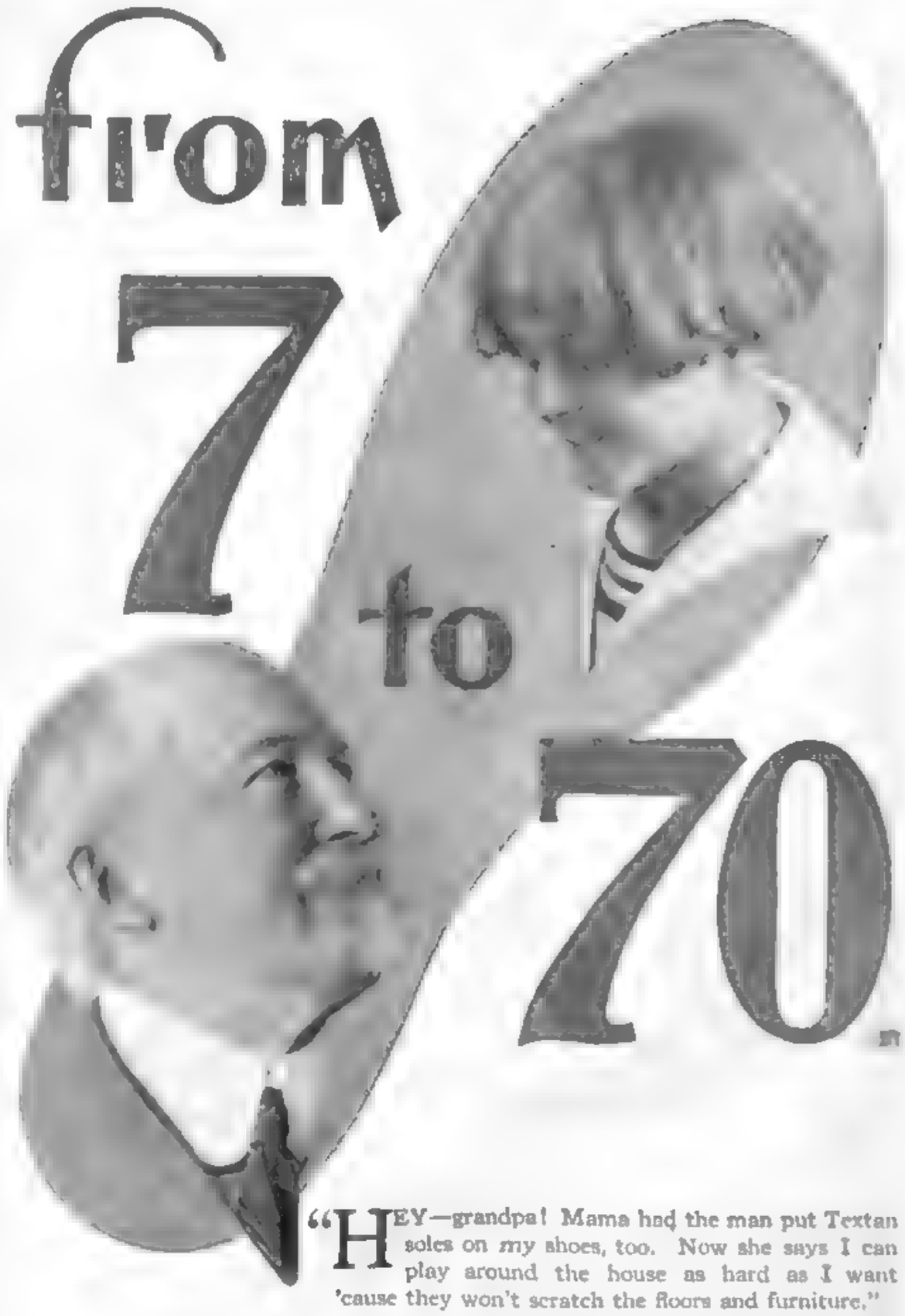
In about a week they were pleased to see large posters announcing that Zuprushin had secretly arrived from Russia and would give a revolutionary lecture on The Passing of the Male, at Yearner Hall. By speaking in false and sympathetic bird notes to Mischa Knippensky, Mr. Brown and Mr. Hupp learned that Mischa was going to use a Grand Street butcher as Zuprushin. The butcher had a criminal record, but he was a clever parrot and was busily learning a speech which Mischa had written for him.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Hupp had one of the standard press pictures of Zuprushin enlarged to a noble thing, nine feet by four. They informed the superintendent of Yearner Hall that, by orders of Zuprushin's manager, Mr. Mischa Knippensky, this portrait was to be hung on the proscenic arch on the night of the lecture.

They sought the original of the Zuprushin picture, Moe Witzig, the dealer in old, very old and not very sanitary garments. They took along a trusty court interpreter, but even with his aid they had difficulty in making Mr. Witzig understand that he was to be paid large sums for the pleasant and easy work of heckling a Russian genius. Mr. Witzig was understood to observe that he would see himself in Gehenna before he would have anything more to do with two Goys who hitherto, in an hour when he had trusted them and believed them, had taken him and bathed him in a distressingly uncanonical manner, and practically ruined the appearance of his derby and the luxuriance of his beard. He was a poor man, but he was learned in the Talmud, and he would be *verflucht* before he would again trust himself to them. They had to put the petition entirely on moral grounds, and speak reasonably to his wife, who helped them to persuade Mr. Witzig, and was present on the afternoon before the Zuprushin lecture, when the wailing Mr. Witzig was again disinfected and arrayed in the Russian blouse with embroidered collar which he had worn when the Zuprushin picture had been taken.

The Zuprushin lecture was advertised like a prizefight. It was pulled off in Yearner Hall, and every yearner after culture from Weehawken to Flatbush was in evidence. Before eight o'clock a queue half a block long was in front of the ticket window for the gallery. It was not the typical gallery queue, but a line of entirely proper school-teachers, social workers and club women, who felt that Culture demanded that they go and swallow a large bitter dose of Zuprushin. The smallest and most anæmic women in the bunch had stern words to say about the truth of katanthropos.

Mr. Brown had taken a box for Ysetta, Mrs. Saffron and himself. From the box they gazed on the somewhat undistinguished-looking heads of the most distinguished people in New York. Mrs. Vanzile Deuzen had



"HEY—grandpa! Mama had the man put Textan soles on *my* shoes, too. Now she says I can play around the house as hard as I want 'cause they won't scratch the floors and furniture."

"Yes, Bobbie, but the things that mama likes most about Textan soles are that they *wear so much longer than leather*—and they are *waterproof*.

"She is saving on those shoe bills you run up so fast—you little rascal—and she doesn't worry when you get caught out in the rain, because she knows your feet will stay dry.

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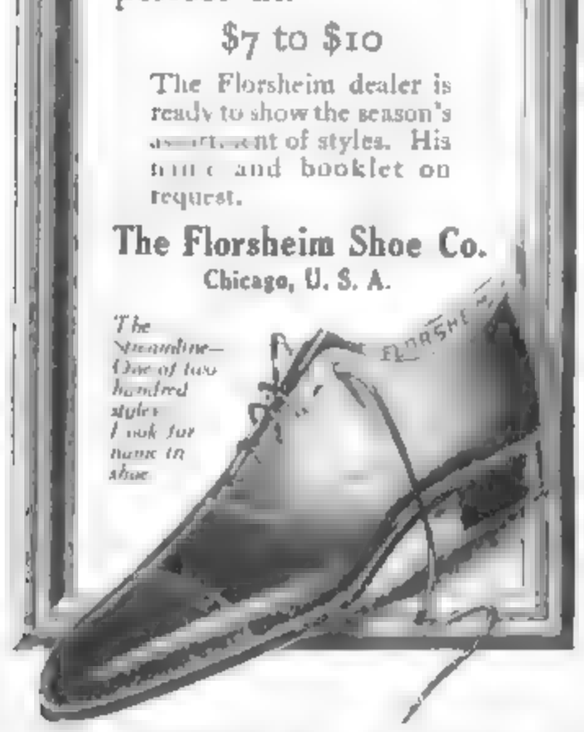
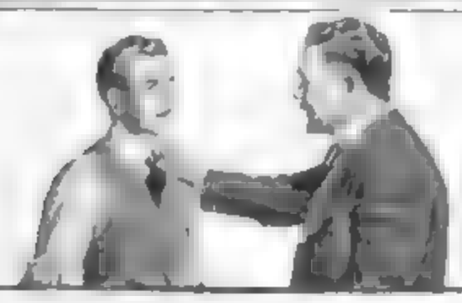


The Streamline—One of two hundred styles I ask for name in shoe

Lend Me Your Ice for 30 Days



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The boss [illegible] When he has a responsible [illegible] YOU [illegible] you'll be ready when [illegible] opportunity [illegible]

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Address

brought a dinner party, which occupied a whole row in the orchestra. In two boxes were the owners of four-ninths of the real estate in New York. The most celebrated tenor in the world sat in a stall near that of the president of one of the state federations of women's clubs.

The peculiar thing about this audience was that it did not wait decorously for the curtain, as did most of the gentle assemblages at Yearner Hall. Everybody talked loudly. They were all hot on the trail of the Newest Culture, and baying their quarry.

Through a frog pond of weaving noises Mr. Brown could hear the basso-profundo of Mr. James Jouse informing the world that he had a rotten seat, in this rotten hall, to hear the rotten lecture of that discredited charlatan, Zuprushin, a person whom Mr. Jouse would certainly refuse to meet personally, even if he were invited to meet him.

Ysetta leaned over the edge of the box and sighed:

"Isn't it wonderful, this tribute to Zuprushin!"

"Uh-huh!" said Mr. Brown nervously.

He was watching the stage box across the hall. He looked relieved when, just before the curtain went up, he saw Bill Hupp, in large, suave evening clothes, enter that box in company with a person swathed in a black cloak. Then Mr. Brown glanced up at the enlarged portrait of Zuprushin, hung over the proscenic arch, and he settled back contentedly.

When the curtain rose Mr. Mischa Knippensky came out, in evening clothes with a black tie and a pumpkin-colored waistcoat, and with his long fingers winnowing the air told the audience what he, personally, thought of Zuprushin, Dementia, katanthropos and Mr. Knippensky's skill as translator. He bowed and bawled:

"Ladus and gentlemen, M. Serge Zuprushin!"

From the wings, with brutal shoulders swinging, deep jaws sagging, large crimson lips set in a sneer, and short, thick black beard jutting out harshly, waddled a pouched ball of a man, and ducked his head insultingly at the audience.

"Ladies—I address the ladies only—for you t'ings dat call yourself American men iss not wort' addressing ——" began Zuprushin II.

The audience gasped. Then it muttered. Bill Hupp was stepping from his box to the stage, stooping to give a hand to his companion in the black cloak.

"Vell?" snarled Zuprushin II.

Bill Hupp came to the footlights. He looked big and clean and competent, and his voice was curtly commanding:

"I have a little announcement. I want to save my good friend Mr. Knippensky from a trick that has been played on him."

Mr. Knippensky had sprung up, but he stopped, looked mystified.

"I have information," said Bill Hupp, "that this person calling himself Zuprushin is a fake, and that the real Zuprushin is a prisoner in a lunatic asylum! A few of us have known that the so-called masterpieces of Zuprushin, including his novel, Dementia, and his absurd theory of 'katanthropos,' are nothing but the ingenious ravings of a madman. To prove it, I have arranged with his keepers and brought the real Zuprushin!"

Mr. Moe Witzig removed the cloak and, in Russian blouse, stood out beside Bill.

Zuprushin II roared:

"It's a lie! I'm the real guy!"

Bill Hupp laughed.

"Note the change in this person's manner! And if you'll look at the portrait of the real Zuprushin, hung above the stage and familiar to most of you, you can judge which of these is the real Zuprushin. When the policeman whom I have waiting ——"

At the word "policeman" the fake Zuprushin—the more fake one—leaped out over the footlights, went thundering up the center aisle and out at an exit.

The audience merely moaned. In the Brown box Ysetta was slumped down in her chair, her lips open, her eyes large, while even the blasé Mrs. Saffron was gasping. But while Mr. Mischa Knippensky was admitting to the audience that he had been deceived, while Moe Witzig-Zuprushin, in the manner of a phonograph, informed the audience that he had been allowed out of the asylum only for the evening, and confessed that Dementia had been merely a diversion to while away the happy hours in the violent ward, Mr. Dennis J. Brown sat tapping his teeth with the nail of his right forefinger, beaming idiotically and humming "Oh, Misto Bailey, You're My Ukalele Coon."

XI

HE TOOK Ysetta and Mrs. Saffron to a restaurant guiltless of Hobohemians, after the lecture, and told the inside history of Zuprushin. Mrs. Saffron leaned across the table and raved:

"Oh, you wonderful man! I adore people who can put things across!"

Ysetta sat still—hard, cold, like the statue of a young goddess. She said slowly:

"I think you are disgusting! I can see now that the Zuprushin theories are absurd. I am glad you have killed them. But how dared you, dared you ever start them? It's not that it was wicked—I think the Zuprushin stories were big, even if you did write them. But how dared you make a mock of this pathetic yearning of the young literary world? What if they are bad and mad, as you say?—though they really aren't; they're just a bunch of youngsters, without much money, being happy together. It's only the madness of burning youth. You want to substitute the plush dullness of a Northernapolis parlor for this adventurousness of theirs, by holding them up to ridicule. Oh, yes, I'll grant you, plush is nice and safe and sane—and dusty. I hate you for it; I hate you for your blindness in not seeing that Max Pincus is really honest and fine and ambitious, behind his clumsy blustering puppyness. I've been hesitating about proposing a free union with Max, but now you force me to it!"

She sprang up. Mr. Brown gaped in the direction of Mrs. Saffron, who whispered:

"Better go with her, but don't say too much! Call me up."

He rushed to the door, where Ysetta was stubbornly tramping away, her evening coat over her arm. He had to stop to pay his check; and with a feeling that numerous guests were snickering at him, he galloped out to the street and after her. He had to beg humbly before she would consent to his getting a taxi. Suddenly he saw this girl not as his little sweetheart of Northernapolis, not as Mrs. Saffron's pet yearner, who could easily be won by the success of Denis Brown-Zuprushin, but as a woman, fire and passion and eternal wonder. He was afraid to talk to her on the way home. Only at her door did he nerve himself to say:

"Look, honey! I'm sorry, terribly sorry. Look: let's leave this bum town and go back home. Whether I was good or bad, you've seen that I could be a reg'lar Russian genius, if I wanted to take the trouble, and you can't call me a dub again. Come! We can make Northernapolis one live little burg, after knowing Jim Jouse and all the big bugs."

From the burning and mobile lips of the goddess, as she slipped by him, came one celestial word: "Nope!"

She darted inside her apartment house. Mr. Brown stared till the chauffeur, who was now witnessing his third lovers' quarrel for the evening, growled

"Say, Bill, don't let that make you forget you owe me a dollar and sixty cents!"

Mr. Brown trotted to the nearest open drug store and telephoned to Mrs. Saffron:

"Lady, can I come and tell you my troubles? It's late, but ——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Saffron.

It has been recorded that Mrs. Saffron's living room was distinguished, even among Hobohemian interior decorators, by totally lacking chairs. When Mr. Brown arrived at midnight, Mrs. Saffron groaned:

"I can't stand this horrible hole this evening. I'll let you see my real living room. I know you're on to my pose by now, so—here's the real Joan Saffron!"

She took him into a room which resembled Northernapolis of 1890. There were chairs, easy-chairs of the dragonhead school, and an enormous soap-coupon leather rocker. There were six pictures of Saffron relatives on the wall, and the relatives did not look like Hobohemia. Side whiskers and moral bangs.

"This is the first room I've felt at home in since I hit New York," sighed Mr. Brown. "But how come that you, the girl that sent out the first mobilization order for the free spirits and the economically independent women, have a room like a jolly old parasite woman back home?"

"Oh, how I would like to be a parasite woman for a while!"

"Huh!"

"I do get so tired of earning my own living, and buying eats for the men that drop

(Concluded on Page 133)

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THEN by surplus earnings they have helped pay for more Pierce-Arrows. Every Pierce-Arrow truck sold helps us sell another, and every Pierce-Arrow truck bought helps the owner buy more. That is the way Pierce-Arrow fleets grow. It is not difficult to sell large numbers of motor trucks through price concessions, direct or indirect. It is a different story to build up fleets, sale by sale, on the solid foundation of operating results. That is the way Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks are sold. Pierce-Arrow owners will tell you the details. If you are genuinely interested and now in the market for motor trucks, we shall be glad to put you in touch with Pierce-Arrow owners in your locality and in your line of business.

Specific data are available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.

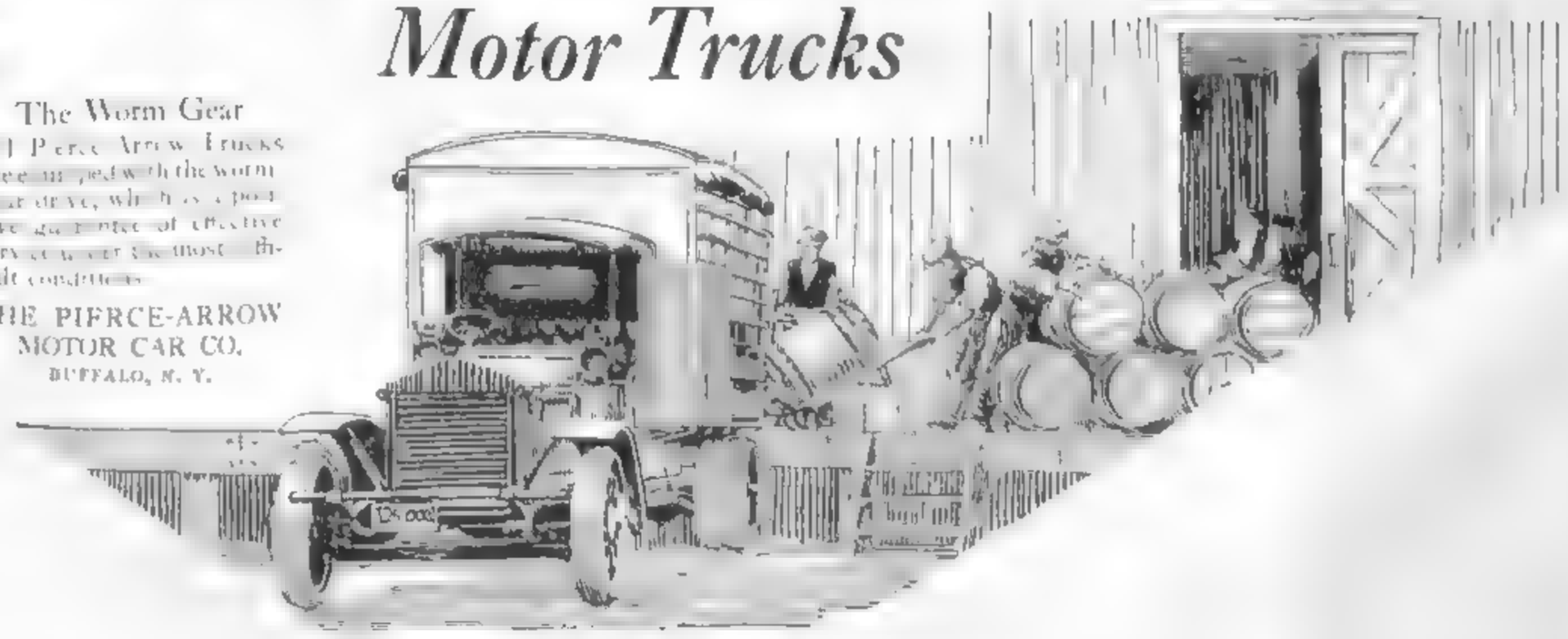
PIERCE-ARROW

Motor Trucks

The Worm Gear

All Pierce-Arrow Trucks are equipped with the worm rear drive, which is a positive guarantee of effective service under the most difficult conditions.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.



If You Like Natural Things You Will Like Velvet

Velvet is just *naturally* good tobacco made better by Nature's own method. That's the story in a pipe bowl.

After the rich sun-ripened Burley tobacco comes from Kentucky's fields, the hand of man does not touch it until it has mellowed two years in the original wooden hogsheads.

That "ageing in the wood" is Nature's own way of maturing pipe tobacco to the full. Man can't expect to beat it. Now you know the open secret of Velvet's unequaled smoothness, mildness and rich mellow flavor.

Say "Velvet" to *your* dealer.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

That ain't a better schoolmarm
than ole Nature, son, I guess,
She can make a pipe of Velvet
preach a sermon on success.
She says, "Success an' Velvet
don't just happen so, like weeds,
"But they come from patient watchin'
of the proper sort of seeds.

"Thar must be plow-time an' plantin'—
sunny days an' rainy sky,
"An' a sight of steady hoein',
'fore the harvest time draws nigh:
"Then the leaves must age an' mellow,
slowly into Velvet, friend—
"But the apple that you climb for
tastes the sweetest in the end.'

Velvet Joe

(Concluded from Page 130)

around about dinner time, and pretending I like it!"

Mrs. Saffron hugged her knees with shining hands. She seemed very companionable. He could imagine her camping with him—getting breakfast and singing. Her eyes demanded his sympathy, and he, who was chilly from Ysetta's scorn, felt warm and comforted in her presence.

"Look!" he cried. "Would you really like a big Northernapolis Sunday dinner, with fat dumplings and chicken and mince pie, and then have to go out and call on Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Smoot?"

"I'd adore it! And I'd make them think I was the most puritanical and comfy old soul in the world. And if I got restless I'd get busy in women's club politics; maybe make the city council widen a street."

"I really believe you would. Listen—I don't know what Ysetta has told you, but I begin to see Northernapolis as consid'-able burg. Why, do you know, we've got more blocks of White Way on Main Street than Minneapolis or Seattle ——"

Mrs. Saffron agreed with him that Northernapolis must be the queen among burgs. She also agreed that it would be entrancing to sneak off in the car, on a Sunday morning, and fish for trout in Cataract Creek. He began to visualize the manner in which the trained and not too young Mrs. Saffron would be able to capture Northernapolis; make the country club clamor for her presence at teas, and the Maple Hill Mardi Gras Association beg her to plan an original costume ball. His honest face shone as he rose to go, and she whispered to him:

"You make me want to—go home! Won't you come to tea to-morrow? I warn you—I may propose to you!"

"And I warn you, Mrs. Saffron, I may accept you!"

XII

THE newspapers next morning reported the mysterious appearance of from two to a dozen Zuprushins at Yearner Hall. Mr. Brown read the papers the more intently because he was trying to hide from himself. He wanted to see Mrs. Saffron, who might be his companion, but he was also lonely for Ysetta, round whom he had now molded all his life.

He dared not telephone to her, but at noon, when he knew that she would be back from her college classes, he knocked at her door.

"Well, Ysetta," he said, "as I told you, I'm going to cut out this fool New York game and go home. Once more, won't you come with me? Aw, come on to the redwoods, even if they're only maples, old Dora."

"Thank you, no." She bit the words off neatly, as though they were basting threads. "I have thought it over carefully, but this Zuprushin hoax makes a wall between us."

"But don't you understand that I did it only to please you?"

She answered with her eyebrows.

"This is final?"

"Final."

"Then —— Look, Ysetta; maybe I respect you all the more for the way you gave me the deuce after the Zuprushin affair last night. I—uh—I want your advice before I absolutely decide about going home. Mrs. Saffron said—— What do you think of Mrs. Saffron, by the way?"

"She's the best fighter for reform in New York, and awfully sane and understanding and square. If she advises you to go back to Northernapolis, then go."

"No, you don't get the idea. 'Slike this: New York has spoiled me. I wouldn't be satisfied to marry a normal, sensible Northernapolis girl. Dog-gone it, I'm getting so I actually like to talk about these authors, even if it's only to knock them. And if you won't marry me—well, Mrs. Saffron will!"

"What! The cat! The traitor! Jane Saffron is the worst intriguer in town! Why, that woman tried to steal Max Pincus off me, till she found I didn't really like him. Then she lost interest. Now she wants to steal you! Dennis Brown, if you dare to try to marry that petticoated politician, I'll—I'll—oh, I'll ——"

"Yes, honey dear! You'll ——"

"I'll marry you myself first!"

She began to blush. She stammered:

"Wh-why, now I've s-said it, I don't know but what I'll marry you anyway. Maybe I'll be lonely ——"

"But, oh, honey, do you love me?"

"Oh, how can I tell! But I do know I'd rather quarrel with you than with anybody else."

"Look here, Ysetta, you know my chief ambition has always been to marry you; but even so, I'm not going to have you bullying my poor dub soul all the rest of my life."

"I'm glad you aren't afraid of me, Denny." She came to him quickly, held both his arms. "But I will bully you, just the same, and keep you alive and interesting."

"Gosh, I suppose you will. And I'll probably like it. Oh, well, maybe there is something to this here katanthropos. . . . Say, Bess, I never did notice, till I became the star Russian genius, how adorable your ears are."

The Still Alarm

THE time, according to a New York illustrator who tells the tale, was in the early hours of a new day; the place was the lobby of a hotel on a downtown side street in New York; the principal character was a well-dressed gentleman in an alcoholic fog, who had come in and registered for the night a few minutes earlier. Now, half dressed, he descended the stairway from the second floor and stood swaying slightly in front of the desk.

"Mish' Night Clerk," he said politely but thickly, "I'll 'ave resquesh you gimme 'nozzer room."

"Well, sir," stated the clerk, "we're a little bit crowded. I don't know whether I could shift you right now. It's pretty late, you know."

"Mish' Night Clerk," said the guest in a courteous but firm voice, "I repeat—mush gimme 'nozzer room."

"Isn't the room I gave you comfortable?" parleyed the functionary.

"Sheems be perf'ly so," admitted the transient. "Nev'less, mush ash be moved 'mediately."

"Well, what's the matter with your room?" demanded the pestered clerk.

The stranger bent forward, and with the air of one imparting a secret addressed the clerk in a husky half whisper:

"If you mush know, my room's on fire!"

A Hint to the Wise

IN A CERTAIN Southern town resides a large coal-black person of the female sex, who is a master cook in a community of good cooks, but who, by reason of occasional indulgences in gin, is subject to outbursts of violent temper, which militate against her holding a steady job.

On one of these occasions, after having words with a white lady in whose employ she had been for a couple of weeks, she seized a butcher knife from the kitchen table and, armed with this, chased her mistress to an upper floor of the home, where the lady remained behind locked doors for some hours, until assistance arrived in the person of her husband.

A few weeks later a neighboring family found itself without a cook and in the emergency hired the black woman, though aware of her proneness to go on the rampage when irritated. On her first morning in the new position the head of the house, a lawyer by profession, called the cook into the dining room, where he sat at breakfast:

"Mandy," he said, "I'd like to have a little understanding with you. I'm the quickest person to take a hint that you ever saw. Any time a feeling should come over you that you'd like me to go upstairs and stay there a while, a word from you will be amply sufficient. You need not feel called upon to reach for the butcher knife. I'll go right away."

Good Gracious-and "Spotless" only a nickel!

Spotless Cleanser sure lifts that little coin from its lowly position and makes it look, act and talk like a dime.

Turn "Spotless" loose in the kitchen and watch it scamper o'er your pots and pans in its dogged determination to rout dirt and grease and the rest of the mussy mob.

No job is too big or too small for

SPOTLESS CLEANSER

It never shirks. It scours the dirtiest floors as cheerfully as the finest marble. It digs the scorch and burn from cooking utensils with the same zest with which it attacks a rusty knife.

It sweetens refrigerators, cleans sinks, milk-cans, crockery, and makes that emblem-of-Saturday-night shine like never before.

There is just *one* Spotless Cleanser. It has no doubles; no rich or poor relatives. It snaps its fingers at the "just as good" and dares them meet it face-to-face on any greasy pot or dripping pan.

Buy "Spotless"—the big nickel's worth.

Sold everywhere in the enameled, rust-proof can. Made by The Reynolds Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky; Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

5¢

To Young Men:

THIS business is growing rapidly. We are constantly adding men to our sales-force. We want to employ men from 19 to 27 years of age who have a genuine desire to succeed in business. Previous experience in salesmanship entirely unnecessary. If you are engaged in clerical work, or in any other line of respectable endeavor, or are ready to enter commercial life and desire to connect yourself with our organization, regardless of where you may live, write to us.

THE REYNOLDS CORPORATION

Louisville, Ky.
Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

Burpee's Seeds Grow

Five of the Finest Fordhook Vegetables For 25c we will mail one packet each of the following Vegetables.

Bean—[illegible] the most famous Dutch [illegible]

Beet—Black [illegible]

Corn—[illegible] hardy, luscious and sweet.

Lettuce—Brittle Ice, large head, crisp and mild.

Radish—Rapid Red, quickest growing round red radish. Crisp and solid.

25c buys all the above. Five collections [illegible] different vegetables [illegible]

As a Compliment to the Ladies, we [illegible] Burpee's Fordhook Farm Asters.

Burpee's Annual for 1917 is bigger and brighter than ever before, 204 pages. Thirty (30) varieties illustrated in color. Mailed free. Write for it today and please mention this publication.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

Complete Your Home

Your home is not complete without those modern conveniences that make housework easy. The Majestic Coal Chute brings all of your fuel from outside [illegible] to provide for the ashes and refuse disposal and for the safest and cleanest delivery of milk etc.

Majestic Coal Chute

Garbage Receiver—Package Receiver

These Majestic Specialties not only make every home more [illegible] but they save their cost in every household, making up for their small cost in a very short time.

The Coal Chute keeps your house, lawns and shrubs clean because every piece of coal falls into the bin without damaging your house. Absolutely burglar proof.

The Garbage Receiver is sanitary, water tight and fly-proof. Emits no odors and keeps the contents safe from dogs and vermin

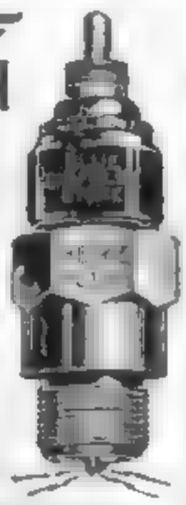
The Package Receiver placed in the kitchen wall, insures milk bottles and packages against theft and keeps them clean.

Write for Catalog Today

which describes these and many other Majestic Specialties.

THE MAJESTIC CO.
715 Erie Street Huntington, Ind.

What You Need Is a Hot, Fat Spark



A lot of your power shoots out of the exhaust. Unexploded gas is pure waste—power lost that should have been used.

HERZ "Bouzie Mercedes" PLUGS

produce a spark so powerful that ALL the gas explodes EVERY TIME. The famous "Clover-Leaf" electrode with the explosion chamber behind it flashes a spark so intense and penetrating that it explodes a very rich or a very lean mixture. Don't buy any plug without this explosion chamber.

HERZ PLUGS are doubly insulated. Every detail of them conforms to an exacting standard of structural excellence. They last, and last, and last. If your dealer hasn't HERZ PLUGS, write us.

HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York City

A High School Course In Two Years

Learn in your own home. Here is a thorough and [illegible] high school course that you can finish in two years. *Meets all college entrance requirements.* Prepared by [illegible] members of the faculties of universities and academies.

Write for booklet. Send your name and address for our booklet and full particulars. No obligations. Write today—now.

American School of Correspondence, Dept. P 2384, Chicago, U. S. A.

Mrs. Smith Goes Away Satisfied

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

"IS THIS the adjustment office?"

"Yes, it ——"

"I am Mrs. Smith, of 930 Dash Street. I have had an account at this store for over seven years. Just take a look at this piece of neckwear! It has been washed only once—look how it has shrunk!"

"So it has, Mrs. Smith; but ——"

"Why, it is an outrage to sell merchandise of that character! And I paid a dollar-forty-nine for it too!"

"But have you ——"

"As I said, I have had an account at this store for over seven years, and I have never asked for an adjustment before in all those years."

"But this isn't our ——"

"And I am sure the clerk told me that it would wash perfectly. Now ——"

"Just a minute, Mrs. Smith; this ——"

"There is no use in arguing; this collar must be credited to my account or the account will be closed."

"Madam, pleasegiveme achanceto ——"

"Of course if I cared to go to the trouble to have my husband take this matter up with Mr. S——, at the executive office ——"

"But have you examined this collar?"

"Why, certainly I ——"

"Then you must have overlooked this small label of the H—— Store."

"Well, what do you think of that! Isn't that careless of me? And I was sure that I had purchased it here. Well, of all things! So sorry to have troubled you. Good day!"

If that label had not been sewn on by the H—— Company the adjuster at Croxten's would have credited the account of Mrs. Smith with a dollar and forty-nine cents, and would have tried, with a few diplomatic words, to smooth the ruffled temper of the irate lady, regardless of where the offending neckwear had been purchased; not only to save the account, but because in a ten-thousand-dollar stock of neckwear it would be practically impossible to tell whether a collar came from that stock or not.

The modern adjustment office has but one commandment: "Please the customer!" But, at the same time, it reaches out a long arm for fraud. Even as Mrs. Smith argued, a girl in the outer office was obtaining the rating and condition of Mrs. Smith's account from the credit office. If Mrs. Smith had been particularly observant she would have noticed the girl leave a small white card, ostensibly a telephone number, on the adjuster's desk. It had the name of a local telephone exchange before three figures. But it was not a telephone number. The exchange name showed that the Smith account was paid promptly; the numbers showed the average monthly amount spent in the house during the past six months. In this particular case it showed a very desirable account, but in many cases it turned thumbs down on an appeal for adjustment, or cut the amount asked considerably.

Something Cracked

But the telephone card is only a small aid. The burden of pleasing Mrs. Smith and detecting the efforts of Mrs. Jones to obtain an unfair credit lies, in the main, with the adjuster himself. He must be an open-faced gentlemanly individual of good address. He must be a sleuth with an unsleeping eye. He must be a rare judge of human nature, able to reach instant decisions; for the average Mrs. Smith, with a shrunken collar in her hands, is not given to waiting until the matter can be investigated more thoroughly.

She wants action.

Naturally, in many cases, the nature of the merchandise or the large amount involved requires several days for investigation—an investigation that is conducted in most cases by an assistant. The adjuster is usually to be found in the first-line trenches of his office.

The incident of Mrs. Smith and the shrunken neckwear is not an exceptional one. Witness these two dissimilar cases from an adjuster in a large Middle West department store:

Mrs. Mike Smith swoops down on the adjustment office, brandishing a small hair curler.

"There's something wrong with this hair curler; ye'll have to take it back."

In reply to the usual formula Mrs. Smith stated that the article was purchased two days before at a sale and cost her five cents.

"But it makes no differ'nce; I'll have a new curler or me money back."

"What seems to be the matter with it, Mrs. Smith? Doesn't it curl satisfactorily?"

"I don't know. I was just heating it in the lamp chimney when I heard a crack, and I knew that somethin' had broke."

A close examination of the curler failed to show a crack or imperfection of any sort. A dozen other curlers of the same manufacture were brought from the department. Mrs. Smith's curler couldn't be told from the others.

"But what was the crack, do you s'pose?"

"Possibly the lamp chimney."

"I never thought of that! You're prob'ly right."

And, with a smile on her face, Mrs. Smith takes the curler and, after a pleasant leave-taking, starts for home. It cost her ten cents carfare to make the investigation; it took fifty minutes of the adjuster's time; but it made a sure customer of Mrs. Smith.

An Antique Textile

Mrs. James Smith, presumably the wife of some prosperous grocer or tradesman, walks up to the adjustment office, with a large bundle under her arm, and asks for the "manager."

Shown into his office, as the adjuster relates it, she unwrapped the parcel and disclosed a small bolt of cretonne of a particularly striking pattern and combination of colors.

She desired her money back, saying she couldn't use the cretonne.

No—she couldn't remember when it was purchased; and as she had no account at the store the assistant drapery buyer came down to see whether he could identify the material.

He did. He had been with the house for eleven years, and two years after his arrival the drapery section had been moved from the fourth to the sixth floor. At that time a special sale had been held to move such merchandise as the department head did not care to take to the new department. He remembered this particular piece of cretonne particularly; in fact, he had sold it to the lady himself.

Presented with these facts, Mrs. Smith admitted that it was quite some time since it had been purchased.

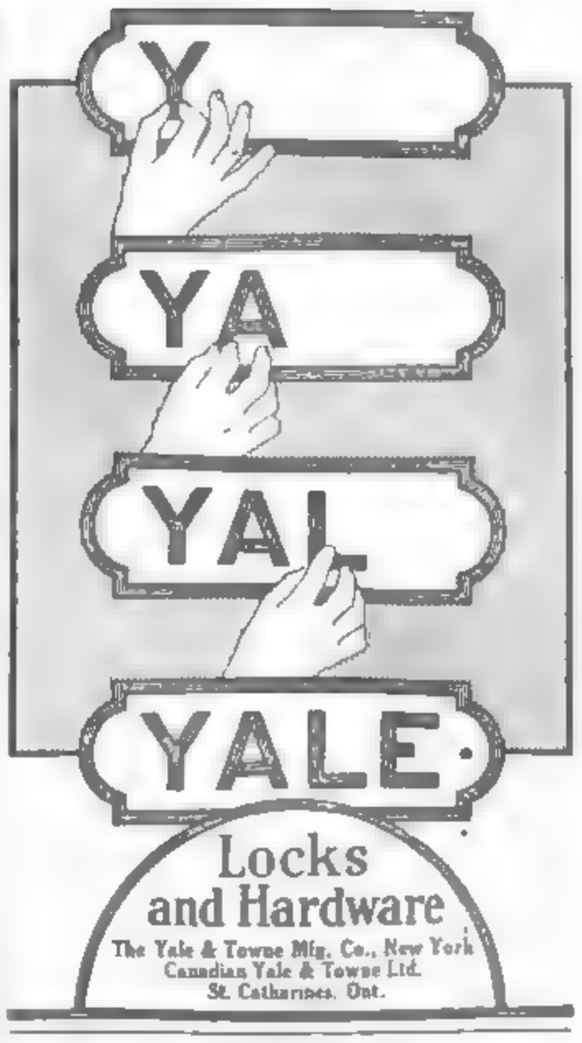
"But that has nothing to do with the matter," Mrs. Smith declared. "It has been laid carefully away in my trunk and has never been used."

Needless to say, Mrs. Smith was compelled to keep the antique.

The majority of adjustments are made in the glove and hosiery sections if the house is a department store. If Mrs. Smith buys a new piece of enamel ware for the kitchen and accidentally drops it in the hurry of preparing the evening meal, chipping off a small piece of enamel, it probably vexes her; but she never thinks of returning to the houseware section and demanding a new sauce pan. Chances are she would look at it as very unjust and unreasonable. But she immediately returns a pair of gloves that split in the seam as she hurriedly gloves her hand preparatory to going to the matinée.

Chances are she fully realizes that if the gloves were put on with due care, and in consideration of the fact that they were new, the split would never have occurred. One store lost several hundred dollars in 1916 because the Mrs. Smiths believed that all the store had to do was to return the gloves or stockings to the manufacturer and obtain a new pair—which is not the case, by the way.

(Continued on Page 137)



This Man Earned $500 In One Month

IN a single month David Duff, of Ohio, earned enough money to pay the greater part of his college expenses.

Duff's time in college was pretty well occupied, but a letter to us, a spare time campaign carefully planned, and within thirty days he secured enough new and renewal subscriptions for the Curtis Publications to give him $500.

How much money do you need? The same plan will quickly give you as much as you want.

Let us tell you all about it. Address

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
278 Independence Square, Philadelphia

A NEW SERIAL **The Man Who Discovered Himself**
By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

A story of a mismated marriage and triumph, masterfully told, begins in the April NATIONAL MAGAZINE. $1.00 per year. Send ten 2-cent stamps for first installment.
CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

"Don't Envy a Good Complexion—

Use POMPEIAN and Have One"

Why cast envious eyes at another when all you need to do to have an equally enviable complexion is to use Pompeian MASSAGE Cream yourself?

Every bit that is rubbed in, is rubbed *out* again, bringing with it hidden dirt and grime.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, then, means first of all a CLEAN skin, free from excess oil and clogged-up pores that produce annoying shine, pimples and blackheads.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream

mechanically stimulates the circulation, renewing the tone of your flesh and bringing the longed-for glow of youth to cheeks that a few moments before were sallow and lifeless.

Just a tiny pinch, rubbed in and out when one is fagged, subdues the tired lines and brings a fresh, rested appearance.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream may be followed by a bit of Pompeian NIGHT Cream if the skin be dry or in need of a little soft soothing unguent. Jars 50c, 75c & $1, at the stores.

Mary Pickford Panel

Miss Pickford has granted the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations permission to offer the FIRST Mary Pickford Art Panel. Size 28 x [illegible] inches, in beautiful colors. Art [illegible] A trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream will be included.

(Stamps accepted, dime preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 40 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pickford Art [illegible] and a trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Pompeian NIGHT Cream is a delightful, *snow-white* cream that soothes and softens women's skins. **Men** use it *after* shaving. Apply a little, faithfully, every night. Jars, 35c and 75c.

Pompeian HAIR Massage stops Dandruff. Pleasant to use. One bottle shows actual results. Bottles, 25c, 50c and $1.

Suppose All Could Use the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Would Other Types Remain?

In the present conflict of types—Fours, Sixes and V-Types—it is well to consider what would happen if the Super-Six were free. Our patents confine it to the Hudson.

As it is now, numerous fine-car makers advocate other types. And tell you reasons for it.

Some still cling to Fours. Some urge Eights and Twelves. But the weight of opinion favors the small-bore Six.

What would come of this conflict—think you—were the Super-Six not patented?

These Are the Facts

The Super-Six last year won all the worth-while records. In a hundred hard-fought contests, against all types, it proved itself supreme.

As for the Light Six, in our final perfection, the Super-Six invention increased its efficiency by 80 per cent.

As for Eights and Twelves, our experience with motors of that type which we built made them seem to us, unnecessary.

And the Super-Six has made the Hudson the largest-selling front-rank car. Last year it outsold any car with a price above $1100.

The Vital Supremacy

One may say, "I don't care for speed, or great reserve power, or a marvelous hill-climber."

Then why added cylinders, or extra valves, or anything else to that end?

You do want superlative capacity, whether you use it or not. You certainly want it when it means no added size or cost. When it means simply ended friction.

That's the great point. The Super-Six motor is small and light and simple. We have not aimed at excessive speed or power. We have simply minimized friction.

We have done—but done better—what every engineer has been aiming at for years. And for the same result—more speed and power, without added complications. Also multiplied endurance.

Endurance was the chief aim. It is friction that causes wear. We have so reduced it that we attain what is proved the greatest motor in the world. And certainly you want it.

What One Year Did

Mark how the Super-Six, in one year, sprang to the pinnacle place. There are now 30,000 running. This year brings nothing to rival it. So it is bound to gain multiplied prestige.

This year's bodies also give to Hudson leadership in style. The ablest artists and craftsmen gave their best to these models. Each is a study in motor car luxury. Each is a pattern type.

This year we add a great gasoline saver—shutters on the radiator—which by controlling the heat of the motor in part overcomes the disadvantage of the constantly falling quality of gasoline. We add a pneumatic engine primer. We add plaited upholstery.

Our patented carburetor—on Hudsons alone—is self-adjusting to every engine speed.

So Hudson supremacy does not lie in the Super-Six motor only.

When you buy a fine car—a car to keep—you are bound to want the Hudson. You want the car which outperforms and outshines other cars. If you want such a car this spring, we urge a prompt decision. Last year many buyers waited months for delivery.

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1650	Town Car	$2925	Town Car Landaulet .	$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1950	(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)		Limousine	2925
Touring Sedan	2175			Limousine Landaulet .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 134)

Of course where a glove or stocking is really defective, full credit is cheerfully given. In other cases the following rule prevails in most department stores: The length of time the glove has been used, plus the wear still remaining, with the loss or balance equally divided between the store and Mrs. Smith. For instance, a pair of one-dollar gloves that have been worn two or three weeks have already given the owner twenty-five cents' worth of wear. The wear still remaining is estimated at twenty-five cents; the balance, or loss, is divided—twenty-five cents to the house and twenty-five cents to the customer.

Another type of Mrs. Smith that causes much work in the adjustment office is the woman who takes merchandise on approval, to wear at some function which simply demands a new dress or hat, and returns it the next day for credit.

Nor is this customer confined to the woman of limited means, who cannot afford the apparel she feels is necessary. Witness the case of Mrs. J. Pratt Smyth, the wife of Mr. J. Pratt Smyth, the well-known broker:

Mrs. Smyth came into the French salon and was immediately taken in personal charge by Miss De Long, the buyer. It was the morning of a large charity ball that was being held to aid in Belgian relief work.

Methods of Diplomacy

Mrs. Smyth wanted to look at some gowns, and spent the greater part of the morning looking over the varied assortment offered for her approval. She decided upon a Jenny model of black net, over a glittering underskirt of black-and-white sequins.

"I think it is a trifle long," she told the buyer.

The desired alterations were made; then Mrs. Smyth decided that the gown was a bit too dark and ordered some tiny, brightly colored rosebuds to be sent out with the dress that afternoon.

The next morning Mrs. Smyth brought the dress back and asked that her account be credited with the one hundred and forty-five dollars the gown had cost.

An examination was made and unmistakable signs of wear were shown; sequins were missing here and there—and tiny punctures of the net overlay showed where the rosebuds had been sewn to the costume.

But Mrs. J. Pratt Smyth was a personage and really did spend a considerable amount of money with the house during the course of the year. It was a delicate situation.

"Of course we have nothing to do with the credit in this department," Miss De Long assured her. "If you will just see Mr. Perley, on the fourth floor, he will undoubtedly care for the matter at once."

As soon as Mrs. Smyth had left the department Miss De Long telephoned the adjustment office.

"Mrs. Smyth—J. Pratt Smyth's wife—is on her way up to see you. She purchased a hundred-forty-five-dollar gown yesterday and probably wore it to the Charity Ball last night. She insists, however, that the gown was not worn."

Hanging up the receiver the adjuster called for an issue of the morning paper, quickly turned to the society column, and started feverishly to read the account of the ball and the description of the costumes worn by the society women in attendance. Sure enough, halfway down the column he came upon the name of Mrs. J. Pratt Smyth, black tulle and tiny rosebuds over an underlay of black-and-white sequins. Just then Mrs. Smyth was announced.

"How do you do, Mrs. Smyth? Won't you take a chair?"

Mrs. Smyth graciously accepted and started to unwrap the box.

"Before you tell me what service I can be to you—and I hope you know that this store is always at your service—I want to compliment you on your appearance at the Charity Ball last night. The gown of black-and-white sequins, touched off with tiny rosebuds, was the most beautiful costume I have seen in years. And you wore it admirably!"

Mrs. Smyth stopped unwrapping the package.

"I am so glad you liked it; but you will pardon me, I hope—I just remembered a luncheon appointment that had quite slipped my mind until just now."

"But the matter you wished to discuss with me?"

"Oh, just an inconsequential little purchase that I wanted to exchange. It is of no moment. Good day!"

On the way down in the elevator she stopped off at the dress department and told Miss De Long that, on her way to the adjustment office, she had changed her mind and had decided to keep the gown.

Mrs. J. Pratt Smyth is still a good customer of this house.

Other cases along these lines that bothered the adjustment office of this particular store occurred in the millinery section.

The store was located in the Middle West, in a city where a new and particularly fine hotel had just been erected. It was just the time when the *thé dansant* was at the height of popularity, and the hotel inaugurated a semiweekly *dansant* that became the social event of Monday and Friday afternoons.

Tables were placed about the new ballroom and Mrs. Smith and her friends vied with one another in displaying new modes and manners.

Suddenly the adjustment office noticed the sudden increase in hats that went out for approval. For a while it was looked upon merely as a curious quirk, because the hats were usually returned the same afternoon. Then somebody noticed that the millinery approval slips were practically all for either Monday afternoon or Friday afternoon. The next Friday several novelty hats, the only ones of their kind in the house, went out for approval in the hands of several Mrs. Smiths; in every case the hat was carried out in a paper parcel.

That afternoon, despite the fact that the new dances were a complete mystery to her, found the millinery buyer seated at one of the little tables, sipping tea and waiting. A short time later the first Mrs. Smith arrived, with a charming costume, completed by the hat taken out that forenoon.

Later several others arrived, all with the out-on-approval millinery decorating their beautiful coiffures.

Before leaving, she took good care to be seen by each Mrs. Smith. The hats were never returned and the practice was later stopped by placing large white tags in a conspicuous place on each hat that went out on approval, which stated that the removal of the tag automatically made the hat nonreturnable.

It is a curious fact that ninety per cent of the women who ask for adjustments always preface their request by the announcement that they have had an account for so many years, that they spend so much a month in the establishment, and that unless the adjustment in question is made to their entire satisfaction the account will be closed immediately.

The Little Shoe Box Did It

We have said that the adjuster must be a rare judge of human nature; but, more than that, he must at times be capable of running a creditable bluff. A case in point is the experience of an adjuster in a large store that specializes in women's wear.

An out-of-town customer purchased, while in the city, a dress of soft blue chiffon. Several weeks later the adjuster received a letter and a large package containing the dress. According to the letter a defect in the material had caused a small tear in the back of the gown between the shoulders. The tear was quite apparent, but a careful examination convinced the adjuster that the woman had rubbed against some sharp instrument just enough to part a few threads and then start others to unraveling. In the letter the woman had said that she would be in the city the next week-end, and would stop in and see the adjuster then.

The woman had always been a good customer; still, the adjuster felt that it would be very unfair to the store to accept the dress and give credit for the amount paid.

When the woman arrived, several days later, the adjuster invited her to step into the inner office, where a dark, oblong box was arranged on the table opposite the adjuster's desk.

A chair was placed for the woman near the table. The adjuster donned a blue shade, then placed the section of the dress that had been damaged over a small circular hole in the center of a small box near the wall and gave a switch a quick turn.

A bright white light shone through the aperture in the instrument, outlining broken threads against a brilliant background of white.

"Will you step over and examine this rent with this magnifying glass?" the adjuster asked Mrs. Smith. "You will find, under the concentrated light from this contrivance, aided by the enlarging of the threads through this glass, that the ends are broken and not worn."

But the sight of the blue eyeshade, the queer-looking instrument, the magnifying glass, had convinced Mrs. Smith. The hasty glance she made through the glass was perfunctory and hasty.

"Why, so they are! Of course I did not have the facilities for making the examination that you have here, otherwise I should never have troubled you with this dress. I am very sorry to have caused you all this trouble. I must go downstairs and buy another dress immediately."

When Mrs. Smith left, the adjuster, with a chuckle, removed a common electric-light bulb from under a shoe box that had been coated with lampblack by the sign writer upstairs; later he returned the other properties to their accustomed places.

The adjuster had gauged Mrs. Smith's feelings by her letter. He knew that the moment he questioned the character of the rent Mrs. Smith would become highly incensed, and no amount of credit would bring her business to the house in the future. On the other hand, he knew, from previous experience, that she was fair and only needed some convincing way of pointing out her mistake. The little shoe box did it.

Pleasing Mr. Smith

So far, we have dealt only with the problems of satisfying Mrs. Smith. But occasionally Mr. Smith must be satisfied—especially if the store contains a men's clothing department. This is not a difficult matter if he is asking for an adjustment on merchandise purchased by him for his own needs; but he is the most difficult subject of all to handle if Mrs. Smith has delegated him as a committee of one to obtain credit on some article that she has decided not to keep.

"Don't you let them talk you out of a complete credit!" Mrs. Smith instructs her husband. "Stick up for your rights!"

The adjuster may show Mr. Smith where the claim is totally without foundation; that it is unjust to ask for an adjustment. But Mr. Smith, with the parting words of Mrs. Smith ringing in his ears, refuses to be convinced.

"Must have full credit," he says; and chances are he gets it if the size of the Smith account warrants it.

But when Mr. Smith has a just claim on merchandise purchased for himself the adjuster instantly cares for the claim in full.

Just last week I happened to be sitting in the adjuster's office of a large department store when the stenographer announced Mr. Thomas H. Smith, the well-known sales manager of a local automobile company.

"Stay where you are," said the adjuster. "Smith probably has some merchandise that has proved unsatisfactory to Mrs. Smith. It will be interesting for you to hear the way he handles it."

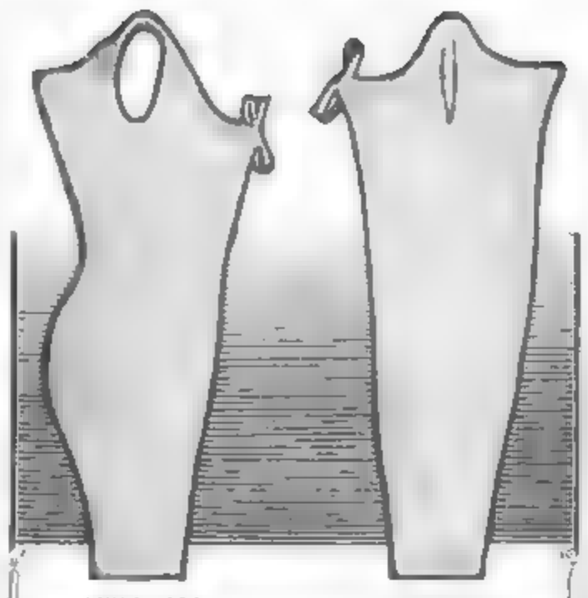
But my friend was wrong. Smith proved to be a quiet, prosperous-looking business man, who knew just what he wanted to say and said it.

"I purchased a suit in your house a week ago yesterday," said Mr. Smith; "paid forty-five dollars for it. I told the clerk who waited on me that as I was leaving for New York on the following Monday night I must have the suit by at least six P. M. on Monday.

"I asked him to take particular care to see that the suit was delivered; but in order to check the matter I had an employee of my office call the clothing section at three o'clock on Monday afternoon. He was informed that the suit would be delivered as promised. But it wasn't. I was compelled to cancel my trip because I had no clothing in condition to wear. What are you going to do about it?"

My friend the adjuster never hesitated.

"We are going to do anything that you think just, Mr. Smith," he declared; "we are in your hands. A promise of delivery at this store is a bond that must be kept. Of course we cannot repay you for the inconvenience you have suffered as the result of somebody's blunder; but we can repay you for the pecuniary loss that you probably suffered, through long-distance telephone calls, canceled Pullman berths, and any other expenses incurred. I want you to adjust this matter in a way that will be satisfactory. Be your own adjuster."



ATHENA Underwear — Ordinary Underwear

Note the Contrast

WOMEN who have found *real* underwear comfort say to their friends:

"You MUST Buy ATHENA" UNDERWEAR FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

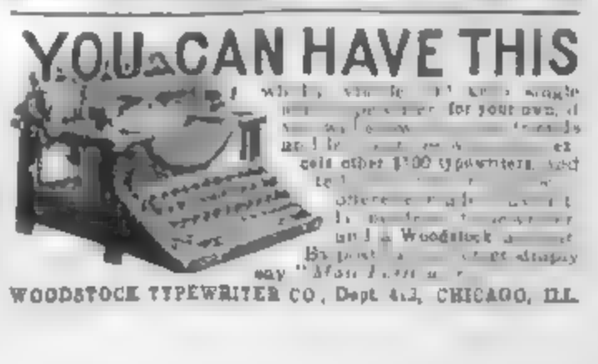
Then you will know, at last, how *much* it means to have underwear that fits you perfectly, without being stretched into shape.

The illustration at the left shows ATHENA, the Underwear shaped to fit the figure.

The bag-like garment at the right is the ordinary underwear you buy unless you are wearing ATHENA, which costs no more than ordinary underwear.

Ask for ATHENA Underwear at your local dealer's.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
Chicago



WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 412, CHICAGO, ILL.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT
FROM JASON WEILER & SONS,
Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 41 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons of Boston has been one of the leading [illegible] direct by mail at importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which illustrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser

1 carat, $95.00
[illegible] 14k gold setting. This ring usually sells for $125.00 [illegible] direct to you . . . $95

Ladies' Diamond Ring, $220.00
This ring is made of all platinum, richly carved and [illegible]

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings—
⅜ carat . . $ 34.00
½ carat . . 45.00
1½ carats . 141.00
2 carats . . 191.00
3 carats . . 562.00

⅝ carat, $55.00
[illegible] funded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere at this price . . . $55

Money [illegible] diamond [illegible] elsewhere at these prices.

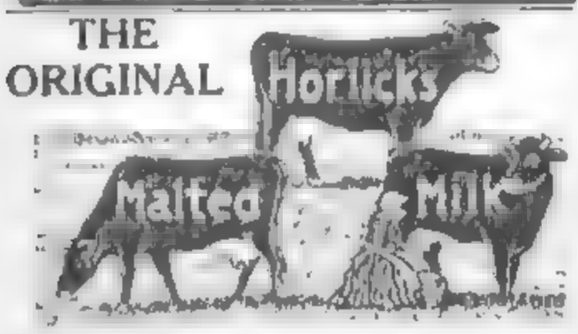
We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston.

If desired rings will be sent to your Bank or any Express Co., [illegible]

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS 80-PAGE VALUABLE CATALOG ON HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS
This book is beautifully [illegible] how to
A copy will be mailed to you FREE
Write for your Free

Jason Weiler & Sons
361 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
Diamond Importers since 1876
[illegible] Agencies—Amsterdam and Paris

THE ORIGINAL Horlicks Malted Milk



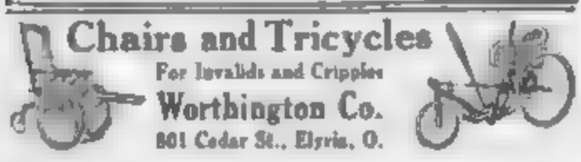
The Food-Drink for all Ages

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nourishing than tea, coffee, etc.

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

Every Day A Happy Day
That's what an "Old Town Canoe" means. Invigorating, healthful exercise; pleasure trips out in the open, enjoying Nature. Every leisure hour filled with good times in your
"Old Town Canoe"
Light, strong and easy to manage. Swift, safe, graceful and beautiful. Write for catalog. 400 canoes ready to ship. $44 up—from dealer or factory
OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
656 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Chairs and Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples
Worthington Co.
801 Cedar St., Elyria, O.



This changed Smith's mental attitude entirely.

"Why, that is certainly fine of you; and, of course, I fully realize that mistakes will happen. Let's allow the matter to go as it stands."

But this did not satisfy the adjuster.

"Please tell me just how much this unfortunate occurrence has cost you," he said.

After figuring a moment Smith estimated the amount at eleven dollars and forty-one cents; this included two long-distance calls and one night letter.

"Take this slip to the cashier," my friend told the stenographer who answered his ring.

When the girl returned he handed Mr. Smith the amount.

"But I only wanted credit," protested Mr. Smith.

"You spent the money; I think we should return it to you."

When Smith had left, after a cordial handshake all round, the adjuster turned to me and said:

"There was one case in which I would have gone the limit to satisfy the customer. Not only was the claim a very just one, but his standing is such that the house could well afford to have given him the suit free, in addition. It would have been only a small portion of what his family spends in the store every month.

But all men are not of the caliber of Mr. Smith; neither are their claims so just. Take the incident of the men's hosiery and the adjusters' meeting.

One day early in April a well-dressed stranger stepped into the adjustment office and asked for Mr. Johnson, the head of the department.

Shown into Mr. Johnson's office, the stranger, who was decidedly well-dressed and of a very affable disposition, produced a bundle and unwrapped two dozen pairs of black lisle hosiery.

"I purchased these hose several weeks ago," he told Johnson, "and you can imagine my surprise when I found that the soles and heels contained a number of minute holes, such as you see. As the hosiery has never been worn I think that it is entirely fair to ask that you refund the amount paid for them—eight dollars and forty cents."

It sounded like a reasonable claim; the hose certainly were in no condition to be worn. Apparently faulty material and manufacture had caused the numberless small holes that ran through each pair. Black hose are black hose after the labels have been removed. There was apparently no way to prove whether they came from the house or not.

Mr. Johnson made out a check, to be given to the stranger when he called that afternoon; then left for the biweekly meeting of the local adjusters, which was held at the Chamber of Commerce, over a luncheon.

After lunch the talk drifted back and forth, as talk will among men in a business so rich with reminiscences as is this task of satisfying Mrs.—and Mr.—Smith.

Deliberate Swindles Rare

With no particular idea in mind, Johnson mentioned the stranger who had presented the hosiery for credit.

"Say, that's funny!" remarked the adjuster for a large men's store farther up the street. "A man brought me two dozen pairs of hose and told me exactly the same story. I paid him too."

"What!" yelled a third. "Have I been stung? I paid that same fellow nine dollars and sixty cents for what, I'll bet you, are the same stockings."

Johnson made a wild rush for the telephone only to be informed by his assistant that Mr. Smith had called and taken the check with him.

The police were called in and after a week's investigation located the house in which the man had roomed. We say "had," because he had hurriedly departed the day before, leaving a battered suit case and a hundred pairs of hose in various stages of decay.

But the case of the deliberate swindle is an isolated one. In the vast majority of cases, no matter how unfair, the people believe they have a claim against the store. And I have heard one executive of a large store—who believes that liberal adjustments are the economical ones—say that, if every unfair claim presented in the average large department store was paid, the loss would amount approximately to only five hundred dollars in the course of a year.

The cost of satisfying Mrs. Smith results in a loss of approximately a hundred and fifty dollars a month in a store doing a business of seven million dollars a year. This is a loss on merchandise on which the house can obtain no credit from the manufacturer.

Of course to this must be added the cost of the adjuster's office, which will amount to four hundred dollars a month—the salary of the adjuster, an assistant and two stenographers. In other words, it costs a trifle less than one-tenth of one per cent to send Mrs. Smith away satisfied.

The number of complaints vary with the month, with December carrying the peak load, and the fall months following. In one large Western store the following table shows the number of complaints in the different months, with the number that have been classed as fair:

MONTH	TOTAL NUMBER COMPLAINTS	FAIR
January	1876	1537
February	1526	1349
March	1784	1414
April	1901	1771
May	1452	1234
June	1482	1228
July	1 [illegible]	987
August	1520	1267
September	2445	1668
October	2216	2069
November	1922	1707
December	2760	2506

It shows that practically eighty per cent of Mrs. Smith's claims are fair and are entitled to a partial or full adjustment. It also shows that Mrs. Smith is more unreasonable in December than she is at any other time in the year, April, for instance, or October.

Of course these figures do not include the merchandise taken out on approval and later returned for credit. This practice amounted to three hundred and one thousand dollars in the cloak-and-suit department alone in a large department store in 1916. Most of this merchandise was returned in perfect condition and was resold later.

The rug section is another department that suffers greatly from this form of purchasing merchandise, especially the Oriental section. When Mrs. Smith pays from two hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars for an Oriental rug, in many cases she keeps it out for a week before notifying the salesman of her acceptance or of the return of the rug.

One case that came to the attention of the adjuster's office concerned a woman who had nearly thirteen hundred dollars' worth of Oriental rugs sent to her home, ostensibly to make a selection of two rugs; but, as it later developed, they were used to decorate her home during a musicale held at her home. The attention of the adjuster was called to the case after the woman had returned the rugs, saying that their color did not harmonize with the interior of her house. They would probably have come back unquestioned but for the fact that some one of the guests had carelessly dropped a teacup and its contents on a particularly fine specimen of Kermanshah rug.

When the credit was refused the woman became highly indignant and threatened to refuse to pay for the rug. She was shown the discoloration; but that did not alter her determination. The matter was finally settled by Mrs. Smith's taking the rug at the cost price to the store—an arrangement, by the way, that left her still unsatisfied.

Another incident that shows how unreasonable Mrs. Smith can be at times happened not long ago in a specialty shop which handles women's and children's apparel only.

Mrs. Smith returns a small child's reefer, which was purchased several months before, and asks that the purchase amount be credited to her account.

"My little girl cannot wear the garment," Mrs. Smith said. "It is entirely too small."

"How long have you had the coat, madam?" inquired the adjuster.

"Why, only three months," replied Mrs. Smith.

"Was the garment large enough when it was purchased?"

"Oh, yes!"

"But do you think it is fair to ask us to take back a garment that your healthy, vigorous child has outgrown?"

The subtle compliment helped to bring Mrs. Smith to the frame of mind where a short politic talk by the adjuster sent her away feeling that perhaps she had been rather hasty—hasty, mind you; not wrong.

Another incident happened during a shirt sale in a large store devoted to the sale of men's clothing and furnishings. The sale was a semiannual affair and was awaited by many people who appreciated the good values the store really gave. As the price was exceedingly low—eighty-five cents, I believe—the store was jammed on the first day of the sale.

A Deal in Shirts

Mr. Smith, out shopping for himself, purchased three shirts he particularly fancied and ordered them sent to his home.

Several days later, after the sale was over, Mrs. Smith visited the adjustment office and said the shirts had not been delivered.

"The shirts have now returned to their former price—one dollar and a half," said the adjuster; "but you may pick out any three shirts in the assortment and take them with you."

But this arrangement did not suit Mrs. Smith.

"My husband fancied those patterns so much that I know he will be greatly disappointed if he can't have the shirts he purchased."

"Well, in that case we will gladly return the money," said the adjuster.

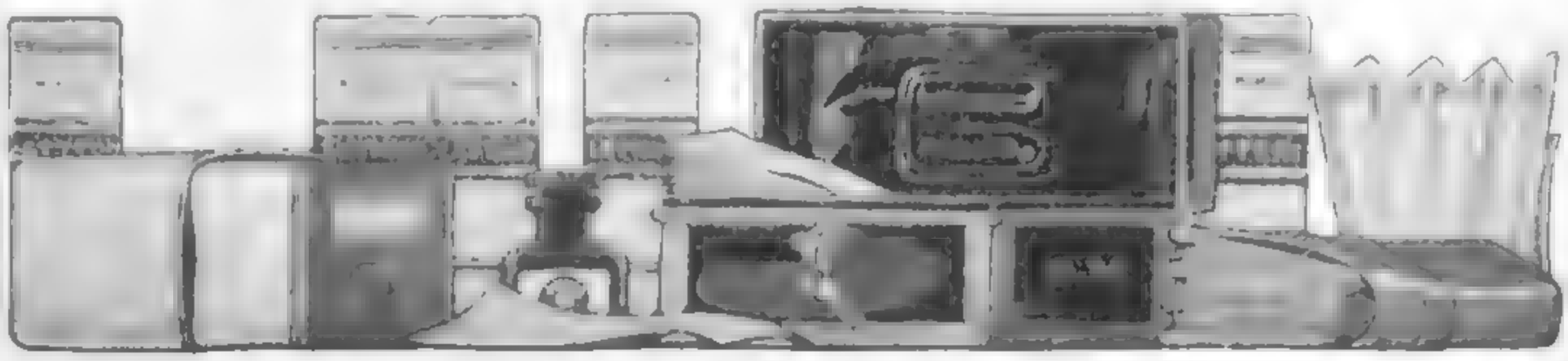
"That isn't satisfactory, either," declared Mrs. Smith. "My husband spent at least an hour going over the shirts, and I think he should be compensated for the time he lost as the result of your carelessness."

Needless to say, the money was not paid; but this is one of the types of Mrs. Smith that it is better to have off the books.

This business of satisfying Mrs. Smith has grown to be an important part of the service rendered by every large department store.

Ten or fifteen years ago the adjuster was unknown. Mrs. Smith saw the head of the department and asked for this or that adjustment. The buyer, thinking of the immediate loss to his own department, forgot the store, as a whole, with the result that in saving one dollar and eighty-nine cents for his department he lost three hundred dollars in patronage for the store in general.

It is impossible to tell just how much the modern adjuster saves for the store in this way every year; but it is a safe bet that the amount makes his department one of the best-paying in the entire store.



A POWER WITH THE WOMEN OF THE NATIONS

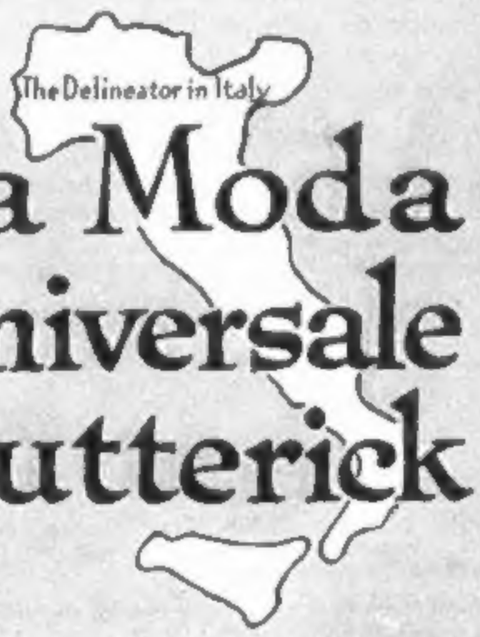
THERE is one American magazine so world-wide in its appeal that six separate editions of it are issued monthly in five languages for Europe and the Americas.

When it was founded forty-nine years ago The Delineator was a humble pioneer in the field of practical service to womankind in all the problems of their lives.

Because this service has proved so useful as to be a necessity, The Delineator is today an international institution. There are special French, British, German, Italian and Spanish-American editions of The Delineator; regarded by each country as its own national institution but published by the American house of Butterick. The Delineator's influence is world-wide because its service is fundamental.

The international appeal of the selfsame Delineator service is but an indication of its influence in America. In a million American homes The Delineator is welcomed as an intimate member of the family.

Butterick - *Publisher*



A "GOOD ROADS" MOVIE

The photographs here produced illustrate in "movie style" the construction of one type of Tarvia Road—and the story follows:

Dumping stone in a layer from moving auto-truck.

Leveling off the road by use of hand and template.

Filling the base with fine gravel or stone screenings.

Spreading the stone for the wearing-course.

Distributing Tarvia on wearing-course.

Distributing three-quarter inch stone over the first coat of Tarvia.

Good Roads increase property values, decrease taxes, make easy and long haulage possible. They know no season, because their construction is such that they are free from dust and mud and ruts in all seasons.

And good roads to-day very largely mean Tarvia Roads.

For a road that is built and treated with Tarvia has all the good qualities described above and its cost of construction and maintenance figures less per year of service than any other type.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Bad Roads, on the other hand, decrease property values and increase taxes. For instance, according to Government estimates, it costs 23c. a mile to haul a ton over bad roads and only 13c. a mile over good roads.

They are hard on horses, destructive to vehicles, and frequently wreck motor cars unfortunate enough to travel over them. Furthermore, bad roads are practically unusable during certain seasons of the year, a road condition that is inexcusable and unnecessary.

The use of Tarvia offers the real solution of the road problem in this country outside of the most heavily-traveled streets in the very large centers.

Many of the streets and parkways of New York, Chicago, Boston, and a thousand smaller towns have Tarvia roads because they give adequate service at low cost.

Tarvia roads are a delight to owners of horse-drawn vehicles and motor cars alike. They are easy on the vehicle and easy on its occupants. They give horses perfect traction. They annihilate distance for the automobilist and reduce the cost of up-keep.

Towns on Tarvia highways are many, many miles "nearer to things."

Send for illustrated booklet showing towns all over the country that are using Tarvia successfully.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland
Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis
Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto
Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Rolling the three-quarter inch stone into the first coat of Tarvia.

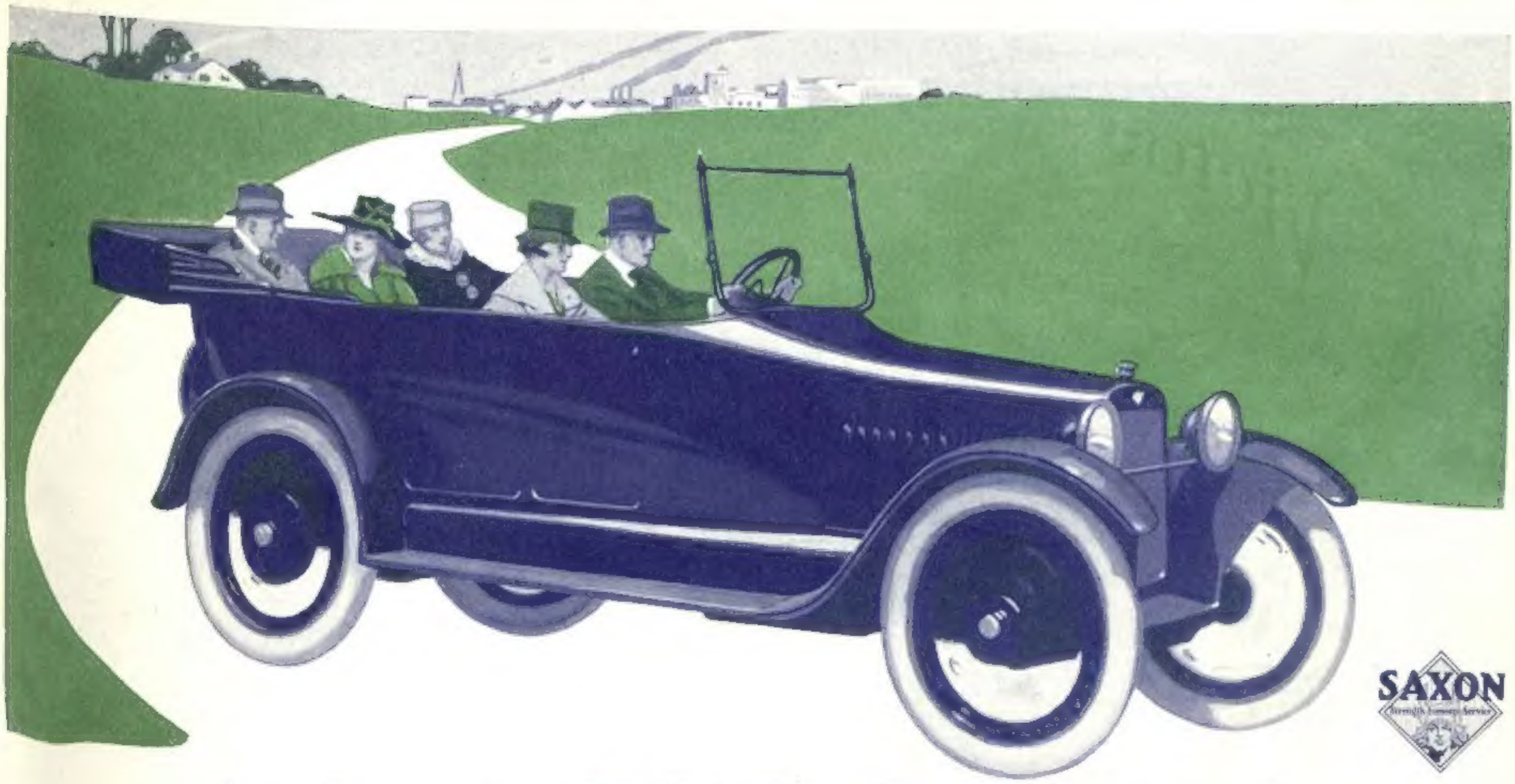
Sweeping off excess of three-quarter inch stone.

Putting on seal coat of Tarvia.

Covering the seal coat of Tarvia with screenings.

Rolling the road to finish.

The finished Tarvia road.



SAXON
Strength Economy Service

A Car in Which the Unusual Seems the Usual

What are your mental processes in making up your mind motor-wise?

What channels do your thoughts take in seeking to determine which motor car is to be **your** motor car?

Isn't it just barely possible that you allow this or that record established by a single car test to over-influence you?

Isn't it a fact that your hopes of what **your** car **will** do are often colored by what this or that car, "tuned to the minute," has done in a "stunt" test?

Surely a safer, fairer way to estimate motor car values is on the average performance of thousands of cars of each make.

Then—and then only—can you feel certain that the car you settle on will live up to your hopes.

By all this we do not mean to imply that there is no value in single car tests. We ourselves from time to time have acquainted you with remarkable feats performed by Saxon "Six."

Once it was when Saxon "Six" won a noted hill climb in the East against many far higher priced cars.

Once it was when Saxon "Six" defeated by fifteen minutes over a 500-mile course a train which is the pride of the West.

Once it was when Saxon "Six" thrice vanquished costlier rivals in speed, acceleration and in hill-climbing at the San Diego Exposition.

But we merely cited these notable events as instances where Saxon "Sixes" had gone higher than their price class and yet triumphed.

And although you might safely form your decision in favor of Saxon "Six" on the basis of these feats—for they were accomplished in each case by stock model cars—still we would prefer that you concentrate your consideration on the averages of all Saxon "Sixes."

Ask yourself in what other car of like power and size 23 to 24 miles per gallon of gasoline wouldn't be unusual?

Yet recently 206 stock model Saxon "Sixes" in a 300-mile non-stop run proved their average to be 23.5 miles per gallon.

In what other car wouldn't acceleration from standing start to 50 miles per hour in less than 30 seconds be a remarkable feat? Yet this is the average acceleration for Saxon "Six."

The latest figures show that so far the average cost of repair parts for all Saxon "Sixes" in use during the past two years is $8.50 per car.

Wouldn't that be an unusual endurance record for a single car carefully driven and cared for? Yet it is the **average** mind you on thousands and thousands of Saxon "Sixes."

So it goes throughout Saxon "Six." In every phase of performance you'll find that its **average** would be noteworthy and unusual if established by another.

It is true, too, in regard to its speed, its power, its quietness of operation, and its smoothness of power-flow.

You know how desirable is a continuous power-flow. You know how disastrous is a power-flow with intervals between impulses. For that involves vibration and vibration spells shortened life to a motor. (887)

Only recently in a test a certain well known car of less than six cylinders showed 1512.72 power impulses per minute at a speed of 20 miles per hour.

Under the same conditions Saxon "Six" showed 2993.925 impulses per minute at equal speed.

Simply told there is the story—Saxon "Six" developed nearly 98% more impulses per minute at that speed.

Consequently each impulse was far less severe on all moving parts at any given time, vibration was reduced to a minimum, and nearly absolute continuity of power-flow was obtained.

In terms of acceleration it means that this car of fewer cylinders will pick-up from a stand 22% slower than Saxon "Six."

And it means, further, that as compared to this less cylinder motor, Saxon "Six" will develop far greater pulling power with no noticeable difference in smoothness.

Saxon "Six" is $865; "Six" Sedan, $1250; "Four" Roadster, $495; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring Car, $1175; "Six" Sedan, $1675; "Four" Roadster, $665. Price of special export models, "Six," $915; "Four," $495; f. o. b. Detroit.

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SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

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that is ended!
Laugh for the pain that is
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as Canio
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